# *WALKER's*
# HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:
## OR,
## Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,
## For AUGUST, 1794.

### *Brief Memoirs of SIR WILLIAM SYDNEY SMITH.*

*(With a Portrait.)*

IT is a cheering circumſtance to the people of Great Britain, that at a time when they have been compelled into a war, for the ſecurity of their laws, religion, property, and perſonal ſafety, all menaced by their ancient, implacable, and at this time more than ordinary powerful and ferocious enemy, that in addition to the great names which have been diſtinguiſhed in former conflicts, a new race of heroes, equally brave, enterprizing, and determined, has ariſen, from whoſe exertions the world may hope for repoſe, and their country honour, peace, and ſecurity.

Among thoſe who have ſignalized themſelves during the preſent war, the perſon whoſe portrait ornaments this Magazine deſerves a particular eulogium. He was born about the year 1764. His father was John Smith, Eſq. aid-de-camp to lord George Germaine, and his mother was Mary Wilkinſon, daughter of Pinkney Wilkinſon, an opulent merchant, who had another daughter, married to the late lord Camelford. The union between ſir Sydney's father and mother, which took place in 1760, being without the conſent of Mr. Wilkinſon the grandfather, the great property left by that gentleman went to lady Camelford. Previous to the old gentleman's, death, the diſagreement between him and ſir Sydney's father had ariſen to ſuch a height, that on the care of his grandſon's being taken from him, he cancelled a codicil to his will by which he had made ſome proviſion for them. The firſt part of ſir Sydney's education was at Tunbridge ſchool, then kept by Mr. Knox, deceaſed, where he continued until 1773, from whence he was removed to Bath, under the care of Mr. Morgan, and in the year 1777, he devoted himſelf to the ſea ſervice, under Captain Young, of the Sandwich. In the year 1780, he was appointed fifth lieutenant of the Alcide, and in 1783, became a poſt captain. The war in which Great Britain had been involved being at an end, captain Smith obtained leave to go into the Swediſh ſervice about 1788, and ſignalized himſelf in ſo extraordinary a manner, that he was inveſted with the Swediſh order of knighthood, which not being admitted in England his name in the liſts of naval officers appears without that diſtinction.

The war between the Swedes and the Ruſſians being concluded, ſir Sydney again returned to England, and on the commencement of hoſtilities between Great Britain and the uſurping powers of France, he was, as might naturally be expected from his former gallantry employed in the ſervice of his country. In the beginning of December laſt he joined lord Hood from Smyrna at Toulon, and offered his ſervice to burn the ſhips and deſtroy the arſenal on the evacuation of that place. How effectually

tually this was executed our readers are already acquainted from the diſpatches printed in our laſt volume, p. 185.

Sir Sydney Smith is at this juncture on the ſea, in the ſervice of his country, and we anticipate the honours he will acquire ſhould the enemy afford him an opportunity. At an early period of life he has acquired laurels which will not fade, and he poſſeſſes thoſe qualities which are likely to procure ſucceſs, cool reſolution and undaunted courage. May Great Britain at all times ſee a ſucceſſion of ſuch men! While ſuch are to be found in her ſervice, ſhe may contemn the impotent menaces of her foreign enemies, and the equally impotent efforts of her ſeditious lurking domeſtic foes.

### *Morning.*

*(With a beautiful emblematical Engraving.)*

THE meek ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,
At firſt faint gleaming in the dappled eaſt:
Till far o'er aether ſpreads the widening glow;
And, from before the luſtre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quick'ned ſtep,
Brown night retires: young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny proſpect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's miſty top
Swell on the ſight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, thro' the duſk, the ſmoaking currents ſhine;
And from the bleaded field the fearful hare
Limps aukward: while along the foreſt-glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early paſſenger. Muſic awakes
The native voice of undiſſembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns ariſe.
Rous'd by the cock, the ſoon-clad ſhepherd leaves
His moſſy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
And from the crouded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taſte the verdure of the morn.
Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent ſun
Melts into limpid air the high rais'd clouds,
And morning-fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of nature ſhines, from where earth ſeems,
Far ſtretch'd around, to meet the bending ſphere.
Half in a bluſh of cluſtering roſes loſt,
Dew-drooping *Coolneſs* to the ſhade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careleſs rills to muſe;
While tyrant *Heat*, diſpreading thro' the ſky,
With rapid ſway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beaſt, and herb, and tepid ſtream.
Home, from his morning taſk, the ſwain retreats;
His flock before him ſtepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mothers low around
The chearful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence, and health! The daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they ſit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours ariſe.

Faint,

Faint, underneath, the houſehold fowls convene:
And, in the corner of the buzzing ſhade,
The houſe-dog, with the vacant grey-hound, lyes,
Out-ſtretch'd, and ſleepy. In his ſlumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the waſp,
They ſtarting ſnap. Nor ſhall the muſe diſdain
To let the little noiſy ſummer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her ſong:
Not mean, tho' ſimple; to the ſun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.

THOMSON.

*Original Letters written by eminent Perſons.*

## LETTER I.

DR. HILDESLEY TO THE MISS. ITHELLS.

*Hitchin, 13 Dec. 1754.*

NOTHING could excuſe the liberty I take of intruding a book upon the ladies at the temple—who, I doubt not, are amply furniſhed with choice of the beſt of every kind—but my thorough perſuaſion, that what I here preſume to recommend to their peruſal will be quite acceptable to them.

If this be looked upon as a compliment, I can only ſay, it is a juſt one. 'Tis too ſure, that, in this age of variety of ſelf-ſlying engagements, there are not many to be found who have a reliſh for ſuch ſublime and ſpiritual enjoyment as theſe "meditations" are capable of affording. It gives me great pleaſure to think how you will both rejoice in them; and how ready you will be to ſay, with Dr. Young, and ſome others who admire them, that "they ſhould never be far out of our reach."

Were this world and its contents deſigned for our chief end and happineſs, right it might ſeem to be, as anxious, and ſolicitous, and eager, as we ſee the generality of its votaries are,—to obtain and purſue the gratifications peculiar to our animal frame and mortal condition. But, if our true and permanent felicity is to be had and ſought elſewhere, namely, in a ſtate as different as earth is from heaven, and time from eternity; if the cloſe of a few more revolutions of the ſame ſort of unſatisfying days, months, and years, we have already paſt, will inſtantly convince us of this difference, when it will avail us little to remember what degree or ſtation of life we have filled here, but what we have known, and done, of the will of HIM that placed us in it; (then) from theſe conſiderations we are naturally led to think, farther, that, as ſure as God is a ſpirit, the joys of heaven muſt be ſpiritual; that even our bodies, with which we are to ariſe, are to be ſpiritualiſed,—for, fleſh and blood cannot inherit, cannot partake, or have any ſenſe of, the delights of the kingdom purchaſed by the blood of Chriſt.

What, then, muſt needs be the trueſt wiſdom of a rational thinking creature, but to provide in earneſt for this certain inevitable change! that it may be, with all advantage, to eternity? But, alas! how few are there ſo wiſe and ſo thinking! If thoſe I am now writing to are,—as I conceive they are,—of the number of the few, I have my end in, and ſhall need no apology for, this addreſs. My incapacity, which has of late increaſed, of being ſo uſeful to, and converſant with, the family I the moſt revere of any under my charge, has been one inducement to this unuſual manner of application to them, of which I promiſe myſelf their candid and favourable acceptance; and ſubſcribe, with my earneſt prayers for their improvement and perſeverance in whatever may tend to their everlaſting welfare, Mr. and the Miſs Ithell's ſincerely obedient and obliged humble ſervant,

M. HILDESLEY.

*** The above letter, or perhaps the unknown volume referred to, is thus ſuperſcribed:

To
my worthy
and
highly-eſteemed pariſhioners,
Mrs. { Elizabeth and Martha } Ithell,
theſe meditations
are humbly preſented
by
their obedient and faithful paſtor,
M. H.

## LETTER II.

*Mr. Richardſon, Author of Clariſſa, Grandiſon, and Pamela, to a Lady.*

*London, Jan.* 10, 1757

MADAM,

I AM very ſorry that the biſhop ſays, "he dare not call me his friend." No one living could value the good vicar of Hitchin more than I did, for the ſake of his character, before I had the pleaſure of being viſited by him as biſhop of Man; and moſt heartily I congratulated in my mind the people committed to his charge, on their happineſs not ſuffering by their change.

To myſelf, in the letters he favoured me with, I always thought him too condeſcending, too humble; and is he no-ſo, in the notice he takes of me in the paper before me? I thought myſelf very happy in meeting, at the ſame inn at Barnet, the good Mr. Hildeſley, on his return from Kent. Dr. Young dined with me there; and it was with regret that I could not engage him to do ſo too: but he had too good reaſons to deny me that pleaſure. My buſineſs lay always heavy upon me. I never, in two or three years, could make a viſit to Dr. Young of more than three or four days, out and in; but, had I known that the good Vicar of Hitchin had formed but half a wiſh to ſee me there, I would have got Dr. Young (both gentlemen reſpecting each other greatly) to have ſhewed me the way.

I had the favour of a viſit at my houſe in town, from his lordſhip; and, meeting him afterwards in the ſtreet, I knew that he was in town preparing for his dioceſe; and, if I forget not, I was led to hope for another viſit before his departure. But little did I know that his lordſhip was ſix whole weeks in town, while my buſineſs led me ſo near him; if I had, I ſhould have held myſelf inexcuſable not to have paid my duty to him in all that time.

I have a very ſincere reſpect for this worthy prelate. He has an amiable aſpect, and a chearfulneſs in his manner, that ſeemed to me an aſſurance that all was right within. I had intereſted myſelf in his welfare, and ſhould have rejoiced in an account of it, in his new ſettlement. His lordſhip is very good to me, in his kind promiſe not to free me in future, occaſionally, from what he calls his intruſions. He has not, any where, a more ſincere well-wiſher. I ſhould take it for a favour to be conſidered by ſo worthy a divine as more than an acquaintance.

Many happy returns of the ſeaſon attend your ladyſhip, and all you love, prays, madam, your moſt faithful and obliged ſervant'

S. RICHARDSON.

*(To be continued.)*

*To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.*

SIR,

PLEASE to give the under a place, which I hope will produce the deſired effect.

*On ſome Abſurd Cuſtoms of this Country.*

THE foibles of my country I ſincerely wiſh to reform, without expoſing, but when thoſe foibles become general, the remedy muſt be applied publicly.

After an abſence of many years, nature (that kind director which points out to the moſt ſavage) directed me to my native country, the acknowledged ſpot of hoſpitality. I was happy to find the lower order of people much civilized, their manners more poliſhed, and arts and ſciences improved, from which I concluded

I concluded it would be no difficult taſk to do away thoſe petty errors, which otherwiſe may increaſe and in time ſully the luſtre of generous hoſpitality.

Upon my arrival in Ireland, I received a friendly invitation from my old friend Dick Heartfree, of the county Clare, I obeyed his kind ſummons, and found Dick the ſame facetious hoſpitable fellow, notwithſtanding both conſtitution, and acres were ſomewhat impaired, as an *aukward wing* of the latter, required clipping to anſwer certain purpoſes. Dick with regret informed me, that from the effects of time, and in order to comply with the times he had reduced his former quantum of ſix bottles to three, which he obſerved was very moderate, conſidering the ſmallneſs of the bottles, long corks, and hollow bottoms, and as he had laid down a ſyſtem of regularity, he ſeldom was guilty of miſtake, except by taking a fourth to induce his company.

Lord Daſh hearing his neighbour Dick had a few friends, politely ſent us an invitation to partake of the joys of a foxchace, a piece of beef, and a bottle; as I was fond of the ſports of the field, Dick favoured me with his favourite horſe Steady. We ſoon compelled poor Reynard to ſubmit, alſo a large jack hare which gave us choice ſport, but to my great ſurpriſe, was very ſorry to find amuſement ſo ſhamefully taxed, as each perſon upon the application of his lordſhip's huntſman, depoſited three ſhillings and ſixpence, Engliſh, in his cap, on enquiry, I was told it was half a crown a fox, and one ſhilling a hare: this I conſidered a tax of prohibition to men of limited means, ſuch was my caſe, and as I determined to purſue a plan of retrenchment; in preference to the purſuits of the hare, I ſoon took leave of my friend Dick, but not before I reprobated ſo improper a cuſtom.

As ſoon as I came to town, I flattered myſelf with the hopes of enjoying ſociety, though reſolved to ſtudy economy. I had a number of reſpectable connections, and, as a ſingle man, expected many engagements. On my return home one evening I found a card of invitation to dine with my lord Cornute the following day, and as it required an anſwer, I ſent one in the affirmative, having adorned my perſon with a ſuit of French black, a ſmart cocked caroline, and that emblem of honour a cockade, I reached his lordſhip's houſe about half paſt four, that rational hour that nature invites to dine, but after ſitting, walking, talking, and repeatedly looking at my watch, as a hint to his lordſhip, dinner was announced at near eight. From a delicate ſtate of health, and this faſhionable method of taking away the appetite. I ſat down, rather inclined to engage my pillow than the turtle, and early in the evening, I retired with an acquaintance I met at his lordſhip's, this gentleman well aware of the conſequence, had, as he thought, ſecured his hat and cane, but one of the ſervants found the latter and took it into his *ſafe keeping*. On our paſſing down ſtairs the cane was preſented in ſuch a ſtile as to procure two ſhillings, which I alſo paid, one for my hat, and one to ſupport the honour of the cockade. We could not avoid commenting and bitterly exclaiming againſt this tax, which I underſtand is again become general both with *lords and commons*, nay even with the commonality.

No ſuch *friendly invitations* ſhall induce, or ſeduce me, until a reform takes place.

Next day I waited upon my aunt Skin-flint, ſhe upbraided me with my long abſence, I apologized and complained of the rubs I encountered both in purſuit of the fox and the turtle, She called my lord Daſh, a ruſtic bumpkin, and my lord Cornute, a *proper monſter*, thoſe words were expreſſed with the diſtorted features of paſſion. When ſhe recovered her uſual moderation ſhe addreſſed me thus; nephew Freeman, I beg you will give me as much of your company as poſſible, that you may avoid the vulgarity of manners you encounter by mixing with thoſe unacquainted with the ſtrict rules of propriety and decorum; now I ſhall have a ſelect party on your account to morrow evening, ſo do not diſappoint, I bowed conſent, and took

my

my leave. Duty and politeneſs obliged me to be punctual. I found a groupe of charming females, the moſt juvenile of which was about forty years out of her teens. After the uſual compliments, and that a cup of enervating tea was diſpatched, the converſation turned upon the barrenneſs of public entertainments; my aunt Liddy obſerved that a rubber of whiſt was a moſt rational amuſement, and ordered the green cloth to be thrown over the tea table. I unfortunately objected to cards, and at the inſtant received a hint of ſilence from my aunt's old faſhioned grain heel, which ſhe very forcibly applied to the ſummit of a very tender corn, the excruciating torture obliged me to bounce from my chair, overſet the tea table, and exclaim damnation, this threw the *nankeens* and *tabbies* into convulſive diſorder, but by the happy application of ſalts, lavender drops, and my aunt's rectified cordial (alias firſt ſhot) tranquility was reſtored, ſhe aſſured me her cordial never failed if applied (I am in doubt which ſhe ſaid) eternally or externally. However as matters were now adjuſted, the cards were introduced; there I found, excluſive of cheatery, another tax on ſociety called *card-money*, this diſconcerted me not a little, however I finiſhed one rubber, pleaded indiſpoſition, and retired. On examining my purſe, I found I had juſt won three bad ſhillings, which eſcaped detection owing to the dimneſs of the dipped tapers. From this moment I made a vow to live at home, and get a check ſtring to my purſe, until the tax on fox-hunting, friendly invitations, and ſelect card parties are compleatly ſcouted the nation. In a few days, when I received the uſe of my foot after my aunt's ſevere hint, I waited on her to tell her my ſentiments reſpecting card-money. I called it a mean cuſtom, derogatory to a woman of her conſequence, ſhe frankly told me that ſince penſions were ſtopped, ſhe, and other women of diſtinction were obliged to try ways and means becoming their rank; that ſervants were hired now a days for the purpoſe of dividing the card money with their miſtreſſes equally, the latter got no other wages, and that decent policy rendered ſecrecy neceſſary. I could not avoid concluding in my own mind, that as the profit encreaſed ſo did often a mutual paſſion that made it prudent to keep their own ſecrets. Totally diſguſted with my aunt's information I returned to my lodging, and found another invitation to dine with lord Cornute, to which I ſent the following anſwer:

CAPTAIN FREEMAN'S be reſpects to lord Cornute and is really ſorry he cannot afford to dine with his lordſhip on Tueſday next, as the tax on hats and canes will prevent him having that honor.

Saturday night.

A few mornings after, I was honoured with a viſit from his lordſhip, who requeſted an explanation of my anſwer, which when I gave, he ſmiled and aſſured me he would exert his intereſt with the lords and commons to have the tax taken off.

## *Thoughts of a Juryman reſpecting Preſentments of High Roads.*

THERE are two modes of compelling pariſhes to repair their roads, one by preſentment to the aſſizes, or quarter ſeſſions, by the judges or the juſtices of the peace, without recourſe to the grand jury, in conſequence of a bill brought before them, or from their own knowledge without any bill; the other by an order, on complaint, from two or more juſtices acting in the diſtrict wherein the pariſh is ſituate. Of theſe, the latter has always appeared to me to be by far the beſt, for the following plain reaſons: 1. The juſtice within the diſtrict muſt be ſuppoſed moſt likely to know the circumſtances of the road complained againſt; as, whether it is a thoroughfare road, leading from one town to another; whether there are not other roads in the pariſh which, being more uſeful to the public and in a worſe ſtate of repair, have not been already ordered by them to be firſt repaired. 2. They can eaſily be made acquainted with the ſtate of the pariſh ſo as to know how much road it can repair within a given time; and can

therefore

therefore, without any riſk of oppreſſing the pariſh with a burden to which its reſources are inadequate, order a certain quantity of road to be repaired, in ſuch a manner as they think right, within that time. 3. As the ſurveyor of the highways is fineable for not fulfilling their order, the burden will fall, as it ought to do, on the perſon offending, and not on the pariſh. This is a matter of ſome conſequence; becauſe many ſurveyors, who contribute a very ſmall proportion to the pariſh-rates, are ſo little affected by the coſt of a preſentment, that the dread of it is not of efficacy enough to ſtimulate them to proper exertions; ſome of them would even like the frolick of attending at the aſſizes at the expence of the pariſh. The caſe is totally different when they themſelves are perſonally to pay for their negligence. 4. The money which, in conſequence of a preſentment, would go into the pockets of the clerk of the aſſizes, or ſeſſions, and of attorneys, would perhaps repair the road complained of. And this, ſurely, at a time when pariſhes are heavily burdened with enormous rates, is a matter of very ſerious conſideration. From ſuch reaſons as theſe I have often been induced to wiſh that there was a clauſe prohibiting preſentments (except thoſe made by the judges and juſtices) at the aſſizes or ſeſſions, unleſs a previous complaint has been made, without effect, to the juſtices of the diſtrict; in which caſe, perhaps, it would be proper that the ſaid juſtices ſhould ſend to the aſſizes, or ſeſſions, where the preſentment may be made, their reaſons for not proceeding to order the road to be repaired in conſequence of the complaint, the perſon intending to preſent giving them due notice of his intention. But this is out of my province; and my even hinting it may require an apology. As the law ſtands, what can a poor juryman do? Is he, at all events, on oath being made him that a road is founderous, obliged to find the bill? or may he be allowed to uſe a kind of diſcretion? I own I ſhould be inclined to aſk, whether it was a public road, whether the juſtices of the diſtrict had ordered any roads to be repaired, in which caſe two orders would interfere? whether the road was really in ſuch a ſtate of repair as to render travelling over it dangerous or inconvenient? or whether it was merely unpleaſant? whether materials were, without great coſt and difficulty, to be procured; whether the reſources of the pariſh were equal to making all their roads ſmooth and even? whether the perſon ſworn had himſelf actually ſurveyed the road? If, from unſatisfactory anſwers, I had reaſon to conclude that the preſentment was unreaſonable, oppreſſive, dictated by pettiſhneſs, revenge, or ſome private motive, might I be allowed not to concur in finding the bill? or muſt I act contrary to my ideas of right, to comply with a form of law which I think wrong? What a trying ſituation, to find conſcience, in the trammels of an oath, againſt conſcience directed by reaſon and equity! I have often been ſurprized at obſerving juſtices preſenting roads lying in their own diſtricts. What could be their motive? Have they not all the power neceſſary for doing every thing that can be done by a preſentment? Some, I have heard, ſay they do it becauſe they do not like to impoſe fines on their neighbours, and to be teazed with applications for remitting them; others, that they get rid of the trouble of making orders and attending to their execution. To me, who am a plain man, ſuch reaſons appear to proceed from too much delicacy, ſelfiſhneſs and indolence, and want of proper concern for their neighbours. Underſtanding that a bill on the ſubject of the highways, viz. for exempting certain perſons from labour on them, will ſoon be brought forward, I humbly beg leave to hint two matters that may perhaps be thought uſeful. As it is certain that many ſurveyors do not fairly diſpoſe of the money they collect, and are very partial with reſpect to the diſtribution of labour, I ſhould wiſh, for the more eaſy unravelling their proceedings, that they ſhould at the expiration of their year, render an account, in proper columns, firſt, of the eſtates in their pariſhes ſpecifying what proportion of duty each is liable to; whether they compound,

compound, or do duty in kind; when ſummoned, appeared or not; if not, whether called before a magiſtrate and fined: ſecondly, if inhabitants liable to labour; their names, &c. as above; then of all the money they collected, and from whom; the amount of fines, &c.; when the particulars of their expenditure; the names of perſons to whom wages have been paid for labour; the nature of the labour; as, whether by the day, or by the fathom, or yard. This account to be laid before a veſtry, duly ſummoned, as is already provided for, and allowed by them, and afterwards before the juſtices, at their ſpecial ſeſſions. All theſe precautions are abſolutely neceſſary.—The other matter is, that, in caſe the juſtices find the ſurveyors in any pariſh totally inadequate, through ignorance, to the taſk of forming roads, and that the inhabitants in general are in the ſame predicament, it ſhall be lawful for them to appoint a perſon, with a ſalary, to execute the office. This too, I believe, would be of great conſequence.

W. LOVERIGHT.

### *Military Anecdotes.*

WE uſe the word *Panic*, or *Panic Fear*, for a needleſs or ill-grounded fright. What marſhal Saxe terms *le cœur humain* is no other than fear occaſioned by ſurpriſe. It is owing to that cauſe that an ambuſh is generally ſo deſtructive; intelligence of it beforehand renders it harmleſs. At the ſiege of Amiens by the Gauls, Cæſar came up with his army, which did not exceed 7000 men, and began to entrench himſelf in ſuch a hurry, that the barbarians judging him to be afraid, attacked his entrenchments with great ſpirit. During the time they were filling up the ditch, he iſſued out with his cohorts; and, by attacking them unexpectedly, ſtruck a panic that made them fly with precipitation, not a ſingle man offering to make a ſtand. At the ſiege of Aleſia, the Gauls, infinitely ſuperior in number, attacked the Roman lines of circumvallation, in order to raiſe the ſiege. Cæſar ordered a body of his men to march out ſilently and to attack them on the one flank, while he, with another body, did the ſame on the other flank. The ſurpriſe of being attacked when they expected a defence only, put the Gauls into diſorder, and gave an eaſy victory to Cæſar.

A third inſtance may be added no leſs memorable. In the year 846, an obſtinate battle was fought between Xamire king of Leon and Abdoulrahman the Mooriſh king of Spain. After a long conflict, the night only prevented the Arabians from obtaining a complete victory. The king of Leon, taking advantage of the darkneſs, retreated to a neighbouring hill, leaving the Arabians maſters of the field of battle. Next morning, perceiving that he could not maintain his place for want of proviſions, nor be able to draw off his men in the face of a victorious army, he ranged his men in order of battle, and, without loſing a moment, marched to attack the enemy, reſolved to conquer or die. The Arabians, aſtoniſhed to be attacked by thoſe who were conquered the night before, loſt all heart. Fear ſucceeded to aſtoniſhment; the panic was univerſal; and they all turned their backs almoſt without drawing a ſword.

### *Detached Thoughts.*

THE Swiſs, who ſhot himſelf becauſe he was tired of dreſſing and undreſſing, would have done ſo long before, had he not had ſo much employment. Our Creator, knowing what ſort of particles he compoſed us of, obliged us to labour, not only for the ſupport of 'life,' but of exiſtence itſelf. Were we cloathed by nature like the other animals, and ſubſiſted on the ſpontaneous herbage of the field we ſhould loſe our patience before fifty, and hang or drown ourſelves in dread of threeſcore.

Maids ſhould be ſeen and not heard, they ſay. This is comparing them to peacocks.

*Account*

*Account of a new Work, entitled, "The Hiſtory, Civil and Commercial, of the Britiſh Colonies in the Weſt Indies. By Bryan Edwards, Eſq. of the Iſland of Jamaica.*

TO the philoſophic and contemplative mind, which takes an extenſive ſurvey of paſt eras, and marks the gradations by which mankind have riſen from a ſtate of barbarity to that eminence in the arts and ſciences to which they have attained in the preſent age, a hiſtory of the iſlands that ſo abundantly contribute, by their rich, and we had almoſt ſaid invaluable produce, to our national grandeur and opulence, muſt be a ſubject highly intereſting to almoſt every claſs of readers. When that ſubject is rendered ſtill more worthy of our attention by the manner in which it is diſcuſſed, by dignity of ſtyle and ſplendor of talents in the hiſtorian; the critic enters on his taſk with pleaſure proportionably increaſed; while the reader, together with the utmoſt gratification, fails not to partake of the moſt important inſtruction. Such a taſk now awaits us; and ſuch will be the reward of him who peruſes the publication before us. The author inveſtigates the various topics that ſucceſſively riſe for examination, with the ſpirit of a philoſopher and the enlarged ideas of a true patriot: occaſionally diſplaying the blended knowledge of the naturaliſt, the politician, and the merchant. Mr. Edwards has undertaken this work with the great advantage of having perſonally reſided during many years in the countries which he deſcribes, and having thoroughly conſidered, as he informs us in his preface, the diſpoſition, temper, and genius of the inhabitants. Without rejecting, therefore, the uſeful labours of his predeceſſors in the hiſtorical line, he promiſes his readers a more original work than has been yet publiſhed; a work founded on fact, and not on theory; on experience, not on ſpeculation.

The hiſtory of the Weſt Indies is divided into ſix books, ſubdivided into numerous chapters. The three books of which the firſt volume conſiſts, will alone engage our more immediate attention; and poſſibly, becauſe treating of ſubjects more important than the others, a greater portion of that attention than the remainder. At the commencement of the firſt book, the geography and natural hiſtory of the Weſt Indies are the ſubjects of the author's inquiry: in diſcuſſing the former of which he diſplays conſiderable erudition reſpecting that line of ſcience; and he has illuſtrated his deſcription with a very large and valuable chart of the iſlands; relating, alſo, the hiſtory of their gradual population and culture. In inveſtigating the latter ſubject, Mr. Edwards evinces depth of reſearch, as well as a great extent of obſervation; while, with a maſterly pencil, he paints thoſe romantic ſcenes which the face of nature exhibits in tropical regions, where the mountains riſe with bolder elevation, where the ſtorm rages with tenfold terror, and where the rains deſcend with overwhelming violence! We catch, as we read, the enthuſiaſm of the writer in depicting theſe objects of uncommon magnificence: we aſcend with him the loftieſt hills, and ſee the clouds roll beneath us; and we now wander, delighted, in the deep ſhade of thoſe noble groves of cedar and palm, the widely expanding branches of which were intended by Providence to ſhelter the inhabitants from the blaze of a meridian ſun in a fiery climate. Of the author's powers and ſtyle of deſcription, we preſent the reader with the following ſpecimens, in the firſt of which the beauties of a nocturnal ſky, as ſurveyed nearly beneath the line, are diſplayed with the genius of a Claude:

'The nights at this ſeaſon are tranſcendantly beautiful. The clearneſs of the heavens, the ſerenity of the air, and the ſoft tranquillity in which Nature repoſes, contribute to harmonize the mind, and produce the moſt calm and delightful ſenſations. The moon too in theſe climates diſplays far greater radiance than in Europe: the ſmalleſt print is legible by her light; and in the moon's abſence her function is not ill ſupplied by the brightneſs of the milky way, and by that glorious planet

Venus, which appears here like a little moon, and glitters with so refulgent a beam as to cast a shade from trees, buildings, and other objects, making full amends for the short stay and abrupt departure of the crepusculum or twilight.'

Not less picturesque and lively is his account of the great natural alcoves formed by the Ceiba, the Palmets, and the Ficus Indica, or great Banian tree of India, which is likewise a native of this region; together with the numerous tribes of animals which sport in their branches, and resort to their shade. Of the trees growing in the West Indies, he observes that,

'The Papaw and the Palmeto* are, without doubt, the most graceful of all the vegetable creation. Others continue to bud, blossom, and bear fruit throughout the year. Nor is it undeserving notice, that the great Father of mankind has displayed his goodness even in the structure and formation of the trees themselves; for, the foliage of the most part springing only from the summit of the trunk, and thence expanding into wide-spreading branches, closely but elegantly arranged, every grove is an assemblage of majestic columns, supporting a verdant canopy, and excluding the sun, without impeding the circulation of the air. Thus the shade, at all times impervious to the blaze, and refreshed by the diurnal breeze, affords, not merely a refuge from occasional inconveniency, but a most wholesome and delightful retreat and habitation.

'Such were these orchards of the sun, and woods of perrenial verdure; of a growth unknown to the frigid clime and less vigorous soil of Europe; for what is the oak compared to the cedar or mahogany, of each of which the trunk frequently measures from eighty to ninety feet from the base to the limbs? What European forest has ever given birth to a stem equal to that of the ceiba*, which alone simply rendered concave, has been known to produce a boat capable of containing one hundred persons? or the fig, greater fig, the sovereign of the vegetable creation,—itself a forest †?

'The majestic scenery of these tropical groves was at the same time enlivened by the singular forms of some and the surprising beauty of others of the inferior animals which possessed and peopled them. Although these will be more fully described in the sequel, a few observations which at present occur to me, will, I hope, be forgiven. If it be true, that in most of the regions of the torrid zone the heat of the sun is, as it were, reflected in the untameable fierceness of their wild beasts, and in the exalted rage and venom of the numerous serpents with which they are

N O T E S.

'* The wild cotton tree.'

'† This monarch of the woods whose empire extends over Asia and Africa, as well as the tropical parts of America, is described by our divine poet with great exactness:

'The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd, [known
But such as at this day to Indians
In Malabar and Decan, spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground [daughters grow
The bearded twigs take root, and
Above the mother tree, *a pillar'd shade*
*High over-arch'd and echoing walks between!*" PAR. LOST, B. IX.

It is called in the East Indies the *banyan-tree*. Mr. Marsden gives the following account of the dimensions of one, near Manjee, twenty miles west of Patna in Bengal: Diameter, 363 to 375 feet, circumference of the shadow at noon, 1116 feet; circumference of the several stems, in number sixty, 921 feet. Hist. Sumatra, p. 131.

infested.

infeſted, the Sovereign Diſpoſer of all things has regarded the iſlands of the Weſt Indies with peculiar favour; inaſmuch as their ſerpents are wholly deſtitute of poiſon, and they poſſeſs no animal of prey, to deſolate their vallies. The crocodile, or alligator, is indeed ſometimes diſcovered on the banks of their rivers: but notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid of its fierce and ſavage diſpoſition, I pronounce it, from my own knowledge, a cautious and timid creature, avoiding, with the utmoſt precipitation, the approach of man. The reſt of the lizard kind are perfectly innocent and inoffenſive. Some of them are even fond of human ſociety. They embelliſh our walks by their beauty, and court our attention by gentleneſs and frolic; but their kindneſs, I know not why, is returned by averſion and diſguſt. Anciently the woods of almoſt all the equatorial parts of America abounded with various tribes of the ſmaller monkey; a ſportive and ſagacious little creature, which the people of Europe ſeem likewiſe to have regarded with unmerited deteſta tion; for they hunted them down with ſuch barbarous aſſiduity, that in ſeveral of the iſlands every ſpecies of them has been long ſince exterminated. Of the feathered race too, many tribes have now nearly deſerted thoſe ſhores where poliſhed man delights in ſpreading univerſal and capricious deſtruction.—Among theſe, one of the moſt remarkable was the flamingo, an elegant and princely bird, as large as the ſwan, and arrayed in plumage of the brighteſt ſcarlet. Numerous, however, are the feathered kinds, deſervedly diſtinguiſhed by their ſplendour and beauty, that ſtill animate theſe ſylvan receſſes. The parrot, and its various affinities from the maccaw to the perroquet, ſome of them not larger than a ſparrow, are too well known to require deſcription. Theſe are as plentiful in the larger iſlands of the Weſt Indies as the rook is in Europe. But the boaſt of American groves is doubtleſs the colibry, or humming bird; of the brilliance of whoſe plumage no combination of words, nor tints of the pencil, can convey an adequate idea. The conſummate green of the emerald, the rich purple of the amethyiſt, and the vivid flame of the ruby, all happily blended and enveloped beneath a tranſparent veil of waving gold, are diſtinguiſhable in every ſpecies, but differently arranged and apportioned in each. Nor is the minuteneſs of its form leſs the object of admiration, than the luſtre of its plumage; the ſmalleſt ſpecies not exceeding the ſize of a beetle, and appearing the link which connects the bird and inſect creation.'

Theſe ſpecimens, we think, fully prove the truth of our preceding aſſertions in reſpect to the ſtyle, talents, and ſcience diſplayed in this work: we paſs on, therefore, to the ſecond chapter, in which the hiſtory itſelf commences with an account of the *Caribees*, or *Charaibes*, the antient poſſeſſors of theſe iſlands, and the people from whom they derived their name. We muſt here remark that Dr. Robertſon, in his hiſtory of America, had already greatly ſmoothed the way for an hiſtorian of the Weſt Indies. That elegant writer places the firſt diſcovery of the Caribee or Windward Iſlands by Columbus, in 1493, and in his ſecond voyage to explore the newly-found world. He paints the natives as of a ferocious and predatory diſpoſition, and as delighting in the guilty banquet of human blood. In their habitations, Columbus actually found "relicts of thoſe horrid feaſts which they had made upon the bodies of their enemies, taken in war" Rochefort, in his account of the Antilles, conjectures theſe Caribees to have been originally a nation of Florida, in North America; and deſcribes them as a colony of Apalachian Indians driven from the continent to the Windward iſlands. Mr. Edwards conceives them rather to be deſcendants of a South American colony; a circumſtance which their own traditions confirm. Nor does he think Hornius totally undeſerving of credit, when he aſſigns to them an oriental anceſtry. This chapter concludes with an highly intereſting deſcription of theſe ſavages, their national manners, habits, education, and ſuch political and religious inſtitutions as ſavages could fabricate; of all

which we present our readers with the following concise epitome.

Every trait in the character of a *Charaibe* marks him for a foreigner. The antipathy which this fierce race bears to the unoffending and more cultivated natives of the larger islands of Hispaniola, Cuba, and Jamaica; his robust and muscular form; his towering independent spirit, disdainful of restraint, and impatient under calamity; his dreadful feast on human flesh; and the incisions which he makes on his scarified body, painted alternately with *black* and *crimson*, to render him terrific to his enemies in battle; all conspire to proclaim him an *exotic*, transplanted either by design or accident from some distant clime, and bearing with him to his new abode the interminable impressions of his primitive *cast*. A Charaibe youth is educated amid accumulated toils and sufferings. One of the earliest maxims inculcated on his tender mind was to bear exquisite pain without murmuring:—like the Spartan youth at the altar of Diana, he was scourged until agonizing nature was nearly exhausted: but no sigh was heard, no tear was seen to fall; for, if the severities which he sustained occasioned the least sign of weakness or sensibility, he was disgraced for ever. Public honours and national rewards crowned the fortitude that never shrunk from inflicted torture: above all things, he was taught to cherish an inexorable hatred, and an insatiable thirst of revenge, against his natural enemy the *Arrowauks*, the inhabitants of Hispaniola, Cuba, and Jamaica. When more mature years called the Charaibe to the field, stripes, burning and suffocation, constituted the test of him who was to lead the national troops to action. His heart thus hardened, and his nerves thus steeled, he beheld the unbounded carnage of his foes without the least remorse, nor checked his savage squadrons in the mid career of their sanguinary vengeance. Of their political maxims, one very prominent but disgusting feature is displayed in that abject vassalage in which the Charaibes keep their women. They are mere household drudges through life, and are denied even the privilege of eating in the presence of the tyrant husband. Mr. Edwards, on this subject, very justly observes, that 'the first visible proof that a people are emerging from savage manners is a display of tenderness towards the female sex.'—Few arts and manufactures can be supposed to flourish among savages; yet they ingeniously manufacture a substantial kind of cotton cloth, which they stain with various colours, and of which they make hammocks, or hanging beds; they also fabricate ornamental vessels of baked clay; they work very elegant baskets of the fibres of the palmeto leaf; and their bows and arrows are finished with singular skill and neatness. In respect to their theology, the life of the Charaibe is not passed without acts of devotion paid to the universal Father. In every cottage is erected a rustic altar, composed of banana leaves and rushes, on which they offer to the Deity the earliest of their fruits, and the choicest of their provisions. His religion, in fact, however, is a religion of terror; in part, perhaps, the result of the tremendous irregularities of the climate. They mark an avenging Deity amid the madness of the hurricane, and amid the convulsions occasioned by frequent earthquakes. In the loud thunder of the tropic, the voice of the incensed Deity is heard, while his arm in imagined vengeance launches the lightning which fires the standing fields of ripening corn, and annihilates the promising harvest.

In the third chapter of this book we are introduced to a very different race, the mild and peaceable inhabitants of Hispaniola, Cuba, Jamaica, and Porto Rico; who are considered by their implacable enemies, the Charaibes, as direct descendants of the Arrowaukes, a people of Guiana. Mr. Edwards is inclined to give credit to this traditional history of their origin; and he inveighs with honest indignation against the atrocities committed by the Spaniards at their first settlement on these islands; under whose destructive swords three millions of their fellow-creatures (for such, at a moderate calculation, was the number of the natives whom they found in

in them,) have been nearly exterminated. Theſe were in perſon no leſs robuſt than the Charaibe, in ſtature taller, and more graceful in the proportion of their limbs; their complexion was a clear brown, their hair black, but not curled, the face broad, the noſe flat, and their eyes beamed with good nature, and were the happy index of a compaſſionate and benevolent heart. Unlike the ſavage Charaibe, who deſpiſed and oppreſſed the female ſex, the the natives of theſe iſlands were a race who delighted in the ſoft intercourſe of love. Full of vivacity and mutual affection, they continued the airy dance, in which they were ſo well formed to excel, from evening until dawn: keeping time by the reſpective motion of their hands, feet, and bodies, and ſinging all the while hiſtorical ſongs in honour of deceaſed heroes, or chaunting holy hymns in praiſe of the Deity. When the Spaniards firſt viſited Hiſpaniola, the whole iſland was divided into five great kingdoms. The ſovereigns of theſe kingdoms were called *Caciques:* their power over the ſubject was abſolute; and they were regarded with almoſt idolatrous veneration. The people ſeem to have admitted the *divine right* of kings; for, ſays our author, 'oppoſition to the ſupreme authority was conſidered as *impious.*' They were not leſs ſlaves to ſuperſtition than their enemies the Charaibes: they admitted a plurality of inferior deities, but acknowleged one ſupreme preſiding *Numen*; concerning whom, however, they entertained the moſt extravagant, diſcordant, and even puerile conceptions. A haughty prieſthood and deſpotic monarchy ſeem to have immemorially holden in chains this unoffending race.—In reſpect to arts and ſciences, the laſt ſubject of general conſideration in this chapter, they excelled in agriculture and the manufacture of cotton cloth: they were not unſkilled in the fabrication of various ſpecies of elegant pottery; and they conſtructed ſailing veſſels of uncommon magnitude and great convenience. The author concludes this part with a juſt and animated invective againſt thoſe writers, not excepting even Dr. Robertſon, who have attempted to palliate and gloſs over the horrible enormities of the Spaniards on their conqueſt of the newly diſcovered world.

The fourth and final chapter of the firſt book diſcuſſes the natural hiſtory of the animals and vegetables peculiar to theſe iſlands; and to amateurs in that line of ſcience the peruſal will not fail to afford great variety of matter, at once novel and intereſting: but we have too wide a field before us to enter into any very extenſive details on this head. The animals are of eight ſorts, the names of which are enumerated by Mr. Edwards; but, as thoſe names vary according to the different dialects prevailing in theſe iſlands, we decline inſerting them. They are at preſent for the moſt part exterminated, but, our author aſſerts, were evidently the ſame with thoſe that are to be found in Guiana. This circumſtance Mr. Edwards mentions as an additional proof that the Windward Iſlands were in reality peopled from the South and not from North America. The iguana, (a ſpecies of lizard,) and the mountain crab, are the moſt remarkable among them; and the hiſtory of the latter is given at ſome length, in profeſſed extracts from the writings of others. Theſe latter animals live in the mountains in a kind of orderly ſociety, and, at certain periods of the year ſally forth from their lurking holes in the clifts of rocks and the ſtumps of hollow trees, commencing a long and tedious journey to the ſea-ſhore, where they depoſit their ſpawn. They march in a body of ſome millions together, and direct their progreſs in a right line to the ſpot of their deſtination. No geometrician could obſerve a more even courſe; and, ſhould a houſe intervene, they attempt to ſcale the walls 'to keep the unbroken tenor of their way.' Both the iguana and the mountain crab are delicious food, and are amongſt the higheſt dainties of a Weſt Indian table. The regions of the water and the air in the Weſt India iſlands are ſtill more abundant in uncommon productions. Innumerable birds and inſects of the moſt beautiful plumage and the ſweeteſt note tenant the latter; the ſea and the rivers produce an infinite ſtore

of

of fiſh, exceedingly well taſted, and of wonderful variety; the woods and marſhes abound with wild fowl exquiſite in flavour, among which the delicate ortolan, a native of the Weſt Indies, takes the lead. Nature has ſtocked theſe happy iſlands with every luxury that an epicure can deſire: but ſhe has principally exerted her power in the vegetable world, where the moſt luſcious fruits ſpontaneouſly ſpring up, the juicy pulp of which at once delights and regales the parched inhabitant of the tropic.

To this book is ſubjoined an appendix, in which Mr. Edwards attempts to prove that the Charaibe, according to his former ſurmiſe is of oriental extraction. On this ſubject, having ourſelves read Hornius concerning the origin of the Americans, with attention, we are able to bear teſtimony to the fidelity of Mr. E's repreſentation of that author's ſentiments: and we approve *many* of the arguments which he has adduced to maintain his poſition. The argument, however, is of a very extenſive nature, and requires for its ſupport much ſtronger evidence, and far greater toil of hiſtorical reſearch, than can be diſplayed in an appendix of a few pages. We could wiſh Mr. Edwards to reſume the inveſtigation of this curious ſubject to travel once more over the chain of iſlands; which are now known to exiſt between the north of Aſia and America; and to contemplate a race wonderfully reſembling his Charaibe cannibals. He will comprehend our meaning when we refer him to Herodotus, the hiſtorian whom he ſo much admires, and who informs us that there were Aſiatic as well as African *Æthiopians*; (probably colonies from thoſe parts of Æthiopia which border on the Arabian gulph, and which are expreſsly ſaid to have been inhabited by *Anthropophagi*, or man-eaters;) that they were armed with bows made of the *palm tree*; and he adds, which is very remarkable, that, when they went to battle, they alſo painted their bodies of a red colour; ſtaining themſelves with vermillion.

In the ſecond book, we paſs from general deſcription to particular hiſtory, commencing with that of Jamaica. This fine iſland was diſcovered by Columbus in his ſecond voyage to the new world, but was not extenſively explored by that navigator until his fourth and laſt voyage, when the iſland, which he had diſcovered nine years before, afforded him ſhelter from ſhipwreck. During a century and a half, little important occurs in the Spaniſh hiſtory of this ſettlement. It would have been a fortunate circumſtance for the credit of the Spaniſh nation, had their early tranſactions in the other ſettlements of the new world been directed by the ſame humane principles which influenced the conduct of Don Juan de Eſquival in his government of this iſland. Eſquival, however, continued but a few years in his government; and there is too much reaſon to believe that the work of blood began almoſt immediately after his death. The wretched inhabitants, to the amount of 60,000, on the moſt moderate eſtimate, were cut off, and not a ſingle deſcendant of the antient aboriginal families remained on this iſland when the Engliſh took poſſeſſion of it in 1655.

In the ſecond chapter of this book, Mr. E. defends the vigorous proceedings of the protector Cromwell toward the Spaniards at that era, againſt the reproaches of Mr. Hume; and he ſtrengthens his defence by long and pertinent quotations from the ſtate-papers of ſecretary Thurloe. With the following account of the ſtate of the iſland, when it was taken by the Engliſh, this ſecond chapter terminates; and we not only heartily join in the concluding ſentiment expreſſed in it, but, could our feeble voice reach the thrones of kings, we would recommend a due conſideration of the important moral contained in it to the potentates who have been ſo iniquitouſly engaged in partitioning out the diſtracted kingdom of Poland:

'Upon the whole, although the Spaniards had poſſeſſed the iſland a century and a half, not one hundredth part of the plantable land was in cultivation when the Engliſh made themſelves maſters of it. Yet the Spaniſh ſettlers had no ſooner exterminated, in the manner we

we have ſeen, the original proprietors, than they had recourſe, with their neighbours of Hiſpaniola, to the introduction of ſlaves from Africa. We are told that the number of negroes in the iſland, at the time of its capture, nearly equalled that of the whites. It is not eaſy to diſcover to what uſeful purpoſe the labour of theſe blacks was applied. The ſloth and penury of the Spaniſh planters, when the Engliſh landed, were extreme. Of the many valuable commodities which Jamaica has ſince produced in ſo great abundance, ſome were altogether unknown, and of the reſt the inhabitants cultivated no more than were ſufficient for their own expenditure. Their principal export, beſides cacao, conſiſted of hogs-lard and hides. The ſale of theſe articles, and ſupplying the few ſhips that touched at their ports with proviſions, in barter for European manufactures, conſtituted the whole of their commerce; a commerce, which the ſavages of Madagaſcar conduct with equal ability and ſucceſs. They poſſeſſed nothing of the elegancies of life, nor were they acquainted even with many of thoſe gratifications which, in civilized ſtates, are conſidered as neceſſary to the comfort and conveniency of it. They were neither poliſhed by ſocial intercourſe, nor improved by education; but paſſed their days in gloomy languor, enfeebled by ſloth and depreſſed by poverty. Having at the ſame time but little or no connection with Europe, nor the means of ſending their children thither for education (a circumſtance that might have introduced among them, from time to time, ſome portion of civility and ſcience) they had been for many years in a ſtate of progreſſive degeneracy, and would probably in a ſhort time, have expiated the guilt of their anceſtors, by falling victims themſelves to the vengeance of their ſlaves. Time indeed had wrought a wonderful change in the manners and diſpoſitions of all the Spaniſh Americans. It muſt however be acknowledged, that if they poſſeſſed not the abilities of their forefathers, they were unſtained with their crimes. If we find among them no traces of that enterpriſing genius, that unconquerable perſeverance, that contempt of toil, danger, and death, which ſo wonderfully diſtinguiſhed the great adventurers, who firſt explored and added a new hemiſphere to the Spaniſh dominion; we muſt own at the ſame time that they were happily free from their guilty ambition, their remorſeleſs fanaticiſm, and frantic cruelty. But, whatever was their character, it is impoſſible to juſtify the hard terms impoſed by the Engliſh commanders on the poor ſettlers in Jamaica, in requiring them to deliver up their ſlaves and effects, and quit the country altogether. They pleaded that they were born in the iſland, and had neither relations, friends, nor country elſewhere, and they declared that they were reſolved to periſh in the woods rather than beg their bread in a foreign ſoil. This was their final anſwer to the propoſitions of Venables, the Engliſh general, nor could they be brought again to enter into any treaty. The reſiſtance they afterwards made againſt the efforts of our troops to expel them from the iſland may furniſh this important leſſon to conquerors—that even victory has its limits, and that injuſtice and tyranny frequently defeat their own purpoſes.'

The third chapter continues the civil hiſtory of this ſettlement to the cloſe of the year 1728, and here Mr. Edwards has ſhewn his judgment by dwelling only on the great and intereſting objects of national inquiry, without entering into tedious and diſguſting minutiæ. What was neceſſary to be detailed in this way is thrown into ample notes, and into a very extenſive appendix at the end of this book; which will be found uſeful to the planter and the merchant, but does not materially concern the generality of readers. The fourth chapter again introduces us to a ſurvey of the works of nature:—of nature in her moſt magnificent walk, and in her richeſt attire. We here find depicted in vivid colours the particular aſpect which Jamaica preſents to view. Its ſoil and various productions, its rivers and medicinal ſprings, its ores, grain, graſſes, and peculiar fruits, are ſucceſſively and ably treated. The author's account of the vaſt range of hills

called

called the *blue mountains* is too impreſſive on our minds to be omitted:

'On the ſouthern ſide of the iſland, the ſcenery, as I have before obſerved, is of a different nature. In the landſcape we have treated of, the prevailing characteriſtics are variety and beauty; in that which remains, the predominant features are grandeur and ſublimity. When I firſt approached this ſide of the iſland by ſea, and beheld, from afar, ſuch of the ſtupendous and ſoaring ridges of the blue mountains, as the clouds here and there diſcloſed, the imagination (forming an indiſtinct but awful idea of what was concealed, by what was thus partially diſplayed) was filled with admiration and wonder. Yet the ſenſation which I felt was allied rather to terror than delight. Though the proſpect before me was in the higheſt degree magnificent, it ſeemed a ſcene of magnificent deſolation. The abrupt precipice and inacceſſible cliff had more the aſpect of a chaos than a creation; or rather ſeemed to exhibit the effects of ſome dreadful convulſions which had laid nature in ruins. Appearances however improved as we approached; for amidſt ten thouſand bold features, too hard to be ſoftened by culture, many a ſpot was ſoon diſcovered where the hand of induſtry had awakened life and fertility. With theſe pleaſing intermixtures, the flowing line of the lower range of mountains (which now began to be viſible, crowned with woods of majeſtic growth) combined to ſoften and relieve the rude ſolemnity of the loftier eminences; till at length the ſavannas at the bottom met the ſight. Theſe are vaſt plains, clothed chiefly with extenſive cane fields; diſplaying in all the pride of cultivation, the verdure of ſpring blended with the exuberance of autumn, and bounded only by the ocean; on whoſe boſom a new and ever-moving picture ſtrikes the eye; for innumerable veſſels are diſcovered in various directions, ſome crowding into, and others bearing away from, the bays and harbours with which the coaſt is every where indented. Such a proſpect of human ingenuity and induſtry, employed in exchanging the ſuperfluities of the Old World, for the productions of the New, opens another, and, I might add an almoſt untrodden field, for contemplation and reflection.'

A catalogue of the foreign plants in the public botanical garden of Jamaica concludes this intereſting portion of the work, in which the author ſeems to have determi ed to leave no uſeful nor engaging object of rational inquiry uninveſtigated

Chapter V. diſcuſſes the topography of the iſland, and relates principally to its internal regulations, government, commerce, revenues, and rate of exchange; topics of great importance to thoſe who may have connections, or engagements, in that part of the globe, but not generally intereſting; we therefore paſs on to the conſiderarion of the third book, in which is detailed the hiſtory of the other iſlands in our poſſeſſion; and firſt of Barbadoes.

Barbadoes was originally diſcovered by the Portugueſe in their voyages from Braſil. The Charaibes, for we are now returned to the domains of thoſe ſavages, had taken poſſeſſion of it, and had deſerted it, for reaſons which Mr. E. cannot divine. The Portugueſe ſtocked it with a breed of ſwine, and likewiſe deſerted it. In fact, according to every account of this iſland yet received, it was the moſt ſavage and deſolate of all the Charaibean iſlands. The Engliſh, who took poſſeſſion of it about 1624, found it ſo totally overgrown with large wood of a peculiarly hard and ſtubborn grain, that it ſeemed to defy the efforts of human induſtry to clear the land and fertilize it; Barbadoes, however, in 1670, was, conſidering its ſize, one of the moſt populous: it could then boaſt of 50,000 white, and more than 100,000 black inhabitants, and its produce was in proportion. A ſeries of diſaſters ſince that period, have combined to thin its inhabitants, and to ruin its produce:—it has been more ravaged by hurricanes than any other. The capital of this iſland, (ſays our author,) was ſcarcely riſen from the aſhes to which it had been reduced by two dreadful fires, when it was torn from its foun-

dations

dations, and the whole country made a scene of desolation, by the storm of 1780, in which 4326 of the inhabitants miserably perished. Another dreadful evil depresses the commercial genius of this place, against which the worthy and liberal author bitterly exclaims: it is the imposition of 4½ *per cent.* on their exported produce; which, though he acknowleges it to have been *nominally* granted by themselves, was most assuredly obtained by fraud and oppression.

The next object of the historian's consideration is Grenada, discovered by Columbus in 1438, and colonized by the French under Du Parquet in 1650. The French committed sanguinary enormities scarcely less flagrant than those of the Spaniards; they were frequently repulsed with great vigour and spirit by the hardy embodied natives; and many severe conflicts took place before the latter were exterminated, which was the result of the contest. Grenada was ceded to the English in 1763; it was invaded and retaken by the French under D'Estaing in 1779; and was again finally restored to the English government in 1783. The history of Grenada is concluded with an account of its present population, productions, and exports; for which we must refer to the work.

St. Vincent, with its dependencies, and Dominica, form the next object of these historical researches. In these islands, the Charaibes long maintained their independence;—an independence founded on the security which they derived from the mutual jealousies and avarice of the invaders who subjected their brethren in the neighbouring islands. At length the contending parties, France and England consented to divide the spoil; and, by the treaty of Paris in 1763, the three islands of St. Vincent, Dominica, and Tobago, were assigned to Great Britain, and St. Lucia to France, in full and perpetual sovereignty, without any more mention of the Charaibes than if no such people ever existed. St. Vincent was captured by the French in 1779, but was restored to England at the general pacification in 1783. The Charaibes that remain, the miserable relic of a mighty nation, are distinguished into two classes, the *black* and the *yellow*. The black, however, are not properly Charaibes: they are negroes who were cast on this shore from the wreck of a Guineaman about a century ago, and who formed themselves into a settlement in the mountains; becoming, by degrees, formidable both to the Aborigines and the French invaders. The African settlers, in frequent conflicts with the natives, have almost destroyed them; and the race of genuine Charaibes is likely, from the continuance of these wars, to be speedily and utterly extinct. The report, of captain Braithwaite's attempt, about forty years back, by mild and benevolent measures, to gain an establishment on this island, deserves notice, because it is almost an *unique* of the kind; being totally adverse to the general European method of colonizing the islands of the West Indies. Dominica was discovered by Columbus on the Lord's day; and from that circumstance it derived its name: but neither does the history of this island, nor that of the leeward Charaibean islands, St. Christopher's, Nevis, Antigua, and Montserrat, afterward discussed by Mr. Edwards, offer any thing sufficiently attractive to induce us to enlarge our observations on the volume before us; except to inform the botanical reader that, in an appendix to it, is contained a catalogue of the exotic plants flourishing in the garden of the late Hinton, East, Esq. of Jamaica; an accumulation of such rare and costly plants, the produce of every region in the world, as does honour to the memory of the indefatigable collector; and the method of the arrangement of the plants enumerated in it is not less judicious than the catalogue itself is valuable.

[*To be continued.*]

## *Henry and Louisa. An Interesting Tale.*

MY young friend, Louisa, is the daughter of a merchant in the city, of good fortune and connections, but a very large family; and some losses by the late American war would

not admit of his daughters expecting more than very moderate proviſions;—there were five of them, all agreeable and accomplithed. Louiſa was the ſecond, her perſon particularly pleaſing and elegant, with a ſweetneſs of diſpoſition I never ſaw excelled.

Henry, the only ſon of one of our moſt opulent bankers, grew paſſionately fond of her, nor was ſhe inſenſible to his paſſion; but, with that ſincerity and prudence which all young people ought to obſerve, ſhe acquainted her mother with their mutual partiality. My friend inſtantly ſaw the many impediments to their union. Henry's father, he was perſuaded; would expect much ſuperior advantages in a daughter in law; added to which, party diſputes had thrown the two fathers at a diſtance from all intimacy and probability of connection. Louiſa's father was a violent partizan of Mr. Fox's; the other as ſtrongly attached to Mr. Pitt; he repreſented to his daughter all thoſe obſtacles which muſt impede any union taking place, and adviſed her gradually to decline an intimacy which might prove deſtructive to her future peace. Conſcious that ſhe had received the advice of her beſt friend, Louiſa determined implicitly to obey her father, and, whatever her heart felt, to be guided by reaſon only. Henry ſoon perceived the change, and, the firſt opportunity, eagerly beſought her to tell him how he had incurred her diſpleaſure.

With the utmoſt candour ſhe repeated her father's advice, declaring her own reſolution to abide by it; and intreating him to think of her no more, and to drop all further intimacy, which could only be productive of pain to both. Henry heard her with attention and the ſevereſt affliction; he had but one reply to make—he was an only ſon; it was impoſſible, he thought, his father could doom him to wretchedneſs, and he was determined to make the experiment. He flew to his father, and opened his heart without the leaſt reſerve. Aſtoniſhment and vexation overwhelmed the old gentleman—he had for ſome time been projecting a match for his ſon with a lady of rank, and though not of a fortune equal to her rank, yet much ſuperior to what Louiſa could expect.

Having recovered himſelf, he reproached his ſon in the bittereſt terms for his poverty of ſpirit, refuſed his conſent, nay, aſſured him of his everlaſting diſpleaſure, and the curſe of a parent if he did not inſtantly break off all acquaintance with Louiſa and her family, the father of whom he deteſted. The poor young man quitted him in an agony of grief; above any idea of duplicity, he wrote Louiſa the event of his unfortunate application, and, knowing the rectitude of her ſentiments he dared not ſolicit her future favour. Her anſwer I have a copy of, which I will read:

Louiſa to Henry.

"You this day afforded me the moſt convincing proof of your eſteem, and gave me conſequence in my own eyes, by ſhewing I was not deceived in the opinion I had formed of your principles. The duty we owe our parents is the firſt duty in life; all others ſhould be ſubſervient to it; and what is the tranſient pain we feel, from the diſappointment of our wiſhes, to the heart-felt delight of knowing we have obliged the authors of our being? Preſerve, dear Henry, that rectitude of principle which will enſure your future happineſs; and conſider the tranquility of your father is in your hands, 'tis not enough to obey his commands; you muſt prove to him by an exertion of cheerfulneſs, that you find pleaſure in ſo doing. How great will be your reward in a ſelf-approving mind! Your friend Louiſa will be gratified by the eſteem of a man ſo excellent; and to conſider her henceforth as a warm and diſintereſted friend, is the higheſt compliment you can pay her judgment. My mother deſires me to acquaint you your conduct has given you an additional claim to her eſteem."

I leave you to judge, my dear friends, if this letter did not add to the regret of the unfortunate Henry. Several months

months elapsed, and though they now and then saw each other in public, they never trusted themselves with any conversation; but his pale countenance and fragile form too plainly evinced his heart was ill at ease. About three months ago, Louisa received a letter from her aunt, (a sister of her mother's) who was advantageously settled in the East Indies; she had buried an only daughter, and, being god-mother to Louisa, wrote to entreat she would supply that loss, and hasten to her, promising her a very brilliant establishment. The father and mother, though loath to part with a child so amiable, yet, having several children, conceived they had no right to withhold their consent to a measure, which seemed calculated for her advantage; and, as the governor's lady was going over, they could form no excuse for delaying the desired visit. Her mother indeed, had another reason; she saw Louisa suffered much on Henry's account, and hoped the voyage and absence might conduce to the tranquility of both.

Every preparation was made, and the news soon reached Henry's ears. Distracted by the thought of losing her, he again sought his father, poured out his complaints, and entreated his consent to his union with Louisa; but all was in vain; his father, greatly enraged, drove him from his sight with violence, and poor Henry retired to his apartment, a prey to the most poignant grief and despair; a slow nervous fever preyed on his constitution, and reduced him to the extremest weakness: Meantime the day arrived that was to separate the lovers, in all probability, for ever: Louisa had heard, with much concern, of Henry's situation, and although her feelings were little short of his, her resolution enabled her to disguise them, and the separation from her parents was all that appeared to afflict her. On the morning of her embarkation she sent him this letter:

"'Tis only this moment I have resolution to break through a promise once given, never to hold any future correspondence with my much valued friend Henry; but now, when about to quit England, perhaps for ever; when, taking leave of all my dearest friends, sure, I may, without reproach, bestow my best wishes on one whose thousand good qualities have endeared him to my heart, and who has no fault but *one*; yet that is a capital one. There is no merit, my dear Henry, in performing a duty—to obey our parents is most certainly the strongest duty; but, if that obedience costs us no sacrifice, where is the debt we pay for all those years of tender anxiety which accompanied our childhood to the present hour!

"Believe me, dear Henry, that, on the bed of sickness, one hour of retrospection, which can convey the pleasing idea of having given pleasure to a parent, by a voluntary, cheerful sacrifice of a youthful inclination, will more than compensate for the painful effort; but to wound a father's feelings, by an appearance of sorrow and regret, after having complied with his wishes, is cruel and ungenerous. Exert your fortitude, your reason: remember what you owe to your father, to yourself, and to me.

"Do you suppose it cost me nothing to resign the flattering hopes of being yours? If you can suppose it, you must think me unworthy your smallest regard; if on the contrary, I felt equally with yourself, will you be outdone in fortitude by a weak female? Ah! Henry, recollect yourself, prove yourself worthy Louisa's love and esteem; return to your father's arms with cheerfulness and resolution; exert yourself; to prove the pleasure of obeying his commands, is superior to all other considerations:—neither let your compliance with his wishes be a partial one—unite yourself to some amiable woman whom he may think worthy his beloved son; and experience, in such an union, that happiness which must result from a connection pleasing to all parties, void of regret or self-reproach. My dearest friend, adieu! Be assured I shall ever be warmly interested in every event which honour and happiness may dictate for your repose. Consider me as a friend who will love

the amiable woman that ſhall render Henry and his father happy.

LOUISA."

This letter was delivered to Henry in the preſence of his father; knowing it to be Louiſa's writing, he was ſcarce able to retire to the window, and, with trembling hands, broke the ſeal; before he had quite gone through it, the letter fell to the ground, and, throwing himſelf into a chair, he almoſt inſtantly fainted. His father, very much alarmed, rang the bell for aſſiſtance, and, taking up the letter, put it into his pocket. As ſoon as poor Henry recovered his ſenſes, his father, taking his hand, requeſted to know what had occaſioned his diſorder, and producing the letter, "here is the paper you dropped, (ſaid he); may I be permitted to examine its contents?" "Yes, Sir, (replied Henry,) read it, and then judge of my feelings, and the value of that treaſure now loſt to me for ever." He covered his face with his handkerchief, while his father read the letter with attention, and, after a few minutes ſilence, turning ſuddenly to his ſon; "Harry (cried he,) I will no longer oppoſe your wiſhes; the writer of this letter deſerves a diadem; go, my ſon, fly to the houſe, prevent her voyage, and tell your Louiſa, a father waits to claſp her to his breaſt." Joy was almoſt as fatal in its effects as grief had been—ſudden tranſitions are difficult to bear—poor Henry could not find words—he emphatically kiſſed his father's hand in ſilence, and flew out of the room. A few minutes brought him to the houſe of his Louiſa—alas! ſhe had ſet off for Graveſend four hours before.

Almoſt raving, he could ſcarce make the mourning mother ſenſible of his errand; he returned in agonies to his father, who conſented to accompany him immediately to Graveſend; they rode poſt with the utmoſt ſpeed, but when arrived, were told ſhe was already on board, and the ſhip under weigh. The ſufferings of Henry are not to be expreſſed; however, a cutter was hired inſtantly, and without taking refreſhment they ſet ſail after the ſhip—they met a boat, returning with the father and brother of Louiſa; they hailed them, and in a few moments explained their deſign, to the utter aſtoniſhment of the father, who was entirely ignorant of the whole tranſaction. They turned the boat, and accompanied the lover: Fortunately, the ſhip had been retarded by the drawing up of one of the anchors; they came along ſide of her, and in an inſtant, Henry was on board.

Louiſa had retired to the cabin with the governor's lady; her brother prudently ſtopped Henry, and deſcending into the cabin, ſaw her drowned in tears. Surpriſed at ſeeing him again, "My dear brother! (exclaimed ſhe,) what is the matter? Where is my father? Surely I ſaw you row from the ſhip." "My father is on deck; prepare yourſelf, my dear ſiſter, for a moſt delightful ſurpriſe; your voyage is ſuſpended." Before he could utter another word, Henry flew into the cabin, and, overcome with joy, fatigue, and a variety of emotions, he fell at her feet, deprived of ſenſe.

Terror and aſtoniſhment fixed her to her chair motionleſs, and the ſame inſtant, before ſhe had recovered the uſe of her faculties, ſhe found herſelf in the arms of Henry's father, who preſſed her to his boſom by the endearing name of daughter! Henry began to ſhew ſigns of life, and Louiſa, thus authoriſed by his father, preſſing his hand, repeatedly called him her dear, dear Henry. A flood of tears preſerved her from fainting, and in a few minutes, both were reſtored to a little compoſure.

"My dear, my worthy girl, (ſaid the old gentleman,) pardon me for all the diſtreſs I have given you; I knew not your value—but the young woman who could generouſly give up her own happineſs to the will of a parent ſhe had no reaſon to eſteem, and from principle alone, plead againſt her wiſhes, deſerves to be made happy; and happy you ſhall be, if the warmeſt affection and eſteem of your Henry and his father can make you ſo—I ſhall now go to the captain, and prepare for your removal."

Matter

Matters were ſoon ſettled on board, and the happy lovers returned with their parents to London; a few days re-eſtabliſhed Henry's health, and they were ſpeedily united, and are living monuments of *matrimonial* bliſs.

*Account of the Myſteries of Udolpho,*

*(Continued from page 63.)*

IN a ſhort time Emily leaves La Voiſin's cottage, in order to return home to La Vallée. She there meets again with Valancourt, who then declares his paſſion for Emily, and has aſſurances of its being returned. Madame Cheron arrives, and carries Emily back with her to Thouloufe, where ſhe is introduced to much company, among whom is a ſignor Montoni, and his friend Cavigni. "This ſignor Montoni had an air of conſcious ſuperiority, animated by ſpirit, and ſtrengthened by talents to which every perſon ſeem-involuntarily to yield. The quickneſs of his perceptions was ſtrikingly expreſſed in his countenance, yet that countenance could ſubmit implicitly to occaſion. His viſage was long, and rather narrow, yet he was called handſome; and it was, perhaps, the ſpirit and vigour of his ſoul, ſparkling thro' his features, that triumphed for him. Emily felt admiration, but not the admiration that leads to eſteem, for it was mixed with a degree of fear ſhe knew not exactly wherefore." Emily and Valancourt's paſſion receive the ſaction of her aunt, and they are about to be united, when this Italian Montoni contrives to get into the good graces of Madame Cheron, to whom he is ſoon after united, and Emily is forbidden to ſee her lover more. The ladies are then informed by Montoni, who ſoon aſſumed the tyrant, that they muſt prepare to accompany him to Venice. In the mean time Valancourt contrives ſecretly to ſee Emily, and urges her to a ſecret marriage, in order to avoid being carried from him by Montoni, of whom Valancourt has heard a bad account—that he was a man of deſperate fortune and character; and that he had heard ſomething of a caſtle of Montoni's in the Appennines, and of ſome ſtrange circumſtances as to his former mode of life. Emily would not venture on a clandeſtine marriage, and ſuffered herſelf to be carried by Montoni to Venice, where ſhe experiences many adventures, told with much intereſt and effect. Emily ſoon perceived, that ſince they left France Montoni had not even affected kindneſs for her aunt, Montoni, who had been allured by the ſeeming wealth of Madame Cheron, was now ſeverely diſappointed by her comparative poverty, and highly exaſperated by the deceit ſhe had employed to conceal it, till concealment was no longer neceſſary. He had been deceived in an affair wherein he meant to be the deceiver;—outwitted by the ſuperior cunning of a woman whoſe underſtanding he deſpiſed, and to whom he had ſacrificed his pride and his liberty without ſaving himſelf from the ruin which had impended over his head. Madame Montoni had contrived to have the greateſt part of what ſhe really did poſſeſs ſettled upon herſelf. Madame Montoni was not of a nature to bear injuries with meekneſs, or to reſent them with dignity; ſhe could not acknowledge, even to herſelf, that ſhe had in any degree provoked contempt by her duplicity; ſhe ſtill thought herſelf little leſs than a princeſs poſſeſſing a palace at Venice, and a caſtle among the Apennines. To the caſtle di Udolpho, indeed, Montoni ſometimes talked of going for a few weeks, to examine into its condition, and receive ſome rents, which became the more neceſſary, as he ſpent his time chiefly at the gaming-table ſince his reſidence at Venice. At length the time came, and they ſet off for the caſtle in the Appennines, during which journey, Montoni's manner to Emily was particularly ſevere. She conſidered the motive of this journey to be that of concluding her nuptials with count Morano, who had addreſſed her at Venice without ſucceſs.

"There, ſaid Montoni, ſpeaking for the firſt time for ſeveral hours as he travelled, is Udolpho." Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the caſtle, which ſhe underſtood to be Montoni's

toni's; for though it was now lighted up by the ſetting ſun, the gothic greatneſs of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark grey ſtone, rendered it a gloomy and ſublime object. As ſhe gazed the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which ſpread deeper and deeper as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were ſtill tipped with ſplendor; from thoſe too the rays ſoon faded, and the whole edifice was inveſted with the ſolemn darkneſs of evening. Silent, lonely, and ſublime, it ſeemed to ſtand the ſovereign of the ſcene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its ſolitary reign. While Emily gazed with awe, footſteps were heard within the gates, and the undrawing of bolts; after which an ancient ſervant of the caſtle appeared, forcing back the huge folds of the portal, to admit his lord. As the carriage wheels rolled heavily under the portcullis, Emily's heart ſunk, and ſhe ſeemed as if ſhe was going into her priſon. Another gate delivered her into the ſecond court, graſs grown, and more wild than the firſt, where ſhe ſurveyed through the twilight its deſolation."

The inſide of the caſtle is as gloomy and terrific as its outward appearance. Emily is ſhewn to her room, and to call off her attention from ſubjects that preſſed heavily on her ſpirits, ſhe roſe to examine her room and its furniture. As ſhe walked round it, ſhe paſſed a door that was not quite ſhut, and perceiving that it was not the one through which ſhe entered, ſhe brought the light forward to diſcover whither it led. She opened it, and going forward, had nearly fallen down a ſteep narrow ſtair-caſe, that wound from it between two ſtone walls. She wiſhed to know to what it led, and was the more anxious ſince it communicated ſo immediately with her apartment; but in the preſent ſtate of her ſpirits ſhe did not dare to venture into the darkneſs alone. At length Annette, Madame Montoni's maid brought her ſupper. Having a table near the fire, ſhe made the good girl ſit down and ſup with her, and when their little repaſt was over, Annette, encouraged by her kindneſs, and ſtirring the wood into a blaze, drew her chair upon the hearth nearer to Emily, and ſaid—"Did you ever hear, Ma'amſelle, of the ſtrange accident that made the ſignor lord of this caſtle?" What wonderful ſtory have you now to tell?" ſaid Emily, concealing the hints ſhe had formerly heard concerning this ſubject. "I have heard all about it, Ma'amſelle,', ſaid Annette, looking round the chamber, and drawing cloſer to Emily; "Benedetto told it me as we travelled together: Says he, Annette you don't know about this caſtle here, that we are going to?—No, ſays I, Mr. Benedetto, pray what do you know?—But, Ma'amſelle, you can keep a ſecret, or I would not tell, and they ſay the ſignor does not like to have it talked of." "If you promiſed to keep this ſecret," ſaid Emily, "you do right not to mention it." Annette pauſed a moment, and then ſaid, "O, but to you, Ma'amſelle, to you I may tell it ſafely I know." Emily ſmiled—"I certainly ſhall keep it as faithfully as yourſelf, Annette." Annette replied very gravely, that would do, and proceeded.—"This caſtle you muſt know, Ma'amſelle, is veryold, and very ſtrong, and has ſtood out many ſieges, as they ſay. Now it was not ſignor Montoni's always, nor his father's: No; but by ſome law or other it was to come to the ſignor if the lady died unmarried." "What lady?" ſaid Emily. "I am not come to that yet," replied Annette. "It is the lady I am going to tell you about, Ma'amſelle: but as I was ſaying, this lady lived in the caſtle and had every thing very grand about her, as you may ſuppoſe, Ma'amſelle. The ſignor uſed often to come to ſee her, and was in love with her, and offered to marry her; for though he was ſomewhat related, that did not ſignify. But ſhe was in love with ſomebody elſe, and would not have him, which made him very angry, as they ſay; and you know Ma'amſelle, what an ill-looking gentleman he is when he is angry. Perhaps ſhe ſaw him in a paſſion, and

therefore would not have him? But, as I was ſaying, ſhe was very melancholy and unhappy, and all that, for a long while, and——Holy Virgin! What noiſe is that? Did not you hear a ſound, Ma'amſelle?" "It was only the wind," ſaid Emily; "but do come to the end of your ſtory." "As I was ſaying—O, where was I?—As I was ſaying—She was very melancholy and unhappy a long while, and uſed to walk about upon the terrace, there, under the windows, by herſelf, and cry ſo! it would have done your heart good to hear her—that is, I don't mean good, but it would have made you cry too, as they tell me." "Well but, Annette, do tell me the ſubſtance of your tale." "All in good time, Ma'am; all this I heard before at Venice: what is to come I never heard till to-day. This happened a great many years ago, when ſignor Montoni was a very young man. The lady—they called her ſignora Laurentini, was very handſome, but ſhe uſed to be in great paſſions, too, ſometimes, as well as the ſignor. Finding he could not make her liſten to him, what does he do but leave the caſtle, and never comes near it for a long time: but it was all one to her; ſhe was juſt as unhappy whether he was here or not; 'till one evening——Holy St. Peter, Ma'amſelle!" cried Annette, "look at that lamp, ſee how blue it burns!" She looked fearfully round the chamber—"Ridiculous girl!" ſaid Emily. "Why will you indulge theſe fancies? Pray let me hear the end of your ſtory. I am weary."

Annette ſtill kept her eyes on the lamp, and proceeded in a lower tone of voice. "It was one evening, they ſay, at the latter end of the year, it might be about the middle of September, I ſuppoſe, or the beginning of October; nay, for that matter, it might be November, for that, too, is the latter end of the year, but that I cannot ſay for certain, becauſe they did not tell me for certain themſelves—however, it was at the latter end of the year this grand lady walked out of the caſtle into the woods below, as ſhe had often done before, all alone, only her maid with her. The wind blew cold, and ſtrewed the leaves about, and whiſtled diſmally among thoſe great old cheſnut trees that we paſſed, Ma'amſelle, as we came to the caſtle—for Benedetto ſhewed me the trees as he was talking. The wind blew cold, and her woman would have perſuaded her to return: but all would not do, for ſhe was fond of walking in the woods at evening time, and if the leaves were falling about her ſo much the better. Well, they ſaw her go down among the woods, but night came, and ſhe did not return;—ten o'clock came, and no lady! Well, the ſervants thought to be ſure ſome accident had befallen her: they ſearched all night long, but could not find her, or any trace of her; and from that day to this, Ma'amſelle, ſhe has never been heard of." "Is this true, Annette?" ſaid Emily, in much ſurprize. "True, Ma'am!" ſaid Annette, with a look of horror, "Yes, it is true, indeed. But they do ſay," ſhe added, lowering her voice, "they do ſay, that the ſignora has been ſeen, ſeveral times ſince, walking in the woods and about the caſtle in the night: ſeveral of the old ſervants who remained here ſome time after, declare they ſaw her; and ſince then, ſhe has been ſeen by ſome of the vaſſals who have happened to be in the caſtle at night. Carlo, the old ſteward, could tell ſuch things, if he would——"

This ſtory ſerved to alarm Emily, as well as Montoni's treatment of her aunt, whom he confined with a determination never to give her liberty unleſs ſhe aſſigned over that part of her fortune which ſhe had reſerved to herſelf at their marriage, and make him heir to her poſſeſſions after her death. This, with many dreadful and terrific ſights which ſhe was an hourly witneſs to, kept her in continual dread for her own fate. At length a banditti of robbers were introduced to the caſtle, of whom Montoni was the captain. Madame Montoni died through the ſeverity of her treatment, and Emily was left alone with Annette in the midſt of this ſociety. In ſhort, horror riſes upon horror until the mind is wound up to its higheſt pitch of terror and anxiety

iety for the fate of Emily, who is kept many weeks in the caſtle before her aunt's death, uncertain of her fate. At length ſhe found her dying, and was allowed by Montoni to pay the laſt ſad duties to her aunt, whilſt he revelled in another part of the caſtle with the men who were joined with himſelf in the plunder of thoſe who came in their way. Montoni, though not preciſely what Emily had apprehended him to be, a captain of banditti, had employed his troops in enterprizes not leſs daring or leſs atrocious than ſuch a character would have undertaken. But though they had already pillaged ſeveral manſions, and brought home conſiderable treaſures, they had ventured to approach only one caſtle. In the attack they were aſſiſted by other troops of their own order: from this, however, they were vigorouſly repulſed. Montoni's troops fled precipitately towards Udolpho, but were ſo cloſely traced over the mountains, that they perceived the enemy winding among the cliffs below, and not at more than a league diſtance. The caſtle is beſieged, but Montoni's troops get the better, and drive the enemy away. Emily is ſent out of the caſtle during the ſiege, but brought back to ſuffer ſtill more than before. At length ſhe, by the aſſiſtance of Ludovico, the lover of Annette, and Monſ. du Pont, the lover of herſelf, effects her eſcape with them from the caſtle.

Emily tells Du Pont that ſhe intended to retire to a convent in Languedoc, where ſhe had formerly been treated with kindneſs. The poſſibility of recovering her aunt's eſtates for Valancourt and herſelf lighted up a joy in Emily's heart, ſuch as ſhe had not known for many months. They proceed to Piſa, to Leghorn, to Marſeilles, and from thence to the coaſt of Narbonne, near which the convent was ſeated to which Emily wiſhed to retire.

We now return to Languedoc, and to the mention of count Villefort, the nobleman who ſucceeded to an eſtate of the marquis de Villeroi, ſituated near the convent of St. Clair. This chateau was uninhabited when St. Aubert and his daughter were in the neighbourhood, and that the former was much affected to find himſelf ſo near Chateau le Blanc, a place concerning which the good old Voiſin afterwards dropped ſome hints that alarmed Emily's curioſity. Here ſhe becomes acquainted with the family of the count de Villefort; and here many ſtrange adventures happen relative to a ſuppoſed ghoſt, the explanation of which ſtory leads to that of the caſtle of Udolpho, and the myſterious injunction of St. Aubert concerning ſome papers to be found and burned by Emily at La Vallee. Strict juſtice is adminiſtered at the concluſion to all parties. Montoni is ſeized and taken to Venice, where he is tried for being concerned with one of his aſſociates in the murder of a Venetian nobleman. Nothing being found on the trial to criminate Montoni, his colleagues, all but one who actually did commit the murder, are releaſed. Montoni, who was conſidered by the ſenate, as a dangerous perſon, was for other reaſons ordered into confinement, where it was ſaid, he had died in a very doubtful and myſterious manner, and not without ſuſpicion of having been poiſoned. This information induced Emily to lay claim to the eſtates of her late aunt. She accordingly gets poſſeſſion of them;—and after much difficulty Valancourt and Emily are at laſt united.

*Manner of taking Turtle Doves, between Gnatia and Taranto. From Swinburne's Travels in the Two Sicilies.*

GNATIA was the laſt ſtage but one of Horace's journey to Brundiſium, and now called Torel d'Aanazzo. Little remains except part of the ramparts, which is near the ſea, the town ſeems to have been ſquare, and its principal ſtreets drawn in ſtraight lines. The view towards Monopoli is extremely beautiful.

Want of water was the deſtruction of Gnatia; a ſcarcity I had an opportunity of being made ſenſible of, and which

which naturally explains Horace's phraſe of

——"Gnatia lymphis
Iratis extructa.

As we were trotting along the burning ſands one of the ſervants, already half-dead with heat and fatigue, had the additional ill-fortune of being frightened almoſt out of his wits; he on a ſudden gave a loud ſhriek, and threw himſelf from his horſe, crying out that he was a dead man, for either a Scorpion, a Tarantula, or a Serpent, had ſtung him on the inſtep. On pulling off his boot, I found that his terrors and pains were cauſed by the rays of the ſun, which had penetrated through a hole in the upper-leather, and raiſed a bliſter on the ſkin.

Soon after we arrived at a ſmall ſingle houſe, conſiſting of a kitchen, loft, and ſtable, lately erected for the convenience of travellers, by the agents of the order of Malta, to which the land belongs. The kitchen was too hot for us to breathe in, and the other two apartments as full of fleas as Shakeſpeare's inn at Rocheſter; ſo that my only refuge was the narrow ſhade of the houſe, which was contracted every minute more and more, as the ſun advanced towards the meridian. Behind the houſe then I ſat down, to dine upon the fare we had brought in our wallet. Unluckily I had not thought of wine or water; neither of which were now to be had tolerably drinkable; ſo that I was obliged to content myſelf with the water of a ciſtern full of tadpoles, and qualify it with a large quantity of wine that reſembled treacle more than the juice of the grape. When I held the pitcher to my lips, I formed a dam with a knife, to prevent the little frogs from ſlipping down my throat. Till that day, I had but an imperfect idea of thirſt.

As ſoon as we had recruited our ſtrength and ſpirits we left the inn, and retired gradually from the ſea, drawing up towards the hill, through olive groves that afforded us a very welcome ſhade. Flocks of turtle-doves ſkimmed acroſs the road; but though they frequently fluttered near me I reſpected the virtues aſcribed to them by the poets too much to think of ſhooting at them:—young ones are eſteemed a great dainty. The mode of killing them is very ſingular: when the ſun is vertical, and the ſky clear, a couple of ſportſmen drive into the olive grounds in an open chaiſe, and move ſlowly but continually, round the trees, till they ſpy a dove ſitting upon the boughs. The poor bird, ſtruck with the unuſual ſight, or, giddy with the rotation of the wheels, fixes its eyes upon them, and whirls its head round in imitation of their motion. When the eye of the turtle is thus faſcinated, one of the fowlers ſlips out of the carriage, and fires his piece. Little ſtone baſons, full of water, are alſo frequently placed for the doves to drink at, while the ſhooter lies in ambuſcade behind a buſh.

## *The Second Viſion of Mirzah**.

ENCOURAGED by the appearance of the benevolent genius, who had placed before me the rewards that await the virtuous, and animated by the hope of receiving farther inſtruction, I performed every duty of a good muſſulman with a ſcrupulous exactneſs, that might render me ſtill more worthy of the honour that had been conferred on me.

At the end of the month Ramaden, which I had kept ſacred by faſting according to the ſtrict injunctions of the prophet, I aſcended once more the mountains of Bagdat, in the hope that my unknown friend would again condeſcend to viſit an unworthy but devout worſhipper of Allah, and of his prophet: I was not deceived in this expectation. Having lain down on the brow of an eminence, that commanded a proſpect of the city, and of the plain, I began to meditate on the ſcenes that had formerly paſt before me. While I was thus employed, my ſenſes were again raviſhed by celeſtial muſic, of which the ſweetneſs ariſing from an exquiſite modulation, conveyed a delight

NOTE.

* See the Firſt Viſion. Spectator, No. 159.

that surpasses description. It descended gradually from the higher region; and ceasing at the moment when it reached the place where I reclined, the heavenly musician again stood before me. He was now clad in the dress of a shepherd, although his countenance displayed his former benignity. Mine eyes were dazzled by his resplendent wings, that sparkled as he moved with innumerable dies, the combination of which almost overpowered mortality. A crown glittered on his forehead, and a white robe, edged with gold, falling down to his feet, heightened the majesty of his aspect and deportment.

'Mirzah,' said the genius with a look of ineffable complacency, 'thine oblation of a pure heart, and thine attention to the duties of religion, are acceptable to the great Allah. Carry thine eyes from me to the prospect before thee, and tell me what thou seest?'—'I see,' answered I, turning mine eyes toward the tomb of the prophet, 'the long valley, the tide, the bridge crowded with passengers, the rock of adamant dividing an immense ocean into two equal parts, and the black clouds that rest upon the opposite sides of it.'

'Look,' said my conductor, 'more closely upon the clouds on the left side of the mass of adamant.' I gazed intently upon the object toward which my sight was directed; when, the clouds being dispersed, I saw that the ocean was bounded by a chain of inaccessible rocks, whose summits were exceeded in height only by the stupendous pile of adamant that overlooked the prospect.—'These precipices,' said he, are the boundaries of an immense territory, that is surrounded on all sides by an interminable ocean, and is called the Region of Despair. Thou canst not yet discover the inhabitants, who have no means of escape from it. But look now upon the space between these barriers and the bridge, and tell me what thou discoverest?'—'I see,' said I, 'the birds that rested in great numbers upon the middle arches, taking flight toward these rocks, over which they mount successively, and are no longer beheld.'—'These,' said he, 'are the beings who drew the unwary passengers into pitfalls, which they might have avoided by care and circumspection. They now follow them into the Region of Despair, in order to heighten their punishment.'

I gazed, while he was yet speaking, upon my benevolent guide; and having perceived nothing in his countenance that should prevent me from making another request: 'Let me now,' said I, 'behold the inhabitants of the gloomy mansion before me, and be the witness of the horrors of their destiny, that I may be deterred from vice as much by the view of its punishments, as I have been incited to practise virtue by the contemplation of its reward.'

The genius looking upon me, while I pronounced these words, with a mixture of pity and severity, raised me from the ground, and upon recovering my sight, of which the rapidity of his flight had deprived me for a moment, I perceived that I was placed upon the summit of the adamantine mass, that divided the ocean into two equal parts. I remained during some time motionless with astonishment, upon the place to which I was raised; but reviving at the instant when my benevolent instructor touched my forehead with his hand, I turned my eyes upon the left side, and found, that the precipices no longer obstructed my view of the mansions which they inclosed.

I no sooner began to contemplate the scene that now opened upon me, than I repented of the request I had made to survey them. I beheld a wide, and, in all appearance, an unbounded region, filled with inhabitants, upon whose faces, as they passed and repassed before me, I could observe strongly impressed, traces of rage, compunction, remorse, and dismay. They were followed by beings who held bows in their hands ready bent, from which they discharged envenomed arrows at the miserable objects of their vengeance, who, as soon as they felt the point, suddenly sunk into the earth.

I recoiled, with unutterable horror, from this scene of complicated misery, which a superior power compelled me to behold. The genius (who had been offended

offended at my request to witness the destiny of those victims of divine displeasure) looked sternly upon me: 'Brother of the worm,' said he, why didst thou conceive thyself to be able to witness the punishment of the children of darkness? I will farther chastise thee by granting thy request.'—While he spoke, the ground upon which I gazed was cleft asunder; and I beheld under it, by the light blue and livid flame, a region that had hitherto been concealed: I perceived, that they who inhabited this dismal mansion, were tossed about in perpetual agitation by waves of liquid fire, that appeared to rise and fall successively as those of an ocean disturbed by earthquakes, or vexed by storms. I saw that beings of gigantic magnitude, and of horrible aspect, occupied the higher part of this abyss; and while I listened to what passed below, methought I heard the sound of the scourge, the clanking of chains, the raving of frenzy, and the shrieking of pain. An universal wail, that indicated the exclusion of hope, overpowered my senses. I fell motionless at the feet of my conductor, who immediately raised me up, and smiling upon me with his usual complacency: 'Thou hast seen,' said he, 'O Mirzah, a land of which thou wilt never become an inhabitant. It is the abode of despair; an abode into which those are received, who fall by the fiery arrows that are launched at them in the upper region. Before I leave thee, (said my benevolent friend, with an eye, to which pity gave the mildest expression) let me raise thy dejected heart, by a display that may wear out the impressions of what thou hast seen."

While he was yet speaking, I perceived that the clouds on the right side of the rock were again dispelled; and that the happy isles, the meandring rivulets, the little shining seas, encircling meadows that were overspread with verdure, and enamelled with flowers; the bowers impregnated with fragrance: the zephyrs that played among the branches; and the persons, crowned with garlands, and arrayed in white robes, who reclined in the luxury of enjoyment under their shade, again captivated my sight, and struck a ravishment to my heart, that cannot be uttered.—Whether the delight I now felt was heightened by the lessened distance, at which I beheld its objects; or whether it was improved by comparison with the scenes that I had so lately contemplated, I cannot determine; but the air, methought, was milder and more exhilarating; the voices sweeter and more musical; the inhabitants more enchantingly beautiful; and the concert of all more exquisitely harmonious, than at the time of my former enjoyment.—'Ah,' cried I, in a transport of which I could no longer suppress the language, 'if I cannot be immediately translated into those glorious and happy regions, be not again offended at the wishes which thou hast stirred up in the heart of a reptile of the dust! Let me have a token of remembrance, whereby I may be supported in my journey through the vale of misery, in the prospect of arriving at the happy abodes beyond it.' 'Mirzah, said the genius, 'I am now about to leave thee, until we shall meet together in yonder scenes of felicity? In the mean time, receive from me what thou wishest to obtain; cast thine eye again upon the bridge.'

I turned, as I was directed, and beheld, among the winged train that hung over the arches, a female of distinguished beauty and elegance, who seemed to be present in all parts at once. She appeared to consider the passengers indiscriminately as her children; and hovering over them, sometimes directed their course by the waving of her hand, and sometimes illuminated their path by the splendour of her eye. I felt an emotion while I gazed upon this amiable friend of men, which I cannot describe. It was a sensation of delight, that rouzed all the powers of my mind into the most vigorous activity; I felt as if I had received wings, fitted to bear me into whatever region I might choose to direct my flight. My happiness at this moment would have been complete, had it not been chastised by a secret distrust and apprehension, which while it tempered the sallies of transport, excited me to strenuous efforts, and rendered the task delightful, which

had formerly been undertaken with reluctance, and accomplished with pain.

While I was thus employed, I imagined that the being upon whom I looked with admiration, turned her eye toward me; and that she beheld me with a smile that ravished my heart. The bloom of spring was on her cheek, and the radiance of morning sparkled in her eyes. While I yet gazed upon her with ineffable delight, she spread her wings, and alighted in an instant at my side. Nature was re-animated at her approach; Gladness sported in her train; and Happiness seemed to be the handmaid of her will. I drew nearer methought, to the land of rejoicing; and judged myself already to be a member of the society of the blessed.

Before I had time to speak, my divine companion raised me with one hand, and pointing with the other to the objects that were in sight, addressed to me the following words:

'I, O Mirzah, am the being by whom nature is prevented from languishing in her operations. My name is Hope. I am originally a daughter of Paradise, from which I voluntarily descended to the vale of misery, in order to alleviate the afflictions of men, and to conduct yonder passengers to the happy land, which thou beholdest in prospect.—Yonder (she continued, with an elevated voice, and an erected hand) are the abodes to which the tide of eternity will convey the virtuous! Look upon them under the influence, and with the animation of Hope! I will be the companion of thy journey to the region of felicity, in common with the other children of Virtue. In no peril or difficulty, shall mine eye cease to enlighten thy path, or the influence of my counsel be withheld from thy request. My present form will indeed be dissolved, at the time when the tide that rolls under yonder bridge shall have swallowed up its remaining arches; but rising from it with superior splendour and beauty, I will accompany into the mansions of the blessed, the spirits whom I have animated in their journey, and will share with them the enjoyment of a reward, that will no longer be the object of desire."

My spirit was now on the wing to depart: 'Ah!' I exclaimed, 'why am I not at this moment translated to the mansions of the happy? Merciful powers, let me not sojourn again in the vale of misery! Bear, O bear me, over the little stream that parts me from the happy isles! The inhabitants already beckon me to approach, and tune their harps to welcome my arrival.'

While I spoke, I was again raised from the ground; but when I looked around, in the expectation of being united to the sons and daughters of paradise, I found myself in the streets of Bagdat, among a concourse of the devout worshippers of Allah, who were going to perform, at the mosque, their evening devotions.

## *A Sketch of the Life and Public Character of Earl Camden.*

FEW men have had such strong claims to the gratitude and admiration of his countrymen as the noble and illustrious character whose life and political merits we are now attempting to sketch. Whether we consider him as a *statesman*, called to that high situation by his talents;—as a *lawyer*, defending, supporting, and enlarging the constitution; or as a *man*, sustaining both by his firmness and unshaken integrity; in all he excites our general praise; and every individual in the contemplation of such high and exalted merit, is tempted to exclaim, in the becoming spirit of national pride,

—"AND I, TOO, AM AN ENGLISHMAN!"

Charles Pratt, earl Camden, was the third son of sir John Pratt, knight, chief justice of the court of king's bench under George the first, by his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of the rev. Hugh Wilson, canon of Bangor, and was born in 1713, the year before his father was called to the honour of the bench. He received the first rudiments of his education at Eton, and afterwards

terwards removed to king's college, Cambridge.

Of his early life at both places there is little known, other than at college he was found to be remarkably diligent and ſtudious, and particularly ſo in the hiſtory and conſtitution of this country. By ſome he was thought to be a little too tenacious of the rights and privileges of the college he belonged to; but, perhaps, it was to this early tendency that we are indebted for thoſe noble ſtruggles in defence of liberty, which, whether in or out of office, he diſplayed through the whole courſe of his political life.

After ſtaying out the uſual time at college, and taking his maſter's degree, in 1739 he entered himſelf a ſtudent of the Inner Temple, and was in due time admitted by that honourable ſociety as a barriſter at law. And here a circumſtance developes itſelf in the hiſtory of this great man, which ſhews how much chance governs in the affairs of this world, and that the moſt conſiderable talents and indiſputable integrity will ſometimes require the introduction of this miſtreſs of the ceremonies, in order to obtain that which they ought to poſſeſs from their own intrinſic qualifications.

Mr. Pratt, after his being called to the bar, notwithſtanding his family introduction, and his own perſonal character, was very near nine years in the profeſſion without ever getting in any degree forward. Whether this aroſe from a natural timidity of conſtitution, ill-luck, or, perhaps, a mixture of deſpondence growing out of the two circumſtances, it is now difficult to tell, but the fact was ſo; and he was ſo diſpirited by it, that he had ſome thoughts of relinquiſhing the profeſſion of the law, and retiring to his college, where, in rotation, he might be ſure of a church living, that would give him a ſmall but honourable independence*.

N O T E.

* Mr. Pratt's caſe, though ſingular in point of time, has, in a degree, happened to ſome of the greateſt luminaries of the law in our time. Sir Fletcher Norton, afterwards lord Grantley, was ſome years before he got into any notice. Mr. Dunning, afterwards lord Aſhburton, received but twenty guineas the firſt year, and for three years afterwads (*communibus annis*) did not get above one hundred pounds. The fourth year, however, did him juſtice; as his Weſtminſter-hall fees, independent of circuits, produced him one thouſand guineas. Sir George Hay, who was no leſs a great civilian than a man of fine general talents, was for three or four years in ſo little practice, as to be ſcarcely able by his profeſſion to keep up the port of a gentleman; when diſtinguiſhing himſelf in ſome popular cauſe, he drew the notice of a client, who ſent him twenty guineas with a brief next morning. Upon this ſir George obſerved (after counting the money with ſome ſurpriſe), "Well, if the public, at laſt, have found out that I have any merit, I'll ſtudy to deſerve it." He did ſo, and progreſſively roſe to the firſt honours of his profeſſion.

Brooding over theſe melancholy thoughts, he went, as uſual, the weſtern circuit, reſolving to make this one more experiment, and then take his final determination. He had, from his firſt ſetting out in his profeſſion, been very intimate with Mr. Henley, afterwards lord Northington and lord high chancellor of England; a man who, with the talents of wit and converſation, was eſteemed a good lawyer, and capable of ſtrong and friendly attachments. Henley, at this time, was riſing rapidly at the bar, and was concerned in moſt of the great cauſes on

The hon. Thomas Erſkine ſtands in contradiſtinction to theſe inſtances, as, by having the good luck of a popular cauſe to aid the brilliancy of his talents, he at once ſtarted into public notice, and his firſt year's fees are ſaid to have amounted to conſiderably above one thouſand pounds. His practice and reputation have every year ſince increaſed, and it is generally underſtood, that he has made more money than any man of the profeſſion in the ſame number of years.

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this circuit. He was the *amicus omnium horarum* with Pratt, but, whether from the preſſure of buſineſs, or an unobtruſive temper of inquiry, knew nothing of the embarraſſments of his friends affairs, till the other, availing himſelf of a leiſure hour, opened himſelf to him with all the frankneſs, the confidence, and unreſervedneſs of an old and intimate colleague.

He told him, "that he had been very near *nine* years at the bar, without being in any degree diſtinguiſhed in his profeſſion—that this circumſtance, perhaps, alone ſhould induce him to think of changing it, but the incentive was ſtill ſtronger when he had to tell him, that as his fortune was originally ſmall (that of a younger brother by a ſecond marriage) he had ſo far through neceſſity diminiſhed it, that he had little better than two India bonds of one hundred pounds each remaining—that with this ſum, he propoſed, when he returned to town, to go down to his college at Cambridge, there to wait till ſuch time as he ſhould get a living in rotation, and thus exchange the uncertainties of the law for the quiet independence of retired life."

Henley heard him throughout with a ſeeming and anxious compoſure, when burſting out into a horſe-laugh, he exclaimed, in his ſtrong manner, "What! turn parſon at laſt! No, by G——, Charles, you ſha'n't be a P——, neither!—You ſhall do better for yourſelf, and that quickly too. Let me ſee—I'm concerned in a cauſe that will ſuit you to a hair—you ſhall be concerned in it too—it is on the popular ſide, and will do you credit—therefore let me hear no more of this canting buſineſs of turning parſon:—you have abilities that run before us all, but you muſt endeavour to ſcour off a little of that d—ned modeſty and diffidence you have about you, to give them fair play."

In this rough, familiar manner did Henley rally the ſpirits of his friend;—and he followed up his advice with ſagacity and cordiality; for his client's attorney calling in upon him a little after, in order to arrange the particulars of the cauſe, he aſked him whether he had retained Pratt?" "Pratt! Pratt!" ſays the attorney, "Who is Mr. Pratt?" "Who is Mr. Pratt! ſir," ſays Henley gravely, "it ſhews you to be a country attorney, or you ſhould know better. Go to him directly, and engage him, as I would not have a man of his abilities againſt me on any conſideration." The attorney inſtantly did as he was directed, and Mr. Pratt was retained in the cauſe.

What this cauſe was, now, perhaps, it might be difficult to trace: it, however, was of that nature as to excite much of public expectation, and Mr. Pratt prepared for it with all the exertions of his mind. He, perhaps, might have attributed a principal reaſon of his not riſing long before in his profeſſion, partly to the ill-luck of not being concerned in ſuch a cauſe. He might likewiſe have felt the blunt but well-founded and friendly reproach on his natural diffidence; and, perhaps, he might likewiſe reproach himſelf for too long and too eaſily yielding to the habits of deſpondence. Theſe, or ſome of theſe, at leaſt, we are warranted to ſuppoſe were his reflections, as in this cauſe we find the powers of his great mind firſt called out into action.

Mr. Henley was taken ill upon the day of trial, and Mr. Pratt, of courſe, took the lead, and diſplayed a profeſſional knowledge and elocution that cauſed the admiration of his brother barriſters, as much as that of the whole court. In ſhort, the iſſue of that day's trial was, that beſides gaining his cauſe, he gained the reputation of an eloquent, profound, and conſtitutional lawyer.

When Mr. Pratt returned to London, he found the *bruit* of his profeſſional fame before him, which his friend Henley took care to cultivate by all the good offices in his power. Beſides giving him a part of that great buſineſs which flowed in upon him, he introduced him to ſome of the leading characters of that day, and in particular to Mr. Pitt (afterwards earl of Chatham), between whom a friendſhip ſprung up, and continued to the death of the latter, no leſs creditable to their talents and integrity, than uſeful and honourable to their country.

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As we would wiſh to mark the progreſs of this celebrated character as much as poſſible through the ſeveral gradations of life, we muſt here take notice of the ſecond great event which called out his profeſſional talents, and placed his fame upon that baſis which rendered it marked and permanent, and for ever after ſhielded and protected it from neglect and inſecurity.

This was the celebrated caſe of Owen the bookſeller, for publiſhing "A Defence of Alexander Murray, eſq." in 1751, and afterwards in the conteſted election between lord Wenman and ſir James Daſhwood on one ſide, and lord Parker and ſir Edward Turner on the other. Mr. Pratt was counſel for the former, as he had been for Owen, and ſo diſtinguiſhed himſelf for his eloquence, his ſkill, and patriotiſm, as not only elevated his character as a lawyer, but marked him as an able defender of the conſtitutional rights of his country.

Mr. Pitt was the *auditor tantùm* of this celebrated conteſt, and, charmed with the eloquence, the profeſſional ſkill, and the integrity of his new friend, he gave him his unreſerved confidence.

"Great ſouls by inſtinct to each other turn,
"Melt in alliance, and in friendſhip burn."

From this hour they were the Pylades and the Oreſtes of their time. Their views were alike large and honourable—their minds firm and independent—their integrity unqueſtionable—and the love of their country their firſt and ruling paſſion. To trace their characters minutely, 'tis true, we ſhall find ſome conſtitutional difference of temper in the ardent, commanding ſpirit of Pitt, and the mild perſuaſive talents of Pratt. But theſe were only modifications of the ſame principle—their purſuits and ſentiments were alike congenial, and ran to the ſame common centre.

With theſe warm prepoſſeſſions in favour of his friend, when Mr. Pitt came to be appointed ſecretary of ſtate in the year 1756, he appointed Mr. Pratt his private counſellor, with an handſome ſalary, in order, as that great man declared, "not only to have the benefit of his advice, but to guard againſt any inroads which he otherwiſe might unintentionally make on the laws and conſtitution of his country." The appointment was honourable to both:—to the one, as anxiouſly tenacious of fulfilling the great truſt repoſed in him with conſtitutional purity; and to the other, as performing the duty aſſigned him with a degree of ability, punctuality, and integrity, every way worthy of that high confidential ſituation.

In 1757 Mr. Pratt was made attorney-general in the room of ſir Robert Henley, now made lord keeper. Mr. Pitt jocoſely played upon the temper of his friend on this occaſion, who knew nothing of this intended move, by telling him he was appointed attorney-general. "Not for the world, ſir," ſays he, "to the prejudice of my oldeſt and beſt friend Henley." "Well, but ſuppoſe we kick this old friend of yours up to the houſe of lords, will that do? In fact, the thing is ſo, Henley is made lord keeper, and I wiſh you joy, moſt ſincerely, of your new appointment of attorney-general."

We are now to view Mr. Pratt as an official ſervant of the crown, a ſituation in general ſuſpicious, and often, in the proper diſcharge of duty, ſubject to popular cenſure and diſapprobation.

"But he bore his faculties ſo meek, and was
"So clear in his great office,"

that though then engaged in a war which produced many trying and embarraſſing ſituations, he conducted himſelf with ſo much wiſdom, prudence, and ſpirit, he balanced the prerogatives of the crown and the liberties of the people "with ſuch even-handed and conſtitutional juſtice," that during the courſe of his five years attorney-generalſhip, he had the thanks and rewards of his ſovereign, with the unanimous approbation of the people.

From

From the office of attorney-general Mr. Pratt (now ſir Charles Pratt) aſcended the bench, being appointed lord chief juſtice of the court of common pleas in 1762 (after having been choſen repreſentative for the borough of Downton, Wiltſhire, in 1759, and made recorder of Bath the ſame year). In this elevated ſituation it became this illuſtrious character to ſhew the extent of his legal knowledge, and the independency of his principles; and an occaſion ſoon after preſented itſelf for the full diſplay of both—an occaſion which, both in its origin and conſequences, attracted the moſt general attention, and was no leſs creditable to the judge who decided on it, than it was uſeful to the people, in ſecuring to them one of their moſt important and invaluable privileges.

A glance at this period of our domeſtic hiſtory will remind the public, that we allude to the affair of *general warrants*, in the ſeizure of Mr. Wilkes's perſon and papers on the 30th of April 1763; a period in its conſequences that will be long and juſtly remembered by Engliſhmen, as it records the reſtoration of a privilege which, though inherently their undoubted right, was long withheld from them by thoſe who preferred being advocates for prerogative againſt the conſtitutional claims of their fellow-ſubjects*.

It is not our wiſh, nor is it our province to *overdo* a cauſe which took up ſo many years of public diſcuſſion as general warrants, by going into any great detail of that important ſubject; it is already ſufficiently recorded—and when it becomes hiſtory, will form no inconſiderable part of the *memorabilia* of that time. We ſhall, therefore, only notice ſuch parts as more particularly apply to the object of our biography, in order the better to elucidate the character he ſo juſtly acquired in the ſituation of lord chief juſtice of the common pleas.

Mr. Wilkes having his houſe entered by four meſſengers of the crown, on the 30th of April, 1763 (under a warrant for ſeizing the authors, printers, and publiſhers of the North Briton, No. 45), and next day (having undergone a previous examination before the ſecretaries of ſtate) being committed a priſoner to the Tower, a *Habeas Corpus* was ſoon after granted for his being brought before the court of common pleas; and after his caſe had been argued for ſome time by his counſel, the court took time to give their opinion, and for this purpoſe remanded him to the Tower 'till the 6th of May following, when, being on that day brought up before the court, and making a very ſpirited and conſtitutional ſpeech on that occaſion, the lord chief juſtice Pratt delivered the reſolution of the court (which was unanimous) as follows:

"When this return was read my brother Glynn, counſel for Mr. Wilkes, made two objections to it, and though theſe ſhould fail him, he inſiſted that Mr. Wilkes, from the nature of his particular ſtation and character, as being a member of the houſe of commons, was entitled to privilege of parliament, and ought, for that reaſon alone, to be diſcharged from his preſent impriſonment.

"To begin with the objections—the firſt was, that it did not appear by the warrant that Mr. Wilkes ſtood charged upon any evidence with being the author of the libel deſcribed in the warrant. The true queſtion ariſing upon this objection is, Whether ſtating the evidence be eſſential to the validity of the warrant? and upon this point we are all clearly of opinion that the warrant is good. We conſider the ſecreta-

N O T E.

* When this ſubject was diſcuſſed in the houſe of lords ſome time afterwards, the late lord Mansfield obſerved, "That as to the ſubject of general warrants, it was no new doctrine to pronounce them illegal, they were always conſidered ſo, both in our books and the ſpirit of the conſtitution, and every *alumnus* in Weſtminſter-hall ought to know ſo." Upon which the old duke of Newcaſtle replied, in his ſtrong, plain manner, "It may be ſo, my lord—but—I vow to G—d, whenever this matter was debated in the council, I always underſtood your lordſhip to be of a different opinion."

ries of ſtate in the light of common juſtices of the peace, and they, no more than any common juſtices, can iſſue warrants merely *ex officio*, or for offences within their private knowledge, being in theſe caſes rather witneſſes than magiſtrates. But, though this be admitted, it will not affect the preſent queſtion. The preſent queſtion is, whether the ſtating the evidence be eſſential to the validity of the warrant? No authority has been cited by the defendant's counſel to ſhew it—Ruddyard's caſe, in Vent. 22. was indeed referred to, but upon examining that caſe, it does not apply;—the commitment there was a commitment in execution, and therefore it was neceſſary in that caſe to ſtate the evidence.

"It was urged further, that the ground of the juſtices' juriſdiction reſted in the charge by witneſſes, and if it were otherwiſe, every man's liberty would lie in the power of the juſtices. The objection deſerves an anſwer, and if it had not been examined before, I ſhould have thought it very weighty and very alarming, but it has been ſettled.

"Before I mention the caſe where it was ſolemnly adjudged, I would take notice, that neither lord Coke, lord Hale, nor Mr. Hawkins, all of them very able writers upon the crown law, have conſidered ſuch a charge as is contended for to be eſſential. In the trial of the ſeven biſhops, though they were committed upon a ſimilar warrant, their counſel did not make the ſame objection. In referring to that great caſe, I am not to be underſtood as intending to give any weight to the determination of the judges who ſat upon the bench in that cauſe; I rely only on the ſilence of the defendant's counſel, who were all of them lovers of liberty, and the greateſt lawyers of that age. We have ſeen precedents of commitments returned upon *Habeas Corpus* into the king's bench, where the warrants have been all of the ſame form, and no ſuch objection taken. But the very point was determined in the caſe of ſir William Wyndham (3d Vin. Ab. 530. 535. Stra. 2.), who was committed for high treaſon generally, and not on the charge of any body ſtated in the commitment.—2d of Hawk. Pl. Cr. 120. ch. 17, ſec. 17. refers to the caſe of ſir William Wyndham, and ſays, "It is ſafer to ſet forth that the party is charged upon oath, but that is not neceſſary." Thus ſtands the point on authorities."

"The other objection was, that the libel itſelf ought to be ſet forth *in hæc verba*; but upon that point too we are all of opinion that the warrant is good. It was urged, that the ſpecific cauſe of the detention ought be ſtated with certainty, and therefore if a man be committed for felony, the warrant muſt briefly mention the ſpecies of felony. Now the ſpecies of every offence muſt be collected by the magiſtrate out of the evidence—but he is not bound to ſet forth the evidence, he is anſwerable only for the inference he deduces from it. As to a libel, the evidence is partly internal and partly external. The paper itſelf may not be complete and concluſive evidence, for it may be dark and unintelligible without the *innuendoes*, which are the external evidence. There is no other name but that of libel applicable to the offence of libelling, and we know the offence ſpecifically by that name, as we know the offences of horſe-ſtealing, forgery, &c. by the names which the law has annexed to them.

"But two reaſons were urged why the libel ought to be ſtated. Firſt, it was ſaid, that without it the court cannot judge whether it be a libel or not. The anſwer is, "That the court ought not in this proceeding to give any judgment of that ſort, as it would tend to prejudication, to take away the office of a jury, and to create an improper influence." The other reaſon was, that unleſs the libel be ſtated, the court cannot be able to determine on the quantity of bail. I anſwer, that regard to the nature of the offence is the only rule in bailing. As to the offence of a libel, it is an high miſdemeanor, and a good bail (having regard to the quality of the offender) ſhould be required. But if the libel itſelf was ſtated, we could have no other meaſure of bailing than this: beſide, there has been no caſe

ſhewn to warrant this reaſon, and it was not urged in the caſe of the ſeven biſhops.

"But then it remains to be conſidered, whether Mr. Wilkes ought not to be diſcharged. The King's counſel have thought fit to admit that he was a member of the houſe of commons, and we are bound to take notice of it. In the caſe of the ſeven biſhops, the court took notice of their privilege, from their deſcription in the warrant. In the preſent caſe there is no ſuit depending; here no writ of privilege can therefore iſſue; no plea of privilege can be received; it reſts, and muſt reſt, on the admiſſion of the counſel of the crown;—it is fairly before us upon that admiſſion, and we are bound to determine it.

"In lord Coke, 4th Inſt. 24, 25. after ſhewing that privilege of parliament is conuſable at common law, he ſays, "that privilege generally holds, unleſs it be in three caſes, viz. *Treaſon*, *Felony*, and the *Peace*." We have not been able to have recourſe to the original record, but in Cotton's abridgement, fol. 596, you will find my lord Coke was right. The caſe I would refer to is that of William Lake, 9th of Hen. VI. who being a member's ſervant, and taken in execution for debt, was delivered by the privilege of the houſe of commons: The book adds (and for that purpoſe I refer to it), "Wherein it is to be noted, that there is no cauſe to arreſt any ſuch man, but for *Treaſon*, *Felony*, and the *Peace*." In the trial of the ſeven biſhops the words "the peace" are explained to mean "ſurety of the peace."

"In the caſe of the king againſt ſir T. Culpepper, reported in the 12. Mod. 108. Lord Holt ſays, "That whereas it is ſaid in our books, that privilege of parliament was not allowable in treaſon, felony, or breach of the peace, it muſt be intended, when ſurety of the peace is deſired, that it ſhall not protect a man againſt a *ſupplicavit*, but it holds as well in caſe of indictment, information for breach of the peace, as in caſe of actions.

"In the caſe of lord Tankerville, a few years ago, which, though not reported in any law book, is upon record in parliament, it was held that bribery, being only a *conſtructive*, and not an *actual* breach of the peace, ſhould not ouſt him of his privilege. There is no difference between the two houſes of parliament in reſpect of privilege. The ſtatutes of 12 and 13 Wil. III. ch. 3 and 2 and 3 of Anne, ch. 18. ſpeak of the privilege of Parliament in reference not to one houſe in particular, but to both houſes.

"What then is the preſent caſe? Mr. Wilkes, a member of the houſe of commons, is committed for being the author and publiſher of an infamous and ſeditious libel. Is a libel *ipſo facto* in itſelf an actual breach of the peace? —Dalton in his *juſtice of the peace*, fo. 282. defines a libel "as a thing *tending* to the breach of the peace." In ſir Baptiſt Hicks' caſe, Hob. 224. it is called a *provocation* to a breach of the peace. In Lev. 139, the king againſt Summers, it was held to be an offence conuſable before juſtices, becauſe it *tended* to a breach of the peace. In Hawk. Pl. of the crown, 193. ch. 73. ſec. 3. it is called "a thing directly *tending* to a breach of the public peace." Now that which only *tends* to a breach of the peace, is not an actual breach of it, is too plain a propoſition to admit of argument. But if it was admitted that a libel was a breach of the peace, ſtill privilege cannot be excluded, unleſs it require ſurety of the peace, and there has been no precedent but that of the ſeven biſhops cited to ſhew that ſureties of the peace are requirable from a libeller; and as to the opinion of the three judges in that caſe, it only ſerves to ſhew the miſerable ſtate of juſtice in thoſe days. Allybone, one of the three, was a rigid and profeſſed papiſt: Wright and Holloway, I am much afraid, were placed there for doing jobs; and Powel the only honeſt man upon the bench, gave no opinion at all. Perhaps it implies an abſurdity to demand ſureties of the peace from a libeller. However, what was done in the caſe of the ſeven biſhops I am bold to deny was law.

"Upon the whole, though it ſhould be admitted that ſureties of the peace are

are requirable from Mr. Wilkes, ſtill his privilege of Parliament will not be taken away till ſureties have been demanded and refuſed.—*Let him be diſcharged*."

Thus was the point of privilege determined by this able and upright judge, and Mr. Wilkes was immediately diſcharged, to the ſatisfaction of a moſt numerous and anxious audience, who teſtified their joy by univerſal and repeated ſhouts of applauſe.

Mr. Wilkes, after this liberation, it is well known, complained to the houſe of commons of a breach of privilege, by the impriſonment of his perſon, &c.; but not content with this, he commenced an action in the court of common pleas againſt Robert Wood, Eſq. the under ſecretary of ſtate, for ſeizing his papers; and on the 26th December 1763, this cauſe was tried before the lord chief juſtice Pratt and a ſpecial jury, at the defendant's deſire; when, after a hearing of near fifteen hours, a verdict was given for Mr. Wilkes, with *one thouſand pounds* damages, and full coſts of ſuit.

On this important occaſion the lord chief juſtice, it is reported, cloſed his charge to the jury in the following words:

"This warrant is unconſtitutional, illegal, and abſolutely void;—it is a general warrant directed to four meſſengers to take up any perſons, without naming or deſcribing them with any certainty, and to bring them together with their papers. If it be good, a ſecretary of ſtate can delegate and depute any one of the meſſengers, or any even from the loweſt of the people to take examinations, to commit or releaſe, and in fine to do every act which the higheſt judicial officers the law knows can do or order. There is no authority in our law-books that mention theſe kinds of warrants, but, in expreſs terms, condemn them."

"Upon the matureſt conſideration I am bold to ſay, that this warrant is illegal; but I am far from wiſhing a matter of this conſequence ſhould reſt ſolely upon my opinion; I am only one of twelve, whoſe opinions I am deſirous ſhould be taken in this matter, and I am very willing to allow myſelf the meaneſt of the twelve. There is alſo a ſtill higher court, before which this matter might be canvaſſed; and whoſe determination is final. And here I cannot help obſerving the happineſs of our conſtitution in admitting theſe appeals, in conſequence of which material points are determined on the moſt mature conſideration, and with the greateſt ſolemnity. To this admirable delay of the law (for in this caſe the law's delay may be ſtiled admirable) I believe it is chiefly owing, that we poſſeſs the beſt digeſted and moſt excellent body of laws which any nation on the face of the globe, whether ancient or modern, could ever boaſt of. If theſe higher juriſdictions ſhould declare my opinion erroneous, I ſubmit, as will become me, and kiſs the rod; but I muſt ſay, I ſhall always conſider it as a rod of iron for the chaſtiſement of the people of Great Britain."

*(To be continued.)*

N O T E.

Eaſter Term, 3d of Geo. III. 1763. C. P. The king againſt John Wilkes, Eſq. (Digeſt of the Laws concerning Libels, fo. 49—54.)

*British Theatre. July 2, 1794.*

THIS evening was devoted at Drury-Lane, to the benefit of the widows and children of the brave men who fell in the defence of their country on the firſt of June. On this occaſion Mrs. JORDAN appeared for the only time this ſeaſon in the character of PEGGY in *The Country Girl*, and was received with great applauſe.

After this *The Glorious Firſt of June*, a dramatic entertainment by Mr. Cobb was acted the firſt time. The characters as follow:

| | |
|---|---|
| Commodore Broadſide | Mr. Palmer. |
| Tom Oakum | Mr. Banniſter. |
| Robin | Mr. Barrymore. |
| William | Mr. C. Kemble. |
| Ben | Mr. Sedgwick. |
| Bowling | Mr. Kelly. |
| Old Cottager | Mr. Cook. |
| Labourer | Mr. Dignum. |
| Dick | Mr. Hollingſworth. |

| | |
|---|---|
| Cottager's Son | Maſter Welſh. |
| Cottager's Wife | Mrs. Booth. |
| Mary - | Miſs Decamp. |
| Suſan - | Miſs Leak. |
| Margaretta | Miſs Storace. |
| Cottager's youngeſt Daughter | Miſs Menage. |

This piece is a ſort of continuation of "*No Song No Supper*," and the ſtory is ſhortly thus. William promiſes to take care of the family of the gallant but unfortunate Henry, who had fallen in an engagement at ſea. The Robin of *No Song No Supper*, a ſhipmate of William's, upbraids him with ſkulking from his duty. Rouſed by theſe remonſtrances, William reſolves to go on board a ſhip in lord Howe's fleet. Robin, who is alſo going in the ſame expedition, leaves his purſe with the unfortunate family, and commiſſion's Suſan, the ſweetheart of William, to deliver a keepſake to his Margaretta; ſhe, jealous of Robin, follows him to the cottage. From this incident ariſe ſome ſituations which tend to ſtrengthen the intereſt of the plot. The pathetic ſcenes of the piece are relieved by the introduction of Lawyer Endleſs and Commodore Broadſide, who, on the return of Robin and William from the glorious engagement of the 1ſt of June, gives a ſplendid fête in honour of the victory, which concludes the entertainment.

This piece is entitled to an exemption from criticiſm, being haſtily put together for the occaſion; in the courſe of it the duke of Leeds and lord Mulgrave each contributed a ſong. The ſcenery was very beautiful; the ſea-fight in particular was one of the moſt beautiful ever exhibited on the ſtage.

For prologue ſee our poetry.

### *Memoirs of the late Captain Harvey.*

THIS gallant gentleman died at Portſmouth on June 29th laſt, aged 53, of the wounds he received in the glorious victory of June 1. He was the third ſon of Mr. Richard Harvey, and was born at Elmton, in the pariſh of Eythorn, 9th July 1740. He married Judith, a daughter of Mr. Henry Wiſe, of Sandwich * by whom he has left three ſons and three daughters, the ſecond ſon now a maſter and commander in his Majeſty's navy. He firſt went to ſea, in 1755, in the Falmouth, a 50 gun-ſhip, with Capt. Brett; was made a lieutenant in Sept. 1759, through the intereſt of Sir Piercy Brett, ſeconded by the recommendation of Admiral Holborn, who was particularly pleaſed with his diligence and attention to the ſervice; was made maſter and commander in May, 1768; a poſt captain in Sept. 1777, and appointed Admiral Duff's captain in the Panther, a 60 gun-ſhip, being ordered to the Gibraltar ſtation, where he remained until July 1780; during which time he had many opportunities of ſhewing that ſingular courage, and attention to his duty, which has ever marked his conduct through life—having ſuſtained and defeated a formidable attack from ſeveral fire-ſhips of the enemy, and ſometime after brought his ſhip home ſafe to England, though ſurrounded by a powerful force. In November following, he ſailed under the command of Sir Samuel (now Lord) Hood to the Weſt Indies; where, by his unremitted attention to the ſervice, he acquired the particular regard of the late Lord Rodney, who, immediately after the capture of St. Euſtatia, ſelected him, with two more ſhips, to undertake the purſuit of a large convoy then lately ſailed for Europe, which was performed with the greateſt effect, having captured the whole of them with the Dutch Admiral †. In Auguſt following he returned to England with a large

### NOTES

* Captain Harvey, who for ſeveral years before his death reſided at Sandwich, was elected a jurat of that town in 1772, and executed the office of mayor in 1774.—On the day of his interment moſt of the inhabitants of the town appeared in mourning, as a mark of their reſpect for his memory.

† Capt. F. Reynolds, of the Monarch, had the command of this detached ſquadron, who, in his letter to Lord Rodney publiſhed in the Gazette, writes, "By the activity of Captain Hood

a large convoy, under the command of Captain Douglas, of the Triumph, the whole of which they brought home safe. In the beginning of the year following he was appointed to the Sampson, of 64 guns, in the Channel fleet, under the command of Lord Howe, who very soon honoured and distinguished him with his particular notice, which Capt. Harvey had the happiness to possess until the moment of his death. His appointment to the Brunswick was at his Lordship's particular request, and was his second ship astern in the glorious battle of the 1st of June. From the period of Captain Harvey's first entering the navy, his reputation was daily increasing. His abilities and his bravery, on every occasion, proved fully adequate to the service he was allotted to perform. In what estimation he was held, previous to the late engagement, may be inferred from the honourable situation he filled in the line, as second to his lordship. How truly he was worthy of the confidence reposed in him, the general voice of the nation will best explain. It but too frequently happens that men eminently distinguished for their courage, and for those talents which are calculated to draw down the applauses of the world, have tarnished the lustre of their public character by a vicious, indecorous, and unsocial demeanor in private life. Of the illustrious subject of these memoirs, it may truly be said that his death is not more an object of national regret than a private misfortune, widely extensive in its effects. Wherever he was known he was beloved; his conciliating manners and the goodness of his heart were eminently conspicuous on every occasion, and converted an admiration of his bravery into esteem for his person; an esteem which has followed him to the grave, and will assimilate with his memory to the remotest period of time.—The captain of a man of war, like an absolute prince, is but too often contaminated with the lust of power, and governs his ship's crew with a sway the most arbitrary and despotic. The natural goodness of Capt. Harvey's heart would have restrained him, if higher and more praise-worthy motives had not deterred him from falling into this error. As a naval commander he regarded the welfare and happiness of those acting under him with the solicitude of a parent. A British sailor is never deficient in gratitude; the kindness of his superior is always repaid with interest. Those sailors who had once served him never deserted him, whilst an option was left to follow their inclinations. On his appointment to the Brunswick, the numbers that flocked to his standard, who had sailed with him before, must have afforded much gratification to his feelings. The enthusiasm and attachment of his ship's company will best be estimated from the noble manner in which they seconded his efforts in the late glorious action. He had truly learnt to "command their lives thro' the medium of their affections." His courage, flowing from the purest principles of loyalty to his King, and duty to his Country, was of a very exalted nature. On the memorable first of June, whilst he was sustaining the tremendous fire of three line-of-battle ships, and destruction seemed to menace him on every side not the least agitation or confusion was visible in his deportment; but he gave his commands with the same serenity and composure as though he had been firing a royal salute on a day of public rejoicing. When the unfortunate shot which shattered his arm obliged him to quit the deck, he gave the strictest injunctions that his ship might not be given up whilst she floated upon the water. It is needless to add, that his orders were most religiously observed. When taken into the cockpit, his care for his own misfortune was instantly obliterated in his concern for those around him; a number of poor sailors, torn and mangled in the most shocking manner, were then under the hands of the surgeons, and others every moment bringing in; yet this worthy man would suffer no part of the attention which his fellow sufferers stood

N O T E.

Harvey and my Lord Charles Fitzgerald (captain of the Sibyl) we were enabled to take possession of the whole."

ſtood in need of to be diverted to himſelf, till it was his regular turn. His arm was amputated below the elbow, and there were hopes of his recovery; but, owing to the great effuſion of blood, by his refuſing, for a long time, to quit the quarter-deck, and partly to the fatigue of the action, and the wind of balls, his whole frame had received ſuch a concuſſion that it was ſoon apprehended to be a deſperate caſe.—When it is conſidered what a terrible conflict Capt. Harvey ſuſtained during this memorable engagement; that his ſhip ſingly ſunk one ſuperior in force, and left two others abſolute wrecks upon the water, it will be admitted that his individual bravery and ſkill contributed very materially to that complete and decided victory, upon which the fate of this country in a great meaſure depended. His ſovereign was highly ſenſible of his meritorious ſervices, and meant to have rewarded them in the moſt diſtinguiſhed manner; but the laurels which were intended to decorate his triumph muſt now cover his tomb. He has ſhewn what a Britiſh commander can accompliſh; and we truſt the remembrance of his example will have the moſt ſalutary effects in the Britiſh fleet. In this brave man, the public has loſt a meritorious officer, his family a warm and ſincere friend, and the world a gentleman of unblemiſhed character and ſtrict honour. He has left a large number of very near relations to lament his loſs, a wife and ſeveral children, the eldeſt of whom, Capt. John Harvey is a maſter and commander, and the youngeſt under four years of age; a father and mother both advanced in life, and married 60 years Feb. 20 laſt, and now living at Sandwich; four brothers and four ſiſters. Of the brothers, the eldeſt, Richard, is vicar of Eaſtry, in Kent; and the ſecond is Henry, late captain of the Ramillies, now a rear-admiral of the Blue, who is ſuppoſed to have loſt a ſon, lieutenant on board the Ardent, believed to be ſhipwrecked near Corſica; and his eldeſt ſon, a fine youth between 18 and 19, was drowned from his father's ſhip, the Convert, on the Newfoundland ſtation, being the only one loſt of 15, who fell over board when the ſhip was under ſail.—Capt. Harvey's remains were interred at Eaſtry, near Sandwich in Kent, 5th of July, having been attended to the gates of Portſmouth, on the 2d, by Earl Howe, and the principal officers of the fleet, with every honourable ſolemnity. The order of the proceſſion at Portſmouth was as follows:

Chaplain and Surgeon.
The BODY,
The pall ſupported by ſix Admirals.
Mourners,
Earl Howe, his Brother, and Sir Alexander Hood.
Captains, two and two.
Other Officers of the Ship the deceaſed commanded.
Band of muſic, playing a ſolemn dirge.
Marine Officers.
Marines.

The Britiſh parliament have voted a monument to the memories of this gentleman, and captain John Hutt of the Queen, who alſo died of his wounds received in the ſame action.

## *Female Credulity.*

OF ſome females, credulity is a very ſtriking characteriſtic. A credulous woman is ſupremely ſkilled in the ingenious and happy art of building caſtles in the air; and, as often as one fabric of illuſion is demoliſhed, ſhe erects another in its place. Her life is a ſcene of perpetual and ever-varying hope; and, as hope is one of the moſt lively paſſions, her temper is naturally gay. Her head may be compared to one of thoſe raree-ſhow boxes, which are filled with ſplendid and ſucceſſive pictures of one magnificent object. At the firſt peep you may diſcern the temple of Hymen. The ſtructure preſently vaniſhes; but diſappears only to make room for a more captivating view; either of the temple itſelf, or of ſome delightful avenue which is terminated by the ſame noble edifice.

This foible, however though riſing to a high degree of abſurdity, may ſtill, in ſome inſtances, be an object more worthy of tenderneſs and pity than of contempt and deriſion. Inſtead of being the offenſive offſpring of

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arrogance and vanity, it is frequently the mere baby of ſimplicity and benevolence. It often ariſes ſolely from the moſt natural and the moſt amiable of human wiſhes, the wiſh of being beloved; and, when its origin is ſuch, who would not be tender to the child for the ſake of the parent?

As hope is one of the moſt potent of our illuſive paſſions, we cannot wonder that the juſt and laudable hope of finding a huſband, ſhould often cheat the moſt ſenſible of ladies into an erroneous belief of having found him. How often does the philoſopher delude himſelf in much clearer matters, and where the ſilence of his heart affords him not ſo good an excuſe for the confuſion of his judgment! This eaſineſs of belief, with regard to many, is ſo perfectly free from every other blemiſh, that one cannot but lament the raillery to which it is expoſed. It has been perceived to be united with ſuch frames, that, inſtead of deriding it as a weakneſs, ſome have been almoſt led to regard it as a gift from heaven, to compenſate for the misfortunes of deformity. The young and inconſiderate cannot be expected to view it in ſo ſerious a light. But, to caution them from the danger of treating it with ſuch unintended cruelty as they may afterwards regret, we ſhall relate the brief hiſtory of a lady whoſe fate was as ſingular as her perſon was unfortunate, and her character deſerving.

Harriet Aſpin was the youngeſt of four ſiſters, who in their childhood had all a proſpect of paſſing through life with every advantage that beauty and fortune can beſtow. But deſtiny ordained it otherwiſe; the extravagance of their father abridged the portion of each; and the little Harriet had the additional affliction of perſonal calamities.

From a fall which her nurſe occaſioned, and concealed, ſhe contracted a great degree of deformity; and the injuries that her frame had received from accident were completed in what her countenance ſuffered from that cruel diſtemper by which beauty was ſo frequently deſtroyed before the happy introduction of inoculation. Her countenance and perſon were wretchedly diſfigured; but her mind ſtill poſſeſſed the moſt valuable of mental powers, and her heart was embelliſhed by every generous affection. Her friends were many; but ſhe had paſſed her fortieth year without once hearing the addreſſes of a ſingle lover. Yet the fancied whiſper of this enchanting paſſion often vibrated in her ear; for, with a ſolid and brilliant underſtanding, ſhe was deeply tinctured with this credulous foible. As ſhe advanced towards fifty, finding her income very narrow, and her ſituation unpleaſant, ſhe took ſhelter in the family of her favourite ſiſter, married to a good natured man of eaſy fortune; who, though he had ſeveral children, very readily allowed his wife to afford an aſylum, and adminiſter all the comforts in her power, to this unfortunate relation.

The good deeds of benevolence rarely paſs unrewarded. The obliging temper of Harriet, united to infinite wit and vivacity, contributed to reſtore the declining health of her ſiſter, and enlivened the houſe into which ſhe was ſo kindly admitted. She endeared herſelf to every branch of it; but her ſecond nephew, whoſe name was Edward, became her principle favourite, and returned her partiality with more eſteem and affection than nephews are uſed to feel for an old maiden aunt. Indeed, there was a ſtriking ſimilarity in their characters; for they both poſſeſſed a very uncommon portion of wit, with extreme generoſity and good nature. Harriet had the moſt perfect penetration into the foibles of every character but her own; and had the art of treating them with ſuch tender and ſalutary mirth, that ſhe preſerved her nephew, whoſe conſtitution was amorous and vain, from a thouſand follies into which the giddineſs of his paſſions would otherwiſe have betrayed him; and, what is ſtill more to her honour, when he was really fallen into ſome juvenile ſcrape, which ſometimes would happen, ſhe never failed to aſſiſt him, both with ſecret advice, and the private aid of ſuch little ſums of money as ſhe always contrived to ſave from her ſlender income for the moſt generous of

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purpoſes. By her laſt beneficence of this nature, ſhe had enabled her nephew to redeem his gold watch, which Edward, who ſtood in awe of his father, had actually pawned to deliver a poor and unfortunate girl from a ſpunging-houſe.

It was almoſt impoſſible not to love a maiden aunt of ſo engaging a character; and Edward, whoſe affections were naturally ardent, loved her indeed moſt ſincerely. But his penetration diſcovered her foible, and the vivacity of his ſpirits often tempted him to ſport with it. Hitherto, however, he had done ſo in the moſt harmleſs manner; but a circumſtance aroſe which fully proved the danger of this ordinary diverſion. Edward, being a younger brother, was deſigned for the profeſſion of phyſic. He had ſtudied at Edinburgh; and, returning from thence to London, had brought with him a medical friend who was a native of Savoy, and was preparing to ſettle as a phyſician at Turin. In the gaiety of his heart, Edward informed his aunt Harriet that he had provided her with a huſband, and he enlarged on the excellent qualities of his friend. The Savoyard was extremely polite: and, either attracted by the pleaſantry of her converſation, or touched with medical pity for the ſtriking infelicity of her diſtorted frame, he had paid particular attention to Miſs Aſpin; for, being yet under fifty, ſhe had not aſſumed the title of Mrs.

This particular attention was fully ſufficient to convince the credulous Harriet that her nephew was ſerious. But ſhe was unluckily confirmed in that illuſion by his ſaying to her one evening, "Well, my dear aunt, my friend is to leave England on Monday. Conſider, upon your pillow, whether you will paſs the Alps to ſettle with him for life; and let me know your deciſion before the week expires."

The ſportive Edward was very far from ſuppoſing that theſe idle words could be productive of any fatal event; for the health of his aunt was ſuch, that he conſidered his propoſal of croſſing the Alps full as extravagant as if he had propoſed to her to ſettle in the moon. But let youth and vigour remember, that they ſeldom can form a juſt eſtimate of the wiſhes, thoughts, and feelings, of infirmity.

Poor Harriet had no ſooner retired to her chamber, than ſhe entered into a profound debate with a favourite maid, who uſed to ſleep in her room, concerning the danger of croſſing the Alps, and the ſtate of her health. In this debate, both her heart and her fancy played the part of very able advocates, and defended a weak cauſe by an aſtoniſhing variety of arguments in its favour. They utterly overpowered her judgment. But they could not bias the ſounder ſenſe of Molly, who was ſeated on the bench on this occaſion. This honeſt girl, who happened to have a real lover in England, had many motives to diſſuade her miſtreſs from an extravagant project of ſettling in a foreign country; and ſhe uttered as many reaſons to poor Harriet againſt the paſſage of the Alps, as were urged to the ſon of Hamilcar by his Carthaginian friends, when he firſt talked of traverſing thoſe tremendous mountains. The debate was very warm on both ſides, and ſupported through the greateſt part of the night. The ſpirited Harriet was horribly fatigued by the diſcourſe, but utterly unconvinced by the forcible arguments of her opponent. She even believed that, the journey would prove a remedy for her aſthmatic complaints. Her deſire of a matrimonial eſtabliſhment was full as efficacious as the vinegar of Hannibal; and the Alps melted before it.

At the dawn of day ſhe had poſitively determined to follow the fortunes of the amiable Savoyard. The peace of mind which this deciſion produced afforded her a ſhort ſlumber: but, on waking, ſhe was far from being refreſhed; and found that her unhappy frame had ſuffered ſo much from the agitation of her ſpirits, and the want of her uſual ſleep, that ſhe was unable to appear at breakfaſt. This, however, was a circumſtance too common to alarm the family: for, though her cheerfulneſs never forſook her, yet her little portion of ſtrength was frequently exhauſted; and her breath often ſeemed

at the very point of departing from her diminutive body.

Towards noon her ſiſter entered her chamber, to make a kind enquiry concerning her health. It was a warm day in ſpring; yet Miſs Harriet Aſpin, who was rather chilly, had ſeated herſelf in a little low chair, by the ſide of a large fire. Her feet were ſtrangely twiſted together, and, leaning forward to reſt her elbow on her knee, ſhe ſupported her head on her right hand. To the affectionate queſtions of her ſiſter ſhe made no reply, but, ſtarting from her reverie, walked with apparent difficulty acroſs the chamber, and, ſaying with a feeble and fainting voice, "I can never paſs the Alps," ſunk down on the ſide of her bed, and with one deep ſigh, but without any convulſive ſtruggle, expired.

Whether the much-injured and defective organs of her life were completely worn out by time, or whether the conflict of different affections, which had harraſſed her ſpirit through the night, really ſhortened her exiſtence, the all ſeeing Author of it alone can determine. It is certain however, that her death, and the peculiar circumſtances attending it, produced among her relations the moſt poignant affliction. As ſhe died without one convulſive motion, her ſiſter could hardly believe her to be dead; and, as this good lady had not attended to the levities of her ſon Edward, ſhe could not comprehend the laſt words of Harriet, till her faithful ſervant gave a full and honeſt account of the nightly converſation which had paſſed between herſelf and her departed miſtreſs.

*Anecdotes and Intrigues of the Court of France during the laſt thirty Years.*

THE court of France, during the long reign of Louis XV. became a theatre of the moſt refined intrigue and fantaſtical levity. The French nobility formerly had been diſtinguiſhed by their ſenſibility of honour, and the elevation of their ſentiments. If the character of a ſir Charles Grandiſon was to have been ſought for among perſons of an exalted rank, the curious enquirer into human nature might, perhaps, have found a ſemblance of the ideal excellence, among theſe poliſhed and brave courtiers. It was the regent who, in the ſhort ſpace of about ſeven years, overwhelmed the nation with a ſudden deſtruction of its wealth and morals. It was him who introduced the depravity and cupidity which pervaded all ranks; and, like a ſubtle poiſon, corrupting the heart of the nation, diſperſed itſelf through all its veins. The regent himſelf, indulging the moſt violent paſſions, was not to be reſtrained by the confines of reaſon and decency; and the well-known ſyſtem of the adventurer Law, by him patronized and introduced, not only brought on a temporary ruin, but gave the nation a propenſity for commercial jobbing, of a nature the moſt pernicious to their morals. A ſatiriſt bitterly called the mother of the regent, idleneſs; that is, the mother of all vices.

The feeble and voluptuous diſpoſitions of Louis XV. perfected the national depravity. Luxury, effeminacy, and ſervility, were now the characteriſtics of the courtiers; and, the mephitic air of court-favoritiſm was fatal to the few who appeared jealous of the glory of of their anceſtors, by inheriting their merits at the coſt of incurring ridicule. The French nobility loſt that delicate ſenſe of honour which is the ſource of the pureſt manners. That ſenſibility had departed, which regarded a blot in their reputation like death; and, the ſplendid ſycophant, like the leopard, looked upon his blackeſt ſpots with exulting pride. The two great aims of the modern courtiers of France, like ſome of another nation, were diſſipation, and the means of repairing that diſſipation. To obtain the firſt, they purſued her through all the fantaſtical labyrinth of verſatile folly; and, to accompliſh the latter, they ſtarted at no depravity and corruption which preſented itſelf. The following anecdotes will afford a faithful, and perhaps a ſtriking repreſentation of the French court during the laſt thirty years.

The firſt object which offers itſelf, is the eſtabliſhed luxury of all the

princes of the blood, which diſplayed a magnificence gratifying to the vanity and levity of the French nation, in its days of thoughtleſſneſs and ſervitude; but, at length found to be ruinous to the finances, and a ſource of corruption and deſpotiſm, it is contemplated with indignation. The palaces of the brothers of the king coſt enormous ſums, without conſidering thoſe extraordinary eſtabliſhments which the monarch was frequently obliged to add. Verſailles offered the appearance of the reſidence of ſeveral ſovereigns; a palace for the king, another for the queen; and two others for monſieur, and the count d'Artois. Theſe two laſt, had the ſame military eſtabliſhment as their majeſties. Where, in all Europe, was a more deſtructive luxury to be ſeen? An additional weight of grandeur was alſo laid on the nation, at the birth of a dauphin. At the moment the royal infant was born, a ſimilar eſtabliſhment was immediately given to him, and the puling child in his cradle was ſurrounded by all the ſplendid appendages of monarchy. It was thus that the kings of France, even in their cradles, became the ſcourge of their ſubjects. But the birth of a dauphin at once communicated a rapturous enthuſiaſm throughout the nation, as if they were fearful, that a monarch would be wanting to their throne! We ſhall now enter into an anecdotical detail, which perhaps cannot be paralleled in the annals of hiſtory.—In the ſummer of 1775, the queen being dreſſed in a brown luteſtring, the king good humouredly obſerved, it was "coleur de puce," the colour of fleas; and inſtantly every lady would be dreſt in a luteſtring of a flea-colour. The mania was caught by the men; and the dyers in vain exhauſted themſelves, to ſupply the hourly demand. They diſtinguiſhed between an old and a young flea, and they ſubdivided even the ſhades of the body of this inſect; the belly, the back, the thigh, and the head were all marked by varying ſhades of this colour. This prevailing tint promiſed to be the faſhion of the winter. The venders of ſilk found that it would be pernicious to their trade; they therefore preſented new ſatins to her majeſty, who having choſen one of a grey aſh colour, monſieur exclaimed, that it was the colour of her majeſty's hair! Immediately the fleas ceaſed to be favourites, and all were eager to be dreſſed in the colour of her majeſty's hair. Servants were ſent off at the moment, from Fontainbleau to Paris, to purchaſe velvets, rateens, and cloths, of this colour. The current price in the morning had been forty livres per ell, and it roſe towards the evening the price of eighty to ninety livres! This anecdote, frivolous in appearance, proves, that if the French king then had better views and more good ſenſe than his predeceſſor, the court was ſtill the ſame as under Louis XV. little, trifling, and volatile.

Such was the continued demand, that ſome of her majeſty's hair was actually obtained, by bribery, and ſent to the Gobelins, to Lyons, and other manufactories, that the exact ſhade might be caught.

In 1775, the duke of B——n, appears to have carried every ſpecies of luxury to an enormous exceſs. An opera-dancer, Mademoiſelle la Guerre, was the Venus, whoſe chains our duke exulted to wear in the moſt public and moſt ſhameful manner. He ſpent on this woman eight hundred thouſand livres. Louis XVI. being informed of this "luxe de putaniſme," ſhewed him not only his marked diſapprobation, but ordered him to retire to his eſtate in N——e. What was ſtill more provoking, after our opera-dancer had quitted him with the cooleſt ingratitude, the excuſe which the duke made to the king, was, that as he had no hopes of an heir, and as he had a deadly hatred to the count de la T—r d'A——e, who one day muſt inherit his fortune, he knew no other mode of vexing this gentleman. It was ſaid, and is moſt probable, that the chief motive of the royal reprimand was an indecent compariſon between the queen and the opera-dancer, of which her majeſty had been kindly informed.

The heir of the duke of Penthievre, and the only ſon of this branch of the Bourbons, died 1764, a victim to his debaucheries,

debaucheries, and particularly to mademoiſelle Mire, a muſical lady, and celebrated courteſan. The Pariſian wits, who laughed at every thing, made the following very ingenious epitaph, compoſed of five muſical notes, which are ſuppoſed to be engraven on his tomb.

*Mi re la mi la.*

Miré has placed him there.

When the miniſter was employed on various ſuppreſſions to the detriment of certain nobles who enjoyed theſe rights, the marquis de Gironde, a conſiderable penſioner and loſer on this occaſion, addreſſed himſelf in a very warm manner to Turgot, and ſaid, that he had placed too blind a confidence in thoſe who ſurrounded him; and having expreſſed himſelf with ſingular rage againſt thoſe economiſts, who, acting under him, were for ruining the juſt rights of the nobility, one of Turgot's confidants, irritated, interrupted him, by obſerving, that, in reflecting on the agents of the comptroller, he attacked the comptroller himſelf, and the king who had choſen him. Our turbulent lord enquired who it was that ſpoke. It was la Croix, a great ſtickler for the economiſts. Give me my cane, replied the marquis, that I may maſſacre this fellow, and liberate France from a raſcal, who is for overturning and troubling the peace of the nation.—This was in 1776. What would the marquis have ſaid in 1794?

About this time (1776) there prevailed a great a paſſion for horſe-racing. It was the Anglomania. Great bets were depending at every courſe, and the noblemen turned jockies, and rode their own racers. When the count de Lauragais, a diſſipated young nobleman, appeared at court after a long reſidence in England, the king coldly inquired, where he had been for ſome time?—In England, the count replied—What did you do there? I learnt there, pleaſe your majeſty, to *think*—of *horſes*, retorted the king.

The nation, indeed, frivolous as they were, ſaw with indignation the behaviour of the duke de Chartres, (Egalité) and the count d'Artois. Theſe princes not only aſſociated with their grooms, and entered into all thoſe low combinations which this ſpecies of gaming offers, but treated the people at the courſes with the moſt ineffable contempt and ſavage ferocity. With ſingular activity they uſed their whips on the ſpectators as well as on their horſes; and not only encouraged the officers to perſecute the crowd, but employed ſuch groſſneſs of ſpeech and offenſive oaths, as ſhewed theſe princes were not unſkilled in the language of the vileſt part of the nation. It was an edifying ſpectacle to ſee the duke de Lauzern running againſt M. de Fenelon; the laſt fell from his horſe, broke his arm, and loſt his wager. The ſame gentleman betted with another nobleman, who could reach Verſailles and return to Paris the quickeſt in a ſingle horſe-chaiſe. The horſe of the firſt died at Seve, and the other expired in the ſtable at Paris, a few hours after his return.

Theſe frivolous and debauched courtiers, not ſatisfied with exerciſing their inhumanity on their horſes, expoſed themſelves to the deriſion of Paris by other kinds of races. The duke de Chartres, the duke de Lauzern, and the marquis of Fitz-James, betted five hundred louis who could firſt reach Verſailles on foot. Lauzern gave up the foot-race about half-way; Chartres about two thirds. Fitzjames arrived in an exhauſted ſtate, and was ſaluted as conqueror by the count d'Artois. He, however, like a hero, nearly expiring in the arms of victory, called for a bed, and was immediately let blood, and got his wager, and an aſthma. It was in this manner the princes of the blood, the deſcendants of Henry the great, paſſed their days; and it was thus they gave, to a deſpairing and oppreſſed people, thoſe hopes of proſperity and amendment which now became at every hour neceſſary to ſuſtain their exhauſted miſery, and to ſtill their frequent murmurs.

We obſerve afterwards, that not ſatisfied with horſe and foot racing, by the courtiers, the queen had others by aſſes. She animated, by her preſence, the countrymen in the neighbourhood, and the winner had, for his reward, three hundred livres and a gold thiſtle

alluſive to the plant to which aſſes are partial.

Madame Gourdan, nicknamed the little counteſs, was the mother Windſor of Paris. This venerable abbeſs, in 1778, to the aſtoniſhment of her creditors, became a bankrupt. She proved, by the moſt regular accounts poſſible, that her outſtanding debts doubled the money ſhe owed. At the meeting of her creditors ſhe addreſſed them in a ſtrain of the moſt natural eloquence, and the ſenſibility of female tears, which melted on her withered cheeks. She ſaid, ſhe had long rendered herſelf eſſential to the pleaſures of the metropolis; and had paſſed her life in the ſervice of the public; but that ſhe had now fallen a victim to her own generoſity. Of the public ſhe did not complain, for they had rewarded her maternal aſſiduity; but it was to the courtiers ſhe owed her ruin. They had perſuaded her to enlarge her expences; to encreaſe her eſtabliſhment; and to depend on their protection. She ſhewed that various noblemen were indebted to her in the ſum of three hundred and eighty thouſand livres!

While this was a prevalent topic of converſation, another bankruptcy took place not leſs ſingular. The college of Dupleſſis declared itſelf in a ſtate of bankruptcy. It proved a balance in its favour, if the outſtanding debts had been paid. Theſe debts were owing from ſeveral noble families for the education of their children, fathers, and even grandfathers, who had all been brought up in that ſeminary, but had not yet paid their ſalaries. What a diſſolute nobility! they neither paid their preceptors nor their bawds!

The marechal duke de Richelieu was another rotten vine in the court vineyard. The latter part of his days was conſumed in a law-ſuit which laſted for ſeveral years, with a Madame de St. Vincent, with whom he had formed a cloſe connection, and, having given her notes to a conſiderable amount, refuſed their payment, alledging, that they were forged. The unfortunate lady had more than once gained her cauſe, but the deciſions of the courts were always annulled by the intrigues of the duke. She at length periſhed, a victim to her protracted ſuit; and the ſenſibility of her ancient lover was gratified, not only by not paying his notes, but by breaking the heart of his fair adverſary. This ſuit, however, proved nearly ruinous to him; for he had not merely to undergo the uſual expences, but to give conſiderable ſums for the corruption of his venal judges. While he was thus employed, a madame de Gaya, to indulge a barbarous vanity, reduced her family to a ſtate of poverty, to make the duke her general legatee. She left him about one hundred and fifty thouſand livres. The attorney came to Paris to acquaint him of his new acquiſition. After a long attendance in the antichamber, our country attorney, wearied, ſent a meſſage to the duke, that he had ſomething to communicate of a moſt intereſting nature. On this he was introduced, and in a few words eloquently explained his buſineſs. The old duke received the intelligence with great coolneſs, and facetiouſly obſerved, that, if all the women with whom he had had an amour had left him their fortune, he ſhould be richer than the king.

The legitimate heir afterwards attempted to have the will ſet aſide, as an act of infanity, injuſtice, and puerile vanity. Many thought that the duke himſelf would be the firſt to agree to this. But the duke perſiſted in its execution. The counſellor of his adverſary expoſed with eloquence and force this unjuſt act, and attempted to make the duke bluſh for his vain and ſordid cupidity. But the duke only laughed and perſiſted. It was in vain to plead, What a horrid recapitulation of his crimes and exceſſes of all kinds am I going to tranſcribe!

In 1777, the unhappy madame de St. Vincent preſented a petition to the parliament of a moſt important nature, ſince it amply diſplays the dreadful abuſe of power of which theſe courtiers availed themſelves. She petitions the court of peers, to declare all the proceedings and purſuits at law of the marechal to be annulled, as vexatious, extortive, and injurious to the authority of the court, the laws of the kingdom, the

the freedom of the citizens, the ſafety of families, and public order. She petitions a prohibition for the duke's further relapſe, in ſhewing a contempt of juſtice, an abuſe of power, a licence of making nocturnal and military incurſions in monaſteries and private houſes; ſearching the pockets, deſks, and cloſets of individuals; pillaging, carrying away, and ſuppreſſing, their letters and papers; intercepting others, confining perſons to their own houſes, and concealing others in remote priſons; and all this without any legal form whatever; without the ſlighteſt proofs of their guilt, but on the contrary, while the temerity of his accuſations are evidently proved; as alſo of bribing witneſſes who depoſe againſt him, perſecuting them by criminal charges, threatening and changing into witneſſes thoſe of the accuſed, whom his officers corrupt by promiſes, and ſuborn by money, &c.

The duke, with ſuch licentious manners, diſplayed alſo, in his very advanced age, a ſingular effeminated foppery, and with all that poliſhed wit which a courtier, who had lived under three monarchs, can alone, perhaps, attain. The following two anecdotes exhibit this part of his character.

In 1780, the faſhionable folly conſiſted in wearing two watches. A watch is not ſo much an object of luxury as of utility; but the frivolous Pariſians, whoſe only object was a ruinous magnificence, would have two, and ornamented with diamonds to an extravagant amount. The duke of Richelieu was one of thoſe veterans of foppiſhneſs, thus admirably deſcribed by Greſſet: The poet felicitates himſelf that he is,

Loin de tout importun jaſeur,
Et des hauts tons de la grandeur;
Loin de ces troupes doucereuſes,
Où d'inſipides precieuſes,
Et des petits fats ignorans,
Viennent, conduits par la folie,
S'ennuyer en ceremonie,
Et s'endormir en complimens.

This faſhionable octogenarian did not fail to adopt this modiſh elegance. One day, as he was dreſſing, and his two watches flaming with brilliant ſtones, were laid on his table, a court adulator intreated permiſſion to admire and compare them in his own hands; this aukward flatterer dropt one, and, in attempting to recover it, let fall the other; both the brilliant and fragile trifles were on the ground. Aſhamed at his mal-adroitneſs, he forms a thouſand apologies to the duke, who, without being at all diſconcerted, ſaid, don't deſpair, I never yet ſaw them *go ſo well together*.

Among ſeveral of his bon mots, the following one is remarkable for diſplaying the genius of the times. Louis XVI. was felicitating him on the recovery of his health; for (ſaid the king) you are not young; you have ſeen three ages. Rather (replied the duke) three reigns.—Well, and what do you think of them?—ſire, (was the duke's remarkable anſwer) under Louis XIV. nobody dared ſay a word; under Louis XV. they ſpoke in whiſpers; under your majeſty they ſpeak loudly.

If ſuch were the old, the young nobility, it may be reaſonably concluded, did not leſs participate in the wantonneſs, frivolity, and unreflecting diſpoſitions, of the court. The following circumſtance will convince us, that a general relaxation of decency had taken place in the manners of the courtiers. Their luxury was too often accompanied with inſolence; and every day produced ſome new circumſtance to irritate and diſguſt the populace. It is proper to remind the Engliſh reader, that, when a perſon is dying, they ſend, in catholic countries for a miniſter, to give the dying man the euchariſt and extreme unction. The cuſtom in moſt pariſhes, was to precede the hoſt by another prieſt, who rang a little bell to announce to paſſengers to make room, and to kneel. In 1780, the following anecdote made a great noiſe. The prince de L—ſc (whoſe name does not honourably occur in the hiſtory of the revolution), with ſeveral noblemen and ladies, was returning from the country in the evening, in a coach and ſix. As they paſſed the Rue St. Antoine, the hoſt was going to a dying perſon. The poſtillion

poſtillion ſtopt his horſes; but the coachman, encouraged by the prince and his noble companions, whipped them and diſperſed the whole retinue. The prieſt, whoſe office was to ring the bell, was an old feeble man, who had, that day, paid fourteen ſimilar viſits, and was ſoon overturned and wounded. This was a ſubject of loud mirth for the gay young courtiers. The populace, burning with indignation at this public offence of decency and humanity, purſued the coach, and would certainly have avenged the injury; the prince only eſcaped by the fleetneſs of his horſes.

The wounded old prieſt was carried to his bed. The eccleſiaſtics of the pariſh aſſemble and, in an addreſs to their curé, demand an immediate recourſe to the archbiſhop, and at the ſame time a complaint of the ſacrilegious crime. The curé, having taken information of the criminals, and, finding them to be ſuch powerful perſons, a long time refuſed doing his duty. The counteſs de B—, mother to the prince, was at length informed of the affair; ſhe immediately ſilenced all parties, by an annuity to the prieſt, and before the police could take cognizance of this diſagraceful behaviour. She deſired that the prince ſhould himſelf apologiſe for his conduct; but this was refuſed. This, for ſome time, afforded a topic of converſation to the Pariſians. The populace murmured, and could only blame the diſhonourable weakneſs of the curé, who permitted a public tranſaction of ſo thameful a nature not to be expiated by a public puniſhment. The philoſophers themſelves were not ſilent; they not only felt a horror at the barbarity of the action, but they exacted, though vainly, that a ſtriking example of juſtice ſhould reſtrain the *great*, who were every day inſulting the nation by their pride and wantonneſs remaining unchaſtiſed.

It was in vain that the nation murmured, and the philoſophers declaimed; the prince de L——ſc was grand ecuyer de France. For ſuch an officer to overturn the hoſt, and break an old man's limb, could not be a crime. Let us remember, that this prince, in the Thuilleries, on the 14th of Ja 1789, had not then loſt the ſame im rious inhumanity; with a ſtroke fr his ſabre he maſſacred an unfortu decrepid old man.

Another glaring inſolence happe in 1783. M. de Choiſeul-Meu driving a chaiſe, by his own unſkilf neſs entangled his wheels with thoſ a hackney-coach. He immediately re venged his own ill-driving on the mi rable coachman; after having giv him about twenty ſound canings, t poor fellow, ſmarting with pain a indignation, defended himſelf from t attacks of our young fiery lord; wh this gentleman immediately drew t ſword from his cane, and repeate wounded the coachman till he fell fro the box. He was departing, when t populace aſſembled round him, and i liſted on carrying the murderer to t commiſſary. This juſtice, inſtead ſending him to priſon, was ſatisfied fining him in a ſum for the relief the wounded coachman, and adding polite reprimand.

The report of the coachman's dea a few days after, excited the indigna on of Paris. The parliament we greatly incenſed at the ſhameful vi lence of young Choiſeul. Several r cent events of this kind determin them to reſtrain, by a public examp the cruel deſpotiſm of theſe arroga lords. They prepared a forcible r monſtrance to his majeſty, to commu the fine into a long impriſonment. B how did this terminate? The power Choiſeuls, alarmed at the ferment whi exiſted in the parliament, exert themſelves in diſperſing the pendi ſtorm. Their intereſt and a little m ney prevailed; the remonſtrance w not made, Choiſeul was not puniſhe and the hackney-coachman remain unavenged.

The oſtentation of the court is, pe haps, ſtrongly characteriſed by the fo lowing anecdote. The French nobili we know will not blame madame b her reſolution in this affair; but we a dreſs ourſelves to the Engliſh nati There appeared in 1779, a diſpoſi in the court to diſcountenance the n bility for marrying into families th

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could not boaſt of as rich blood as themſelves, whatever other merits they might eminently poſſeſs. In conſequence of this, madame refuſed to accept for her dame de compagnie (maid of honour*), the viſcounteſs Laval, becauſe her maiden name was Boulogne, and her father though a treaſurer, had raiſed himſelf from a low origin. The Lavals, father and ſon, as the gentlemen of monſieur, were piqued at this inſult; they affirmed, that the name of Laval had ennobled that of Boulogne, and had taken away the blot of an humble birth. This was not acknowledged, and they ſent in their reſignation. When monſieur, with a cold contempt and unfeeling diſpoſition (which I underſtand to be his character), ſaid to him, in his farewell addreſs, you do not follow the *beſt road*—No, ſir, replied the duke, but it is that of *honour*.

But it ſeems while madame refuſed to have an amiable lady, becauſe her father had not been a nobleman; a counteſs of a different character was acceptable. It was the nobility of a perſon, and not his virtues, or his talents, which rendered him acceptable at court. The counteſs of B—y was diſcovered, by her huſband, ſleeping with a courtier. In the moment of deſpair and rage, it is ſaid, he attempted to deſtroy his lady, a child of eighteen months, and the adulterer. To ſhun the future vengeance, ſhe had him bled and phyſicked, and declared a lunatic. This cruel deriſion wounded his agitated ſpirits, and his extreme ſenſibility preyed on his heart, till a melancholy took poſſeſſion of his ſoul. He quitted his country, his connections, and his unfeeling conſort; and reſigned himſelf to a voluntary exile. He firſt wandered in a deplorable ſtate, and at laſt ſuddenly diſappeared.

Yet this woman, the horror of all ſenſible minds, the execration of all virtuous, was admitted by madame to be her lady of honour, in preference to the amiable ducheſs of Laval. The remonſtrances made to the queen, by the family of the Noailles, that the preference of madame on this occaſion was ſhamefully partial, and that it was indecent to ſubſtitute a woman of ſuch a character, occaſioned her majeſty to addreſs herſelf to madame. Theſe two royal perſonages could never agree; and madame only dully anſwered, that ſhe was alſo miſtreſs of having a favourite, a madame Jules (De Polignac), as well as her majeſty. By this retort and confeſſion, it appears that a character, ſuch as this counteſs is repreſented to be, was adapted to become the favourite of a princeſs!

It is very neceſſary to add, that in the Livre Rouge the following article appears. The reader is appriſed, that the articles in the Livre Rouge are all authentic; the obſervations, as they are called, which accompany them, are merely the production of the perſon who was appointed to edite the work. Theſe obſervations, it muſt be acknowledged, are ill-written, and contain nothing but groſs abuſe. What we tranſcribe appeared in the original, and will ſerve for an excellent commentary on this favourite of monſieur. Felicité counteſs of B——y, lady of honour to madame, a penſion of 100,000 livres!!!

The motives of this enormous penſion are not given; though certainly at preſent well known. We are informed that this lady now accompanies the emigrant princes; ſhe was the arbitreſs at the little court at Coblentz, and is faithfully attached to the ſervice of monſieur.

An acknowledged favourite of the miniſter or king of France, appears to have been more adored than either. He received at every hour ſome ceremony of his political devotion; his altar

N O T E.

* In France were formerly maids of honour, who attended the queen; but Louis XIV. having frequently choſen from among them ſeveral for his miſtreſſes, beſides the lords of the court, who formed intrigues which occaſioned diſagreeable occurrences; the queens became moſt intereſted, and were the firſt to demand, that their future eſtabliſhments might conſiſt of married ladies, which cuſtom has been ever ſince wiſely obſerved.

altar was ever burning with incenſe, and his ear ever dwelt on the hymns chaunted by adulation. One of theſe demi-gods was M. de Vougny Maurepas.

This gentleman was a perſon of conſiderable fortune; and, though he was occupied in no employment for himſelf, was by no means an idler, as he had the affairs of almoſt every one to purſue. The miniſter Maurepas and his lady had conceived the warmeſt affection for this amiable gentleman, and he was diſtinguiſhed by their name, in conſequence of his friendſhip with them. His greateſt pleaſure conſiſted in travelling as rapidly as poſſible, and almoſt every day he effected his twenty or thirty leagues. Haſtening to the burial of a lady of quality, he found the hour late, and hurrying along fell into the grave, fainted, and broke his leg. When the company arrived at the grave, they found, to their aſtoniſhment, the living and abſent M. Vougny, occupying the place reſerved for his departed friend.

Scarcely was this dreadful event known at Paris, but the princes of the blood, the miniſters, the courtiers, the actors, &c. &c. &c. haſtened to ſend, and moſt came perſonally, to enquire after the broken leg of the miniſter's favourite. Above four hundred perſons, among which were ladies of all kinds, of whom he was the avowed protector, ſubſcribed their names to his liſt; and its peruſal greatly enchanted M. Vougny, and was a balm for the cure of his leg. This gentleman was by no means ready at bon-mots, and, though his ſituation was not a very happy one for a ſtroke of wit, he obſerved to the grave-digger, when he came to aſſiſt him, that he gladly accepted his aid, for he did not deſire to hinder any perſon from his place.

De Vougny was the ſubject of all the polite circles at Paris; and, his liſt of four hundred every hour increaſing, he amuſed his confinement in reading the new names, and making his commentaries on them.

The counteſs of Maurepas, was deſirous in viſiting him, to give a new mark of her eſteem for De Vougny and his broken leg. She obtained on this occaſion a croſs of St. Louis for the brother of De Vougny! This brother had diſſipated his fortune in the moſt extravagant debaucheries. But, becauſe M. de Vougny had a broken leg, and the counteſs ſolicited the miniſter of war, the reward was immediately accorded! Such were the baſe adulation and the general frivolity of the courtiers of France!

*(To be continued.)*

## *Exordium Introductory to Theatrical Imitations, ſuppoſed to be delivered in the Character of Punch.*

PREVIOUS to entering on my propoſed taſk of *imitation*, or mimicry, permit me to ſay a word or two reſpecting the motley minded gentleman before ye, Mr. Punch. *Momus* in an amorous hour compreſs'd a fickle capricious weather cock of a lady who aſſumes as many ſhapes as *Proteus* of old.—The name of this frail fair is *Folly*. A connection between parties ſo eccentric and volatile, it was natural to ſuppoſe would produce a being ſingular and *Outré*, *Ecce Homo!*

After my father had aſcended his native ſkies, my mother began to ſtudy how to avail herſelf of the talents of this her left-handed offſpring. She had obſerved that my figure and humour provoked to riſibility wherever I came. For which purpoſe ſhe invented that pleaſant paſt time for children five foot high, y clep'd a *puppet-ſhow*, which is intended merely for thoſe riſibly diſpoſed bipeds, who are of ſo happy a diſpoſition (ſo I call it as well as Mr. Sterne) as to be able to laugh at any thing or nothing: it is very fortunate for this kind of entertainment that people uſually go to it pre-determined to laugh, and therefore like a writer who has hit upon an idea, may without any great degree of genius, cloath it in ſuitable language, in like manner the elements of laughing being ready in the mind the emotion itſelf is eaſily cauſed. Here I may without vanity ſay, *ſum ſolus*, and like the Roman general, *veni, vidi, vici*, for no ſooner does the *probaſcis* of your humble ſervant

servant, make its appearance, than young and old, gentle and simple, are provoked to risibility. Nay, I have shaken the sides of the 'squire himself and his two right-hand men, the *Soul curer* and *Body curer*--And as to my talent at *mimicry*, I will tell you how I came by that.

My mother, whose favourite I was, owing to the great resemblance I bore to her, begged of my father one evening over a bottle of nectar, which he brought down from heaven in his pocket, to bestow on me some talent that might evince the relationship. To this request he replied, "My *locum tenens* in the department of mimicry, having to the great grief of his father, and we may add, all admirers of wit, genius and humour, hopped across the Stygian ferry, I depute thee his successor, and gift thee (like him) with command of voice, and feature. This gentleman was a brother of mine, though not by the same mother, many ladies have contended for the palm of bringing this truly original genius into the world, and it has generally been awarded to lady *Whim*." From this sketch of my pedigree, my knowledge of the parties brought forward is accounted for, they being all my relatives, either by my father's or mother's side, I hope none will be offended at my delineation of them. I assure them, I entertain a family affection for every son and daughter of the sock and buskin; and am ambitious of shewing the world how many clever fellows we have in our family.

You need but summon *fancy* to your aid,
To see the very features too display'd;
For if the semblance of the voice be just,
By help of the "*mind's eye*," it will and must
Give an idea also of the face;
For from the one we may the other trace.

M. S. Furs.

*To the Editor.*

SIR,

I READ with astonishment and indignation, p. 37, an attack on free-masonry, insinuating it in great measure to have been the cause of the *French revolution*, which is set forth by some frantic visionary with a view to debase the *purest and most immaculate institution* that the world ever produced; an institution founded on eternal reason and truth, which has for its deep basis the civilization of mankind, and whose everlasting glory it is to have the immoveable support of those two mighty pillars science and morality, co eval with creation. The Grand Architect of the universe raised on masonic principles this beauteous globe. But what society is safe from the attacks of ignorance, malice, or envy? I am, Mr. Editor, an old mason, and have been at a considerable number of lodges, but never once in my life heard the least discourse of *parties* or *politics*; nor is it ever suffered to form the least part of masonic conversation, which always consists of *morality*, *science*, and *truth*: nor is there a mystery belonging to the *royal art* that can bear the least affinity to the wicked conclusions and imputations of your correspondent to whom I would recommend candour, and to become a mason, as a sure means of refuting every misconception he may have formed of the brotherhood, whose grand tenets are, to *do their duty to God and their neighbours*, to preserve and recommend peace on earth, and good-will to all men.

RUSTICUS.

*The Folly of precipitate Resentment.*

*A Story founded on Facts.*

MISS Charlotte Webster was the daughter of sir John Webster a gentleman of tolerable fortune, which he considerably increased by a servile complaisance to the measures of the court. Sir John's family consisted of Miss Charlotte, and an elder daughter; and his whole soul was absorbed in providing the necessary means of settling the two young ladies in the world, with dignity and rank; for which purpose he was regardless of what measures he took, provided his wishes were answered; and it was no great wonder if

he placed a daughters's happineſs in the poſſeſſion of what only conſtituted his own.

Miſs Charlotte was about a year younger than her ſiſter, and viſibly the favourite of her father; which ſhe took the utmoſt pains to continue, by a behaviour the moſt unexceptionable and engaging, and by paying the moſt implicit obedience to the leaſt of his commands. The ſweetneſs of her temper made her the delight of all her acquaintance; and as her perſon had all that was agreeable, ſhe was not without a number of admirers; ſhe had a face of that kind, which though not altogether regularly beautiful, was yet conſiderably more ſtriking than is generally met with: a pair of the fineſt black eyes languiſhed with the ſweeteſt ſenſibility; together with a lively wit, an excellent underſtanding, and a heart fraught with the ſtrongeſt principles of virtue, regulated by the niceſt ſentiments of honour and humanity.

Such was Miſs Charlotte; and where a crowd of adorers were making an offer of their hearts, it would be a little extraordinary if ſhe was not inclined to acept of *one*. The happy perſon diſtinguiſhed by her regard on this occaſion, was a young fellow of good family and fortune, rather ſuperior to her own; who poſſeſſed every accompliſhment of the mind, that called for the eſteem of the men, and every advantage of the perſon, that excited the admiration of the ladies. He doated on Miſs Charlotte with the moſt paſſionate degree of fondneſs, and it would be difficult to affirm, if her ſentiments were not equally tender for him. Sir John ſaw with pleaſure his daughter's regard for Mr. Wentworth, and upon that gentleman's application for his conſent, he gave it with the utmoſt ſatisfaction.

The lovers now thought themſelves ſecure of the approaching happineſs, and Miſs Charlotte had too much good nature to be offended at Mr. Wentworth's impatience for the long expected moment that ſhould put him in poſſeſſion of the only object of his adoration; but while every thing was getting ready with the utmoſt expedition, to haſten the wiſhed-for period, an unfortunate accident intervened, for ever to prevent it.

The earl of C——, ſome days before the intended wedding, received an invitation to dinner at a houſe, where Miſs Charlotte and her lover were to be of the party.—His lordſhip, though a young man, had ſeen the world; though a nobleman, was very ſenſible; and though a courtier, very honeſt*. He had ſpirit enough to look upon a right honourable gambler with the greateſt contempt, and generoſity ſufficient to deſpiſe pleading the privilege of his title to avoid the payment of his debts; his converſation was very judicious and entertaining, and his perſon did not want that particular air which ſo greatly diſtinguiſhes the man of family and figure.

His lordſhip no ſooner ſaw Miſs Charlotte than he was ſtruck with her beauty and perſon: and ſcarcely heard her ſpeak before he was captivated with her wit and underſtanding. This induced him to be very particular in addreſſing the principal part of his converſation to her, which ſhe received with real politeneſs and an unaffected good humour: and Mr. Wentworth was not a little pleaſed at his lordſhip's ſeeming admiration of an excellence, which he flattered himſelf was ſo ſhortly to be his own.

As his lordſhip was a ſtranger to Miſs Charlotte, he very naturally inquired who ſhe was as ſoon as the company broke up, and having received the neceſſary information, he determined to wait upon her father the next morning, to obtain his permiſſion for paying his addreſſes to her; a liberty he did not greatly deſpair of being allowed, from the ſuperiority of his own circumſtances, and what he had heard of the old gentleman's character.

Accordingly, as ſoon as he dreſſed, he drove to ſir John's who received the unexpected honour of his lordſhip's viſit with the greateſt reſpect; but upon being made acquainted with the intention of it, and his lordſhip propoſing to

N O T E.

* Would to God courtiers in general deſerved this character!

make

make a very handſome ſettlement, he was almoſt out of his ſenſes. This was the grand point he had been all along vainly labouring after; and now to have a nobleman with 15,000l. a year, make propoſals for his daughter, his favourite daughter! his Charlotte! was a circumſtance ſo much above his hopes, that he could ſcarce contain his tranſport: and without ever regarding his engagement with Mr. Wentworth, or conſidering his daughter's inclination, he invited his lordſhip to dinner; and promiſed to give his lordſhip an opportunity in the evening, of declaring his ſentiments to the young lady.

After a little further converſation with his lordſhip upon this ſubject, wherein the nobleman expreſſed the tendereſt reſpect for Miſs Charlotte, and the ſenſibility he entertained of her merit, he politely took his leave of the old gentleman, who inſtantly repaired to his daughter to prepare her for the reception of his lordſhip.

Though ſir John was convinced of his daughter's regard for Mr. Wentworth, he did not imagine her ſo blind to her own happineſs, as to refuſe the honour of his lordſhip's hand; or if ſhe was even weak enough to retain any idea of her engagement with that gentleman, he was determined to exerciſe all his parental authority to drive him from her heart. Mr. Wentworth's alliance, which he was formerly proud of, became already contemptible in his opinion, from the unexpected ſolicitation of a perſon ſo much his ſuperior in fortune as his lordſhip; and perhaps it is a weakneſs to which the human mind is frequently liable, to deſpiſe a propoſal we ſhould once have been glad of embracing, upon any favourable alteration in our circumſtances, which might formerly be above our expectations.

Miſs Charlotte was ſitting in her own room, reading a little poetical compliment which her Wentworth had ſent her in the morning, when ſir John entered. He was too full of the buſineſs he came about, to keep it very long a ſecret from the young lady, who heard him out with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment, and only anſwered with an involuntary torrent of tears. When her ſurpriſe had given her a little power to ſpeak, ſhe beſought him in the moſt affecting manner to change ſo cruel a reſolution; to conſider his engagement with Mr. Wentworth; that the happineſs of her life entirely depended on a connection with that gentleman; and conjured him, by all the tender ties of nature, not to inſiſt upon introducing his lordſhip as a lover, when his own poſitive commands had taught her to look upon Mr. Wentworth as her huſband.

Sir John, though a ſtranger to any ſentiments of real delicacy, was not however ſo much unacquainted with the human heart, as not to expect ſomething of this nature from his daughter, and therefore heard her out without the leaſt interruption. He ſaw the agitation of her ſoul, but he ſaw it without any emotion: and when he perceived her a little recovered, he addreſſed her with a look the moſt determined, and a voice of the ſterneſt authority: "As I muſt be naturally ſuppoſed the beſt judge of your happineſs, madam, and to make the buſineſs of my life an endeavour to promote it, I muſt not only inſiſt on your entirely forgetting the very name of Wentworth, but alſo on your receiving his lordſhip with the greateſt politeneſs and reſpect. Your duty and affection to me, I ſhall determine by your obedience on this occaſion, and ſtudy to reward. But, madam, let me inform you, that to act in contradiction to my will ſhall excite my utmoſt reſentment, and oblige me to caſt you off from my family and protection for ever. You now know my unalterable reſolution, and I leave you to conſider of it." So ſaying, he darted, frowning, out of the room, and left poor Charlotte plunged in the moſt exquiſite diſtreſs a ſoul ſo delicate as hers was capable of feeling.

Sir John had ſcarce been gone a quarter of an hour, when Mr. Wentworth called upon his Charlotte, and as the family knew nothing of the alteration in the old gentleman's ſentiments, he was immediately ſent up with the uſual familiarity; he knocked at Miſs Charlotte's chamber-door, who opened it all bathed in tears, and preſented the

loveliest picture of the deepeſt affliction imagination can poſſibly form.

Alarmed at the condition he ſaw her in, Mr. Wentworth tenderly inquired into the cauſe, which ſhe was ſcarcely able to relate, or he to liſten to. In the firſt tranſport of his fury he denounced vengeance againſt his lordſhip, and was ruſhing out with impatience to ſeek him, which Miſs Charlotte was ſcarcely able to prevent, by catching him in her arms, and expoſtulating about the impropriety of ſuch a behaviour. She ſaid, his lordſhip might be ignorant of his engagement, and conſequently could not be to blame; that her advice was, to wait a little time, of which ſhe aſſured him, he need not be in the leaſt apprehenſive, as ſhe was determined never to give her hand to any body but himſelf.

Mr. Wentworth heard this aſſurance with a little ſatisfaction; but there was an impatience in his temper frequently attending the greateſt ſouls, and the beſt of underſtandings. His pride would by no means bear that his lordſhip ſhould be allowed the *imagination* of a triumph over him; and it was worſe than daggers to think that Charlotte ſhould be expoſed to the addreſſes of any other perſon, after he had conſidered her as his wife. He therefore propoſed an immediate elopement from her father's ſince he no longer retained the tenderneſs of a parent; and expreſſed himſelf totally indifferent with regard to fortune, which had ever been the ſmalleſt object of his conſideration.

This was a ſtep, which though Miſs Charlotte's heart would have ſtrongly perſuaded her to take, her diſcretion would by no means allow her to think of. Not that ſhe entertained the leaſt doubt of Mr. Wentworth's ſincerity or honour: but ſhe had the utmoſt veneration for her father, and was naturally fearful of the cenſure of the world which generally attended ſo raſh a proceeding. For theſe reaſons ſhe abſolutely refuſed to comply with her lover's propoſal; and declared her determined reſolution of waiting for the event.

This declaration of Charlotte's had a ſtrange effect upon the mind of Mr. Wentworth. He entertained but a poor opinion of any woman's paſſion, who was not willing to riſque every conſideration for the man ſhe really loved; and had no notion of a ridiculous obedience to a parent, who would force a child to be miſerable. His pride was mortified to meet with a refuſal to what he conſidered a very rational requeſt; and he expreſſed himſelf rather a little too ſharply on that ſubject to Miſs Charlotte.

Miſs Charlotte, though ſhe had all her ſex's tenderneſs, was not entirely deſtitute of its reſentment; and could not bear to be reproched with the want of a proper eſteem for a man ſhe loved to diſtraction. She was nettled at his remark, and provoked him by her anſwer; which produced a reply of the utmoſt ſeverity; upon which Miſs Charlotte burſting into tears, declared that, ſince he had no opinion of her affection, he deſerved but little proofs of her fidelity; and that if ſhe could be prevailed upon to follow her father's advice, he muſt entirely lay the blame upon his own behaviour.

Mr. Wentworth now recollected he had gone ſomething too far, but could not poſſibly think of being the firſt to make a conceſſion; and Miſs Charlotte, though her ſoul languiſhed for a reconciliation, was determined that he ſhould. In ſhort, with an affectation of anger on both ſides, neither would ſtoop to be happy; and from not condeſcending to be pleaſed, were both reſolved to be miſerable. He took a forced leave, in which he wiſhed her all happineſs with his lordſhip; and ſhe, though her heart burſt at the expreſſion, endeavoured to ſummon an equal indifference to thank him.

Matters were in this ſituation when his lordſhip arrived at ſir John's, and was introduced in the cuſtomary form to Miſs Charlotte: her reſentment againſt Mr. Wentworth gave an additional colour to her cheeks, that was an increaſe of her beauty; and poſſibly the reſpect with which ſhe treated his lordſhip, entirely proceeded from her anger to that gentleman. She fancied how much Mr. Wentworth muſt be mortified at her liſtening to the addreſſes

ſes of another; and began to think, in the tumult of her paſſions, her obedience to her father was an indiſpenſible part of her duty; to be revenged of the man who had treated her tenderneſs with ſo great a ſhare of inſolence, afforded her no little ſatisfaction; and any reſolution againſt him ſhe looked upon as the effect of her reaſon, and not the conſequence of her pride.

Thus full of a momentary indignation againſt Mr. Wentworth, Miſs Charlotte received his lordſhip in a manner he had but little reaſon to expect, from the knowledge of her prior attachment; and tranſported at the unexpected behaviour of his daughter, ſir John, whoſe notion of things, as we have already remarked, was not uncommonly delicate, took an opportunity of mentioning a particular day in the enſuing week for giving her hand to his lordſhip, notwithſtanding the ſhortneſs of their acquaintance: to which, whatever Miſs Charlotte might poſſibly feel in her heart, her anger to Mr. Wentworth, and her duty to her father, would by no means allow her to object.

All this time, Mr. Wentworth paſſed in a manner very little to be envied. He expected every moment to receive ſome meſſage from his Charlotte, and would gladly have been reconciled without any overtures of a ſubmiſſion on her ſide, could he prevail upon himſelf to make any on his own. The longer he delayed, the more his pride was mortified to think of ſpeaking firſt; and poſſibly from an opinion that a woman who has once loved a man can never take any reſolution againſt him, he declined it; he curſt his own obſtinacy a thouſand times, yet continued inflexible; and like the generality of mankind, from wiſhing to be right, he fancied he was ſo. In hopes to pique Miſs Charlotte, and oblige her to begin a reconciliation, he affected to pay his addreſſes to a lady of her own acquaintance; but, unhappily, inſtead of awakening her tenderneſs, it only inflamed her reſentment; and notwithſtanding the ſoftneſs of her ſoul, and the extravagance of her paſſion, ſhe ſacrificed herſelf to be revenged of Mr. Wentworth; and her anger induced her to give that hand to his lordſhip which no other conſideration could poſſibly effect. The day at length arrived which tore her from the arms of the only man ſhe ever loved, and gave her into the hands of a perſon ſhe never could regard.

Miſs Charlotte was dreſſed in a white ſatin and ſilver, and appeared to the greateſt advantage; but there was a certain air of ſadneſs viſible in her countenance, which ſpoke a heart very far from eaſy. She could not help ſeeing the preparation of the ceremony with the utmoſt terror and regret; but ſhe was now too far gone to think of receding; and the fatal words, *I will*, were ſolemnly pronounced to his lordſhip, which ſhe would have given her ſoul to have ſaid to Mr. Wentworth.

The wedding-day was paſſed as the generality of wedding days uſually are, only that the gravity of the bride was by no means affected; an involuntary ſigh now and then eſcaped her, and an unconſcious tear would ſteal down her cheek at the remembrance of Mr. Wentworth. His lordſhip, who gueſſed at the ſituation of her heart, and knew the neceſſity of allowing a little time to eradicate a former prepoſſeſſion, politely took no notice of her behaviour but made uſe of all the tenderneſs he was maſter of to mitigate her anxiety, and to divert her attention from the painful ſubject of her thoughts, till the proper time of retiring had involved her ladyſhip in a new ſcene of confuſion and diſtreſs.

The news of their marriage ſoon reached the ears of Mr. Wentworth, and almoſt drove him to diſtraction; he now too late ſaw the effects of his own raſhneſs, and lamented the ridiculous nicety of his behaviour; by his own heart he juſtly imagined the ſituation of her ladyſhip's, and the thought of having loſt a woman whom he paſſionately loved, by the appearance of a falſe delicacy and an affected pride, was a reflection he was ſcarcely able to ſupport; every thing became hateful to his ſight; and ſince his Charlotte was loſt for ever, he was determined not to ſtay a moment longer in a place where ſhe

was

was constantly called to his remembrance.

Accordingly he gave immediate directions for setting out for Holland, with an intent of joining the army, and sacrificing that life in the service of his country, which he could no longer enjoy with the smallest satisfaction. And though he languished to have a moment's conversation with his Charlotte before his departure; yet from a conviction of the impropriety of requesting it, and the shame of seeing her again, he summoned resolution enough to quit London without the least endeavour to effect it; and set out on horseback for Harwich, attended by a trusty valet de chambre and a couple of footmen.

Mr. Wentworth had almost reached Harwich, and was buried in a profound reverie, when his horse, of whom he took but little care, suddenly starting at something, gave him a violent fall which fractured his skull; and though his servants conveyed him immediately to the nearest inn, and called in all possible assistance, the acuteness of the pain and the agony of his mind, threw him into a fever which gave the physician not even a glimmering hope of his recovery. Mr. Wentworth retained his senses, and appeared the only person unconcerned at the accident; and overhearing what was said of the danger he was in, seemed pleased at the prospect of a speedy dissolution; when the bursting of a lady into the room, who exclaimed in a tone of wildness, "*Where is he?*" awhile called off the attention of the company. Mr. Wentworth, just raising his head to see so unexpected a visitant, pronounced, "*Good God! my Charlotte!*" and fell into a fit, from which he was with great difficulty recovered.

To account for the unexpected appearance of lady C——, in this place, we must inform the reader, that his lordship, observing her melancholy rather increase by the crowd of visitors which they were daily obliged to see, proposed an excursion to his country-seat for a few weeks: and without knowing any thing of Mr. Wentworth, accidentally stopt at this inn in his way down; where one of that gentleman's servants saw her ladyship alight, and incautiously running up to her, cried out, "*O madam, my master is dying above stairs!*" This was enough for lady C—— to forget all traces of a resentment she began in reality to disapprove; and without ever recollecting she was the wife of lord C——, or that his lordship himself was a witness to her behaviour, she instantly desired the servant to shew her up to his master. Lord C—— knew too much of the human heart to be surprised at her ladyship's conduct on this occasion; and whatever he might think, he was too generous to oppose it: he therefore took hold of her hand, and led her up himself to the chamber, where the perturbation of her heart occasioned the violence of her exclamation.

When Mr. Wentworth was a little recovered, he desired that every person should withdraw but lord and lady C——, whom he intreated to sit near the bed-side: her ladyship was now in the most distrest situation we can possibly imagine; her heart almost burst to declare her concern for Mr. Wentworth; but her duty forbad the smallest token of her love. She was sensible how much reason his lordship had, not to be pleased with any mark of her tenderness for that gentleman, and could not think of her behaviour without the greatest confusion; when his lordship generously took pity on her distress, and made it his particular request, that she would omit no means of restoring the tranquility of Mr. Wentworth.

This goodness of his lordship only increased her embarrassment; and she would have been absolutely at a loss how to behave, if Mr. Wentworth had not begged to be heard a few moments, and engaged her whole attention. That gentleman addressing himself to lord C——, expressed his gratitude for his lordship's good nature, in terms the most polite; just touched upon his own engagement with lady C——, but particularly dwelt on her merit, the excess of his passion, and the madness of his behaviour—a subject he hoped his lordship would excuse a dying wretch to mention, before he was eternally torn from

from the ſight of the only object he had ever loved; and concluded, endeavouring to turn himſelf to lady C——, "I am happy, madam, in my laſt moments to have had this opportunity of opening my whole heart; a bleſſing I never flattered myſelf with the hope of enjoying when I ſet out upon this expedition; but as I could not bear to die, and imagine you entertained any doubt of my affection, a paper in that cheſt, which I have ordered my ſervant to deliver into your own hand after my deceaſe, will not only ſerve to convince you of my ſincerity, but to conſtitute you miſtreſs of my whole fortune. Do not, I conjure you, if ever the name of Wentworth was dear to your eſteem, deny the performing what I make my laſt requeſt. The ſuperintendance of my funeral I earneſtly beg you will undertake; and if the ſpirits in the other world can form any idea of what paſſes in this, your not hating my memory will give me the higheſt ſatisfaction.—— A few hours will ſeparate us for ever.——

"O Charlotte! my diſeaſe is far beyond the power of medicine! If the humanity of his lordſhip will allow me the happineſs of touching your dear hand before I expire, my dying prayer ſhall bleſs him."

A ſcene like this was too affecting; his lordſhip was melted into tears, and lady C—— tranſfixed in an agony of grief unutterable. My lord took her hand himſelf, and put into Mr. Wentworth's, who kiſſed it with a tranſport inexpreſſible, and holding it ſtill in his, continued, "O God of compaſſion, from the throne of thy mercy look down, and take this weeping fair one under thy divine protection; let her days be proſperous and many, and crown her life with happineſs and joy; let her be a bleſſing to her lord, and a comfort to all her friends; and after an uninterrupted poſſeſſion of all the pleaſures of this world, O take her to everlaſting tranſport in the next!" This pronounced, he kiſſed lady C——'s hand again, and with a deep ſigh expired.

It would be impoſſible to paint the diſtraction of lady C——, or the goodneſs of his lordſhip. Far from being offended at the exceſs of her concern, he only endeavoured to ſooth her affliction; and could ſcarcely help looking upon himſelf as the cauſe of her unhappineſs. He had the body of Mr. Wentworth conveyed to the burial place of that gentleman's family, and attended himſelf as chief mourner; her ladyſhip's grief having occaſioned an indiſpoſition that rendered her coming abroad totally impoſſible. His lordſhip alſo ordered ſeveral handſome legacies to be diſtributed among his ſervants; and ſettled an annuity upon the perſon who had the cuſtody of Mr. Wentworth's papers. Yet, notwithſtanding every meaſure is taken for reſtoring the peace of lady C——, a conſtant melancholy preys upon her ſpirits; and though ſhe entertains the higheſt eſteem for his lordſhip, he has the mortification of ſeeing her heart entirely poſſeſſed with the remembrance of another; while her affliction is ſenſibly increaſed, from the want of ability to return the kindneſs of ſo deſerving a huſband, in a manner ſhe could wiſh.

We have here a melancholy proof how frequently merit or fortune are incapable of procuring ſatisfaction or content; when the very means of attaining the poſſeſſion are unhappily found to deſtroy it.

*An Account of the Eruption of Mount Veſuvius, in a letter from a gentleman now at Naples, dated June 17, 1794.*

"FOR ſome days paſt the inhabitants of this city and neighbourhood had been alarmed by repeated ſhocks of an earthquake; in conſequence of which the ſtreets and churches were filled with proceſſions, imploring St. Januarius, the principal object of worſhip here, to procure an eruption of Mount Veſuvius, as the likelieſt means of preventing miſchief from the motion of the ground. This good-humoured ſaint, who is ſuppoſed to be the beſt manager of a volcano in the whole calender, ſeems to have attended

to

to their request, for on Sunday evening about eleven o'clock immediately after a smart shock of an earth-quake, the mountain burst asunder, with a violent explosion, and instantly poured forth a torrent of lava. I was at the opera when it happened, and, when informed of it, rejoiced at the event, as giving me an opportunity of enjoying a magnificent spectacle: for eruptions have, for some years past, been so frequent and so harmless, that it was not looked upon as an object of terror: but when I returned home, and had been some little time at a window from whence we had a full view of the whole, my pleasure was soon changed into apprehensions of the mischief that was likely to ensue; for as fresh mouths continually opened, and ran one into another, so as to form a cleft of great length in the side of the mountain, the mass of lava was so augmented, and ran with such increased velocity, that it became evident, it would soon arrive at the cultivated and inhabited part of the mountain. Portici seemed at first threatened: this town stands on part of the old Herculaneum, and in the museum there are lodged all the curiosities that have been taken from thence and Pompeia. There seemed now the greatest probability that these towns were again to undergo the fate they had done before; but fortunately for the inhabitants of this place, a small elevated piece of ground opposed itself to the torrent, and diverted its course towards the town of Torre del Greco, situated on the sea-shore. This unhappy place, likewise built on part of the antient Herculaneum, has in a great measure fallen a sacrifice to its fury. It contained from 12 to 14,000 inhabitants, who have all escaped except 20 or 30 sick persons, that perished certainly from want of friends to remove them, as there was sufficient time to have done it.

"I went yesterday to the spot, and found that a little before it reached this place the lava divided itself into four streams, three of which entered the town; the principal one had gone thro' it, and advanced itself about 100 feet into the sea, where it presents a front or breadth of 1000 feet, 25 or 30 in height; the other two were likewise making their way to the shore, burning and overturning in their course different parts of the town. I suppose they are by this time arrived in the sea. The fourth was not arrived in the town, but is certainly there before now. It has filled up a valley 150 feet deep and 70 or 80 wide. Where I saw it had come forth from this valley, and was directing its destructive course over a field of walnut and pine trees, which were all in turn falling before it: its width was about 500 feet and height 30. Besides the eruption on this side, another very considerable took place on the part of Ottiano, but happily the lava there has lost itself in some vallies, without doing any material harm.

"From this sketch of the immensity of the lavas that have been poured forth on this occasion, you may, perhaps, form some idea of the terrible spectacle they presented when rolling in one mass down the hill; they passed over about eight miles in the space of four hours and a half, till they approached the sea, which they have heated for a great distance around.—To the horror of this immense moving body of fire was added that of the tremendous sounds sent forth by the mountain infinitely louder and more repeated, Sir W. Hamilton says, than any he ever heard before: they were of two sorts a continual roaring, and sudden explosions, accompanied by a violent agitation of the ground of this town. These circumstances increased to such a degree about four o'clock on Monday morning, that the alarms I had before felt for others began now to be converted into alarms for ourselves. The explosions were such as though the mountain were burst into a thousand pieces; the house shook so that the window-shutters were forced open, and every bell was ringing;—and the same was the case with the king's palace at Caserta, one of the most solid buildings you can imagine, and situated near twenty miles from the mountain. Almost all the inhabitants passed the night in the streets, or on the water; but towards seven in the morning it became more quiet, and this great fire, the reflection of which had made the

sea

ſea look as red as blood, was hid from our ſight, as indeed was every other object, by a cloud of aſhes, which, with a very ſmall intermiſſion from a temporary change of wind, has continued ever ſince, creating a darkneſs that may be felt. The aſhes that fall are compoſed in a great degree of iron and ſulphur.

"When this ſubſtance has lain a little time on the ſea ſhore and been acted upon by the heat of the ſun, a ſtrong efflorescence of brimſtone is plainly viſible upon it, and being very finely puiverized, inſinuates itſelf copiouſly into the eyes and lungs, and much affects both the ſight and breath.—As this is widely diffuſed and in vaſt quantities over the country, it will probably produce fatal effects amongſt the cattle, and we ſhall be obliged to give up moſt vegetables for ſome time.

"This eruption, though one of the greateſt that has been known, and the lava poured forth exceeding perhaps that of any former period, yet having been unattended with thoſe ſhowers of cinders which often accompany eruptions, and from the ſuddenneſs of which the moſt fatal conſequences enſue, may in ſome degree be called a merciful one. The only mouth that threw matter in the air was that from which it firſt burſt, and though this perhaps threw ſome pieces upwards of 1000 feet, yet that is eſteemed nothing, it indeed is inconſiderable when it is known that in the year 1779, the fire was carried into the air to the height of 11,000 feet.—When a breeze of air gave us this morning a ſight of the mountain, we ſaw a column of ſmoke aſcending from the crater in grand folds to the height, as is ſuppoſed, of about 7000 feet.—I underſtand the lava has now ceaſed to run, but it is expected to open again, though the violence of the eruption is probably over."

## *On the Propenſity to Imitation, and its Effects during Life.*

IT has been often and tritely obſerved, that man comes into the world a more helpleſs animal than almoſt any other. He is longer, likewiſe, before he can aſſiſt himſelf, and for many years is the mere creature of imitation, doing nothing of himſelf, but as he ſees others. At what period does he ceaſe to be thus dependant on others? He flatters himſelf that he becomes very early his own maſter, and invents his own actions and his own modes of thinking. But is he not miſtaken? Some, indeed, ſeem to acquire the power of thinking very early, but by far the majority never acquire it at all. It admits, likewiſe, of a queſtion, whether the wiſeſt have leiſure to conſider, and diſtinguiſh between what they do of themſelves, and what they do from mere imitation. When the inſtruction which we acquire in our earlieſt youth is over (and that we acquire principally by imitation) we are enliſted, if I may uſe the expreſſion, or, we become part of a company or circle of friends and acquaintances, whoſe manners we acquire imperceptibly, from a propenſity (of which we are not always ſenſible) to imitation; and we are ſeldom anxious to inveſtigate the propriety of what we do in this way, but are content to act like others, and to be like thoſe we live with, eſteem, and reſpect.

When we firſt look about us in ſociety, we find ſome things which excite our aſtoniſhment, ſome which give us pleaſure, and attract our affections, and many things of which we are wholly ignorant. We find certain laws, orders, and eſtabliſhments fixed for the regulation of manners: we ſoon become familiar with theſe: their yoke ſeems eaſy, and their burden light; for nothing is very difficult to a young and vigorous mind. That which excited our aſtoniſhment becomes common; and we learn to play our part in ſociety, merely by ſeeing how others perform theirs. As we advance, however, we begin to ſpy out defects, and we take upon us to offer objections and propoſe improvements; but we ſeldom can felicitate ourſelves on being ſucceſsful. It is the work of years to overturn the eſtabliſhments of prejudice, and convert eaſe into activity. Sudden revolutions happen in every thing, excepting in our habits

habits of life: and a ſyſtem of government may be introduced in one twentieth part of the time, which would be requiſite to change, for example, the hour of dining, or to introduce a cocked hat inſtead of a round one. To the imperious dictates of faſhion we ſubmit, either, becauſe we have not ſenſe to object, or becauſe we are too timid and cautious to ſet up our opinion in oppoſition to that of a multitude. A love of eaſe, and an averſion to being thought ſingular, induce us to comply, as others have complied before us; and we join in the chorus without having previouſly ſtudied the muſic.

Youth is generally diſtinguiſhed by an equality of manners. What one does, all do; and to give a ſketch of general manners, at this period of life, it is quite ſufficient to ſelect any one individual as an example of the whole. There may, indeed, be exceptions, but no exception can be of ſufficient validity to deſtroy a rule. At a period of farther advancement, when, for inſtance, a man ſettles in life, as it is called, he is ſtill not left to lay down a plan for himſelf. He is not left to ſtarve from the poverty, or acquire fame from the fertility of his invention. He is told that he cannot greatly err, if he does what other people do; and to be neighbourlike is the whole duty of man. He has examples to follow, which he cannot eaſily avoid following, and laws propoſed to him, which he thinks it is much eaſier to obey than to alter. What his neighbours do, he imitates, in the grand outline, at leaſt, if not to a degree of minuteneſs; and he is ſo little ambitious of being diſtinguiſhed, that he contents himſelf to ſwim down the ſtream of life, an inconſiderable drop in the vaſt moving maſs. Mankind (by which word I always mean the bulk of mankind) is made up of ſuch placid characters, of men, of whom the diſtant world knows nothing, who are endeared to their own circle of friends only by the tie of mutual inſignificance and reciprocal imitation, and whoſe names would periſh with them, were they not ſometimes, according to cuſtom too, engraved on a marble ſtone in a church-yard. Even here, where one might expect to find ſome diſtinction of character, we wander among an uniform collection of tender fathers, affectionate wives, and dutiful children; and the utmoſt that inquiſitive poſterity will be able to learn is, that they were all—of this pariſh!

The ſame uniformity of character and manners will be found to accompany old age, in its various ſtages and purſuits. And whoever will attentively obſerve the different periods of human life, muſt be ſenſible, that the power and inclination to imitate which is viſible in childhood, never deſerts us, and that the bulk of mankind remain all their lives mere imitators, although many boaſt, and all think, that in every action they are free agents, and can do as they like; whereas the fact is, that they are doing only what others like.

I have hitherto been ſpeaking of manners only; and it would be a thing of very little conſequence, that our manners ſhould be always thus regulated by hereditary or traditional laws. But the connexion between manners and morals is ſuch, that it is very difficult to ſeparate them, or to prevent their acting upon each other. And it becomes a very ſerious queſtion, whether we do not loſe much by ſubmitting our ſenſes and faculties to the whim of others, and by neglecting to call forth our own powers. There is reaſon to think, that the capacity of every man's mind is much greater than he exerts, and this is a reſource, which however important to happineſs, we cannot profit by, if we content ourſelves with a tame imitation of others. We ought to conſider that we cannot always be in ſociety, and ought, therefore, to improve ſuch internal reſources, as may cheer and animate us in ſolitude and ſickneſs. And we ought likewiſe to conſider, that if we were always in ſociety, we muſt, by an unvarying imitation of manners, acquire that eaſe and indifference to morals, which too frequently blinds us to the deformity of vice, and the approach of danger. It is admirably ſaid by Dr. Johnſon, of his friend Gilbert Walmſley, that 'he grew

grew firſt regular, and then pious.' Regularity of manners is eſſential to morality; and no man was ever truly great and good, who went all the length which cuſtom or faſhion preſcribe.

The more we follow the example of others, without being able to give a reaſon for what we do, the more we detract from the dignity of thinking beings. The more we neglect to analyze and examine the manners of the world we live in, the more we neglect one of the moſt important duties of humaniſe; we part with our liberty to preſerve our ignorance; and with a full capacity to comprehend, and ſpirit to reſiſt, we yet become willing ſlaves to the meaneſt follies, and moſt pernicious vices. There is much in all this of which we cannot but be aſhamed, when we give it a moment's conſideration. That man who reſigns the power of thinking, and, conſequently, the privilege of acting, will never arrive at any character of dignity, or eminent uſefulneſs. The ſame thing cannot be equal and ſuperior at the ſame time. What is common, is mere imitation, and imitation is eaſy; what is great and eminent is invention, and invention is genius.

Man, it muſt be allowed, is a gregarious animal, and ſociety is the greateſt of bleſſings; but to render it ſo in the moſt perfect degree, to render it ſo highly pleaſurable, and an object of taſte as well as of uſefulneſs, it muſt not be uniform. Men muſt not think and act by word of command. Nor muſt they ſuppoſe that the only valuable diſtinctions of life are thoſe of rank and wealth; for thoſe preſent no diſtinction whatever to an eye morally pictureſque. That which raiſes one man above another is ſuperiority of underſtanding, both natural and improved. What diſtinctions does wealth confer? It may raiſe a man to a higher ſeat in a room, or may make him ride when others walk, but thoſe diſtinctions are merely artificial; the reſpect they command is mechanical, conſiſting of certain geſticulations of the body, in which the mind has no ſhare, or a very bad one, if it be moved by envy. If wealth raiſes a man to real diſtinction, it muſt only be when he uſes it to promote the happineſs of his fellow-creatures; but even in this caſe, the man of little wealth is as much diſtinguiſhed as he who poſſeſſes immenſe treaſures. From the inſtance of the widow's mite, the pious biſhop Wilſon remarks, 'the poor have this advantage over the rich, that they can ſurpaſs them in liberality.'

The uniform manner in which the bulk of mankind live, following each others examples without thought, and retailing each others ſentiments without conſideration, as it tends to the encouragement of a lax ſyſtem of manners, opens a wide field for the labours of thoſe who have taken upon them to inſtruct mankind. The moraliſt and the divine, even the phyſician and the legiſlator, have all been labouring time immemorial to correct the tendency of evil example, and to incline men to think for themſelves. An example might be offered where all theſe inſtructors become neceſſary. What is called faſhionable life conſiſts of a ſeries of manners and practices, which affect the morals, deſtroy the principles of chriſtianity, impair the health, and often lead to crimes puniſhable by the civil magiſtrate. If we examine this life accurately, nay even ſuperficially, we ſhall perceive that it conſiſts in an irrational imitation of certain practices, which are ſuppoſed to contribute to happineſs, and to ſecure reſpect, but which, in reality, poiſon the ſources of human felicity, and will not for a moment bear the teſt of reflection.

None are ſo apt to ſuffer by imitation without thought as the young. The deſire to pleaſe, and to avoid ſingularity, at an age when ſingularity is thought a crime, renders them an eaſy prey to evil example. The more frequent their compliances, the more they fail in proper ſpirit and reſolution. 'A young man,' ſays the author of the Tatler, 'muſt be at leaſt three or four years in London before he dares ſay no.' And if he requires ſo much time, it is to be feared, he has bought his reſolution dear.' 'A young man,' adds

ſame author, 'is afraid to deny any body going to a tavern to dinner; or, after being gorged there, to repeat the ſame with another company at ſupper, or to drink exceſſively, if deſired, or to go to any other place, to commit any other extravagancy propoſed. The fear of being thought covetous, to have no money, or to be under the dominion or fear of his parents and friends, hinders him from the free exerciſe of his underſtanding, and affirming boldly the true reaſon, which is, his real diſlike of what is deſired. If you could cure this ſlaviſh facility, it would ſave abundance at their firſt entrance into the world.'

There is, however, an extreme which ſome people run into, and which it is but fair to mention; which is, an affected ſingularity, and a petulant habit of objecting to all common modes and forms. This, although probably it is not likely to be general, is not the leſs diſguſting when we meet with it. A man of this diſpoſition is the moſt diſagreeable companion, and the leaſt uſeful friend. Compliance in things not immoral, or in things indifferent, is one of the duties we owe to ſociety, from which if we receive benefits, we muſt naturally be expected to contribute ſomething. True politeneſs conſiſts in making thoſe we are in company with, happy, as far as depends upon ourſelves. This may be done without our conceding any principle of ſerious importance, or countenancing any practice of acknowledged perniciouſneſs. Men, on the contrary, who aim at ſingularity in little things, and ſuperior wiſdom in trifles, generally betray a mind nowiſe formed to produce great and manly actions. With the exception of this affected ſingularity, it will be found a very important duty never to take the practice of others for granted, nor to comply where conſcience or reflection has pointed out the neceſſity of objecting. When manners change they uſually change from one extreme to another; a ſure proof of the thoughtleſſneſs to which modern manners owe their riſe. To find out the mean between theſe two extremes will not be difficult, and to hadhere to it will not be diſreſpectful. Extravagance in dress or manners, although adopted by the majority, cannot laſt long; familiarity renders it diſguſting; but decency and temperance are permanent, and can never be laughed into contempt.

Manners, ſimply as ſuch, can ſeldom become the objects of ſerious conſideration. The colour of a ribbon, or the ſhape of a coat, are things of little conſequence; but when the cuſtoms of the world trench upon morals, they acquire importance enought to engage our moſt ſerious thoughts. And we ſhall profit little by the vigour or capacity of our minds, and ſhall have ſtill leſs to boaſt our ſpirit and independence, if, in matters of that kind, we are content to ſubmit our underſtandings to the caprice of the ignorant, the giddy, and the inſenſible. They who have no other excuſe for their actions than that *others do the ſame*, will never want an excuſe to palliate any folly, however ridiculous, or any crime, however baſe.

*A farther Account of the Siege of Meaux, a Tragedy, in three Acts. By Henry James Pye, Eſq.*

THE ſubject of Mr. Pye's tragedy is hiſtorical—his principal information is from St. Palaye's Memoirs of ancient Chivalry, an extract from which follows:

"After the battle of Poictiers, more than an hundred thouſand peaſants reſolved to extirpate the nobility, ravaged their eſtates, burned their houſes, and without diſtinction of age or ſex, treated all that order whom they could ſeize with the moſt brutal and ſavage barbarity.

The ducheſs of Normandy, the ducheſs of Orleans, and three hundred ladies, married and ſingle, were at Meaux with the duke of Orleans. Several detachments of this furious rabble, joined by others from Paris and its environs, thought themſelves certain of dividing their prey. The inhabitants had opened the gates, and in conjunction with the rebels, had reduced the ladies to the neceſſity of entrenching themſelves in a place called Le Marché

de Meaux, a poſt ſeparated from the reſt of the town by the river Marne. The danger was extreme—There was no exceſs of brutality which might not be expected from theſe unbridled hordes.

The count de Foix and the captal de Buche*, who during this event were returning from the Pruſſian cruſade, heard of their diſtreſs at Chalons. Though with a very inconſiderable force, they immediately reſolved to join the ſmall party who defended the fortreſs of Meaux. The honour of the ladies neither ſuffered the count de Foix to reflect on the danger, or the captal de Buche to remember that he was an Engliſhman. He eagerly availed himſelf of the liberty which a truce between France and England afforded him, of following ſentiments more ſacred in the breaſt of a knight than national animoſity.

They threw themſelves into the place where our brave knights and their followers had no other apparent reſource than inevitable death, nor any other rampart to oppoſe to the rebels than the banners of the duke of Orleans, and the count de Foix, and the pennons of the captal de Buche. They ordered the gates to be opened, and marched reſolutely againſt the enemy. At this ſight the inſurgents were ſeized with terror, the knights cut through their broken ranks, killed ſeven thouſand and returned triumphant to the ladies."

We ſelect the following ſcene as a ſpecimen—it is by far the beſt in the play—the Britiſh character is not badly marked by the *Duke*—the lines diſtinguiſhed by inverted commas, are exceedingly good—the epilogue is very well written—and the alluſions to the modern manners of the town managed with much ſkill.

*Duke of Orleans and Douglas.*

*Duke.* What hopes, my valiant friend?
*Doug.* Our only ſafety
Ariſes from deſpair—who hopes no more
Loſes the ſenſe of danger. By a ſoldier,
Who 'ſcap'd the vigilance of the beſiegers,
I learn, that as he paſt, a flying crowd
Of trembling wretches, who on every ſide
'Scap'd from the vengeance of this horde of robbers,
Declared a band of Engliſh warriors, led
By lorde de Buche, were marching hitherward.
*Duke.* Why, let them come; the more our foes, the nobler
Will be our death. To ſink beneath the ſwords
Of theſe our open enemies, who oft
Have met us bravely in the ſtorm of battle,
Will grace our fall with glory.
*Doug.* Is the truce
With England yet expir'd?
*Duke.* It is not.
*Doug.* Then
You need not fear their arms. 'Though oft their leaders
'With hoſtile inroad waſte my country's borders;
'Though now our vanquiſh'd monarch is their priſoner,
'While proudly they aſpire to lord it o'er us;
'I ſtill muſt own them generous:—public faith
'Has ever marked their councils.'
*Duke.* May we find
Their preſent conduct juſtify your praiſe—
'I know them brave, and ſtrict to their engagements;
'Yet prompt to tumult, and when chaf'd, as rough
'As the rude element that girds their ſhores.

'And

NOTE.

* John de Grielly, captal de Buche, was a general under the black prince. He was one of the firſt knights at the inſtitution of the order of the garter. To him was intruſted the command of that body of troops, which falling on the flank of the ſecond line of the French army, decided the fate of the battle of Poictiers.—He was ſo attached to the prince of Wales, that on hearing of his death, he refuſed all nouriſhment, and followed him to the grave.

'And now I fear their heady rage will burst
'With force unusual—At the sound of freedom,
'Their passions always swell with high impatience;
'Will they not join these ruffians, who pretend
'To fight beneath her banners, and assume
'Her sacred name to sanctify their outrage?"

*Doug.* 'This is your country's error—still confounding
'Freedom with anarchy, knowing no medium
'Between the wild extreme of savage license,
'And abject slavery.' Though we are foes,
From the same Saxon origin with England
(Our mountaineers excepted) we derive
Our lineage, and our laws. If stern oppression,
Or tyrant insolence invade their rights,
Each British nation burns with patriot warmth,
And spurns the yoke indignant. Let but once
Insulted liberty her ensigns wave;
From Thule's rocks to Vecta's chalky bourn
Our Island pours her manly inmates forth;
Not rude and frantic, but resolv'd and firm,
Like warlike Sparta's daring sons of old,
'Calm though incens'd, and disciplin'd though free.'
But when a patriot monarch rules, like him
Who now is plac'd on England's throne, all powerful
In deeds of Mercy only; and not more
By law than inclination turn'd from ill;
Their loyalty, unbounded as their freedom,
Asserts his rights, and glories in obedience.

*Duke.* You plead their cause with warmth—yet with our armies
Still are your chiefs inroll'd, and war with France
Has always been the signal of invasion
To Scotland's sons.

*Doug.* 'Tis so—the rival nations overlook
Invidious on each other—and we watch
Our powerful neighbour with a jealous eye.
Yet I ne'er see our adverse squadrons join,
But it appears as if a brother arm'd
Against a brother: and my fancy forms
Some happier era, when the sister kingdoms,
Not join'd by conquest, but by league connected.
Shall own one monarch, feel one common interest.
The independent nations thus united
'Were confident against the world in arms.'
Pardon my warmth.

*Duke.* I honour the free spirit
Your kindling accents breathe. O valiant Scot!
Dearly you pay for aiding France—Poictiers
Beheld your gallant band o'erthrown, or scatter'd,
While, shut within these walls, you're doom'd, I fear,
To fall beneath a more inglorious foe.

*Doug.* I cannot perish in a nobler cause,
Than the defence of beauty and virtue.

## *An Account of Henry Brooke, Esq.*

THOUGH this author has been dead but eleven years, many difficulties have arisen in the attempt to procure materials for his life. The reason is this: he lived to so advanced an age, that most of his contemporaries departed before him; and of his numerous offspring but one daughter survives *, who being the child of his old age, remembers nothing of her father previous to his retirement from the world, and knows little more of him than that he bore the infirmities and

NOTE.

* This lady died in the course of the last year.

misfortunes

misfortunes of his declining years with the heroism of true christianity, and that he was possessed of virtues and feelings which shone forth to the last moments of his life, unimpaired by the distractions of pain, and unshaken amid the ruins of genius.

From an old contemporary and relation, we learn the following circumstances of him:

That he was born in the year 1706: his father, the Rev. William Brooke of Rantavan, rector of the parishes of Killinkare, Mullough, Mybullough, and Licowie—a man of great talents and amiable worth, and one of those who were chosen members of the convocation proposed to be held in the year : his mother was a Digby. He was educated at Dr. Sheridan's school, sent early to Dublin College, and from thence removed to the Temple in his seventeenth year. There the engaging sweetness of his temper and peculiar vivacity of his genius, caught the notice and esteem of almost all then in London, who were themselves remarkable for talents and for learning: Swift prophesied wonders of him—Pope affectionately loved him. Thus flattered and encouraged he returned to Ireland to settle his affairs and be called to the bar.

The illness of an aunt whom he tenderly loved, cut short the paternal caresses and welcome, and hastened him to Westmeath to receive her last adieus. This lady, who had always been passionately fond of her amiable nephew, evinced in her dying moments the most implicit and firm reliance on his honour and worth: she committed to his guardianship her daughter, a fine lively and beautiful girl, of between eleven and twelve, but slightly portioned, and therefore in still the greater need of a protector, and then died in peace.

He escorted his mourning ward to Dublin, where his father and mother then were, and placed her at a boarding-school. Here she improved in beauty and accomplishments: the visits of her guardian were frequent, and love stole on their young hearts unperceived, indeed, by themselves, but plainly apparent to schoolfellows of Miss Means, whose observations and raillery, quickened, perhaps, by jealousy, frequently drew tears of embarrassment and vexation from her eyes. She complained of this to her cousin—but he was too much enamoured to discontinue his attentions—and she loved him too much, to sacrifice his company to prudential considerations: the consequence was, they married each other secretly; and upon discovery, were again married in presence of his father and mother; and Mrs. Brooke had her first child before she was fourteen.

Here was an end for a while to business—to ambition—to every thing but love: the enthusiasm of youthful fondness wrapt every other object from their view; and it was not till after the birth of their third child, that Mr. Brooke could be prevailed on, by the pressing solicitations of his friends, to think of getting forward in a line of life that might enable him to make a handsome provision for a family so prematurely brought on.

He went a second time to London; but poetry was as fatal there, as love had been in Ireland. The study of the law appeared dryer than ever: he renewed his intimacy with the belles letters and their professors; and he wrote his poem of Universal Beauty under the eye and criticism of Mr. Pope, who prophesied the expansion of his genius and fame, from a beginning so very wonderful in so very young a man.

Soon, however, he was obliged to return—family affairs demanded his presence. The number of his children now increasing fast, made increase of fortune to be wished for. He therefore practised as chamber counsel, while circumstances obliged him to remain in Ireland.

In 1737 he went a third time to London, where his company was sought with avidity by the very first persons and characters of the age. The amiable Lord Lyttleton soon distinguished and cherished a mind and genius so similar to his own—Pope received him with open arms—Mr. Pitt (the late Lord Chatham) was particularly fond of him, and introduced him to the Prince of Wales, who caressed him

with

with uncommon familiarity, and presented him with many elegant and valuable tokens of his friendſhip.—Here, fluſhed with ambition, glowing with emulation, and elevated with praiſe, his genius ſoared to its zenith, and ſnatched all its fire from the altar of Apollo, to animate the foremoſt production of human powers—his tragedy of Guſtavus Vaſa.

Though in this play a candid enemy could have diſcovered nothing exceptionable, yet government took offence at the ſpirit of liberty which it breathed. They cloſed the theatres againſt it, but could not prevent its publication: the preſs was ſtill open; and his friends, enraged at the treatment he received, took the management of his tragedy into their own hands, and ſubſcriptions poured in upon it in ſuch a golden tide as exceeded his moſt ſanguine ideas and hopes. The oppoſition of government, the exertions of his friends, and the publication of his play, noiſed abroad his reputation a thouſand fold, and confirmed his confidence of ſucceſs: he took a houſe at Twickenham, near to Mr. Pope's for the advantage of his intimacy and friendſhip, furniſhed it genteelly, hired ſervants, and ſent for Mrs. Brooke, who followed him to London, and was propoſed by the prince to be nurſe to his preſent majeſty, of whom the princeſs was then pregnant.

Thus every wiſh was gratified, and every proſpect ſmiled, in love and in friendſhip, in fortune and in fame—all was flattering, and all was gay. But this bright ſky was ſoon and ſuddenly overcaſt: he was ſeized with a violent and unconquerable ague—the phyſician gave him over, and he was ordered, as a laſt but forlorn hope, to return to his native air. He did ſo, and recovered, propoſing immediately to go back to London, and reſume the ſociety and advantages he had left behind: but unfortunately this deſign was never put in execution; nor could his friends ever draw from him the true reaſon of a conduct ſo very unaccountable. To ſome particular intimates, however, he acknowledged his motive; it was this:

Party, while he was in London, ran extremely high. The heart of his beloved patron, the prince of Wales went with the people, of whom he was the darling, and deteſted the venal meaſures of the miniſtry. Mr. Brooke was thought to have an eye to this, in his play of Guſtavus Vaſa; and that was the chief cauſe of its being perſecuted by government. But his loyal ſoul conſcious of its own integrity, was irritated at the undeſerved treatment he had received and openly avowed his reſentment. Soon after, the king broke publicly with his ſon, and the prince withdrew himſelf from court, and openly profeſſed himſelf averſe to the miniſtry which he looked upon to be enemies both to country and to king. The breach grew every day wider; and it was feared by many that a civil war might enſue.

Mr. Brooke, who was paſſionately attached to his prince had his ears filled with exaggerated ſtories of the injurious treatment he met with, and was ſuppoſed too tamely to endure. He was enraged: he openly eſpouſed his patron's quarrel, and determined to exert all his powers to thunder forth his virtue and his wrongs to the world.

Mrs. Brooke, aware of the imprudent zeal of her huſband, and trembling for his ſafety, was terrified at his reſolution, and dreaded nothing ſo much as the thought of his returning to London: the very mention of it threw her into tears, and all the agonies of deſpair. In ſhort ſhe at laſt conquered, and prevailed with him to lay aſide the liſted pen—to diſpoſe of his houſe in Twickenham—diſmiſs his ſervants—and determine to remain in his native country, ſafe from the rage of party, and all the dangers of ambition. In vain did his friends on both ſides of the water remonſtrate to him on the madneſs of relinquiſhing all the bright proſpects that ſmiled ſo fair and ſo flattering before him. They could ſay no more to him than he was conſcious of himſelf: yet, in ſpite of all that friends, intereſt or glory could urge, he ſtill remained in Ireland——

"Againſt

" Againſt his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
" But fondly overcome of female charm."

During this period of his life, he kept up a conſtant literary correſpondence with moſt of the geniuſes of the age; but unfortunately all theſe letters were conſumed, with many other valuable papers and effects, by an accidental fire. Two of them from Mr. Pope are particularly to be lamented, wherein his character appeared in a light peculiarly amiable. In one of them he profeſſed himſelf in heart a Proteſtant, but apologized for not publicly conforming, by alledging, that it would render the eve of his mother's life unhappy. In another very long one, he endeavoured to perſuade Mr. Brooke to take orders, as being a profeſſion better ſuited to his principles, his diſpoſition, and his genius, than that of the law, and alſo leſs injurious to his health,

Why he declined this advice of his friend is not now known; nor can we collect any material incident to fill up a long interregnum which here muſt be left in his life. While barrack-maſter under Lord Cheſterfield—while writer of the Farmers Letters, &c. he paſſed, no doubt, through many buſy and intereſting ſcenes; but we know little that can be related with certainty concerning him.

Wearied, at length, with fruitleſs efforts to arouſe the ſlumbering genius of his country—diſguſted with her ingratitude—and ſick of her venality, he withdrew to his paternal ſeat, and there in the ſociety of the muſes, and the peaceful boſom of domeſtic love, conſoled himſelf for loſt advantages and diſappointed hopes. An only brother whom he tenderly loved, accompanied his retirement with a family almoſt as numerous as his own; and there, for many years, they lived together with uninterrupted harmony and affection: the nephew was as dear as the ſon—the uncle as revered as the father—and the ſiſter-in-law *almoſt* as beloved as the wife.

Here he devoted himſelf wholly to the muſes. He wrote ſeveral of his fineſt tragedies, and formed golden hopes of their ſucceſs upon the Engliſh ſtage, from his intereſt with Mr. Garrick, who profeſſed for him (while he lived in London) the higheſt eſteem: but here he was greatly deceived, for Garrick was no longer, as formerly, his friend.

In 1774 he had preſſed him earneſtly to write for the ſtage, and offered to enter into articles with him for a ſhilling a line for all he ſhould write during life, provided that he wrote for him alone. This Garrick looked upon as an extraordinary compliment to Mr. Brooke's abilities; but he could not, however, bring him over to his opinion, nor prevail with him to accept of his offer; on the contrary, he rejected it with ſome degree of haughtineſs—for which Garrick never forgave him. He was then in the full and flattering career to fortune and to fame, and would have thought it a diſgrace to hire out his talents, and tie himſelf down to neceſſity.

The Iriſh ſtage was ſtill open; he tried it, and was tolerably ſucceſsful, but not equal to his hopes and his occaſions. Ever too ſanguine in expectations and projects—generous to profuſion—and thoughtleſs of the morrow, his hand was as open as his heart was feeling: no friend paſſed by him uncheriſhed—no diſtreſs unrelieved. In ſhort, he was compelled to mortgage, and at laſt to ſell, the

———" fields
" Of known endeared idea."

He left the country and rented a houſe and domain in Kildare, where he reſided for a few years.

But his heart ſtill hovered round the ſcenes of his happieſt hours: he left Kildare, and took and improved a farm in the vicinity of his once-loved habitation. This, however, he intended for a ſummer reſidence only, but was afterwards obliged to ſettle entirely there, on account of Mrs. Brooke's declining health, which did not permit her to return to Dublin. Shortly after, ſhe died, and with her all his happineſs, and the better part of his exiſtence

fled; for his intellects never after recovered the ſhock of this ſeparation, after a union of near fifty years, enjoyed with a harmony of affection which misfortune ſtrove in vain to embitter —which no length of time could ſatiate —nor any thing interrupt but death.

Previous to this laſt calamity the loſs of a favourite child (the ſeventeenth deceaſed) gave a ſevere blow to his conſtitution) already weakened by long ſtudy, and beginning to bend beneath the preſſure of years. The agitation of his mind brought on, with extreme violence, a megrim, to which he had at times been a little ſubject from his youth; and the death of his wife completing what that had begun, reduced him, for a length of time, to a ſtate of almoſt total imbecility. The care of the phyſicians, indeed, in ſome meaſure reſtored him, but ſtill the powers of his mind were decayed, and his genius flaſhed but by fits.

This, indeed, is too evidently perceivable in thoſe of his works which were written after the wheels of his mental chariot began to drive heavily. In the latter volumes of "The Fool of Quality," and his ſubſequent novel of "Juliet Grenville," we trace, with a mixture of regret and awe, the magnificent ruins of genius.

Both theſe books were written with a view to moral and religious improvement. A mere novel could never have been planned by a heart and head like his; but he knew that ſyſtem is coldly received, and a ſet of rules for thought or conduct, would be little reliſhed or read: he therefore choſe his ſtory purely as a conduit for inſtruction; and moſt ſucceſsfully he choſe it; at once he charms, elevates, and melts the ſoul! If I may uſe the expreſſion, he ſteals us into goodneſs, and cheats us into improvement; and while we think he only means to amuſe the imagination, he informs the underſtanding, corrects the judgment, and mends the heart. The faſcinating powers of his genius lay the irritation of the mental nerve aſleep, while, with a kind and ſkilful hand, he probes the mental wound; or, as he makes his Taſſo thus elegantly ſpeak in Engliſh—

"His bitter ſo the friendly leech conceals, [heals;
And with the fraud of latent med'cine
To the ſick taſte he promiſes delight,
And obvious ſweets the infant lip invite:
Health, ambuſh'd in the potion, is imbib'd, [brib'd."
For man muſt even to happineſs be

Mr. Brooke ſeems never for a moment to loſe ſight of this great end. It was, indeed, his character, and, of courſe, is diffuſed in his works, which breathe throughout the vital ſpirit of piety and benevolence, and contain not a ſingle line which virtue and religion need bluſh to own.

*(To be continued.)*

## *LAW INTELLIGENCE.*

### *Court of Exchequer.*

*Siting at Niſi Prius, Auguſt* 1, 1794.

### *Calvert v. Cuſtis.*

THIS was an action brought by the plaintiff, for the recovery of the ſum of 20l. 9s. 6d. ſterling, paid by his order to the defendant by the hand of the Rev. Ralph Fitzpatrick, a Roman Catholic clergyman.

It appeared that the plaintiff is a ſaddler and bridle cutter, and had been for ſeveral years foreman in the ſhop of the defendant, who is of the ſame profeſſion; and that being in the month of June laſt taken violently ill of a fever, and on Friday the 13th of that month, as he thought, in danger of death, did ſend a perſon of the name of O'Brien to bring him a Roman Catholic Prieſt, notwithſtanding that he had been educated in the Proteſtant perſuaſion, and was, as appeared in evidence, always rather bigotedly attached to his particular mode of faith. O'Brien having brought to him the clergyman above-mentioned, the plaintiff was confeſſed in the uſual manner of that church, which he had declared his intention of becoming a member of; and having called his wife, did, in her preſence, order his confeſſor to pay him

former

former employer, Mr. Cuſtis, the ſum of money laid in the action, alleging that he was indebted to him to the amount of 20l.—The plaintiff having directed his wife to the drawer in which ſhe would get the money, ſhe produced ſixteen guineas; upon which he ordered her to get two guineas more, and that although they would make a groſs ſum of 20l. 9s. 6d. that they ſhould be paid to the defendant. This ſum was given accordingly by the clergyman to the defendant, and a receipt taken for the amount, without any diſcloſure of circumſtances to the defendant than ſimply, that a perſon who owed him ſo much ordered it to be paid.

On the Tueſday following, however, the plaintiff being in a fair way of recovery, again ſent for the prieſt and demanded his money, ſaying he was mad when he ordered the payment. With this requeſt the defendant having refuſed to comply, the plaintiff avowed himſelf, and inſtituted a ſuit to compel him.

From the evidence of the clergyman who attended the plaintiff in his illneſs, it did not appear that he had diſplayed any mark of inſanity at the time he made confeſſion and ordered the payment, as if he had, the witneſs would have declined to perform ſuch a ſolemn part of his clerical duty; and as a corroboration of his opinion, alledged the accuracy with which the plaintiff calculated the ſum of money, and directed the delivery of it by his wife.

On the other ſide, it was proved by a friend of the plaintiff, a Mr. William Thomas, a methodiſt preacher, who viſited him on the Sunday morning following, that he was then in a high delirium, ſpoke incoherently, and was forcing the witneſs to take his money and papers, and become his executor; and that on the Tueſday following he deſired to be attended by the rev. Mr. Walker of Trinity-college, and demanded his money.

The lord chief baron in his charge to the jury, remarked, that the plaintiff muſt be inſane when he ordered the money to be paid, as he conſidered it a ſtrong mark of imbecility or inſanity for a man who had been educated a proteſtant, to deſire to change to another religion; and further obſerved that the man appeared to have recovered his reaſon and religion together, and that the ſpecies of madneſs he was afflicted with, appeared to be a ſpending or beſtowing madneſs. Upon theſe grounds he thought they ſhould find a verdict for the plaintiff.

Verdict for the plaintiff 20l. 9s. 6d. and 6d. coſts.

*Ryan, verſus Henry Eggleſoe and Peter Eggleſoe.*

THIS was an action of treſpaſs, vi et armis, brought by the plaintiff againſt the defendants, for the recovery of the ſum of 500l. ſterling, as damages for an aſſault and the fracture of a leg.

It appeared, that on the 22d of September 1793, the plaintiff and the defendants, who are father and ſon, had dined and ſpent the day together at the houſe of a Mr. Boyle, of Booterſtown, near the Black Rock, in company with the family of Mr. Boyle, the wife and daughter of Mr. Peter Eggleſoe the father, a Mrs. Lamprey, now Mrs. Dowell, and a Rev. Mr. Byrne; that on their return to town, the plaintiff ſat in a coach with Henry Eggleſoe, one of the defendants, the mother and ſiſter of ſaid Henry, and Mrs. Dowell aforeſaid; that Peter Eggleſoe and the other defendant, and the Rev. Mr. Byrne, came together in a four-wheel chaiſe behind the former; and, that on the arrival of the parties at College green about the hour of eleven or twelve at night, Henry Eggleſoe, upon complaint made to him by his mother that the plaintiff Ryan had uſed ſome indecent familiarities, and had put his legs under her petticoats, pulled the plaintiff out of the carriage, ſtruck and kicked him ſeveral times, and did actually break his leg with a blow of a ſtick.

For this aſſault the plaintiff had formerly criminally indicted the defendants, and alſo the rev. Mr. Byrne, whom, with the father, he charged as aiding and abetting the aſſault of Hen-

ry Eggleſoe the ſon The ſon, however, alone was found guilty, and the other traverſers were acquitted.

The aſſault by Henry Eggleſoe was fully proved from the evidence of a Mr. William Freeman, an attorney, and a Mr. Sullivan, who were preſent; and ſurgeon Forde proved the fracture of the leg, and that he attended the plaintiff for near three months, during which time his ſtate was very dangerous; that the plaintiff is ſtill incapable of walking without crutches, and diſqualified from attending to an employment which he held previous to the accident, by which he derived an emolument of 30l. per annum.

On the part of the defendants, the Rev. Mr. Byrne, Miſs Eggleſoe, the daughter of the defendant Peter, and Mrs. Dowell, proved, that the plaintiff had, in their company, at the houſe of Mr. Boyle, ſung ſome indecent ſongs, and had there, and on the paſſage home, behaved otherwiſe indecorouſly and troubleſomely, until the complaint made by Mrs. Eggleſoe to her ſon.

Mr. baron George, who preſided, charged the jury, that although the law countenanced a ſon in defending his parent from inſult or attack, that in the preſent caſe that right was exceeded, as the offence offered, even if true, could not juſtify ſo violent an aſſault. If, therefore, they believed that the defendants, or either of them, had given the plaintiff the abuſe alledged, they ſhould find damages for the plaintiff.

Verdict for the plaintiff, 100l. damages, and 6d. coſts.

### *Inſtance of Inflexible Virtue.*

IN the year 1526, James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, merchant, being elected mayor of Galway, in Ireland, ſent his only ſon commander of one of his ſhips to Bilboa in Spain, for a cargo of wine. Former dealings at this place were the means of recommending the father's credit, which young Lynch took advantage of, to ſecret the money for his own uſe, which his father entruſted him with for the purchaſe of the cargo. The Spaniard, who ſupplied him on this occaſion, ſent his nephew with him to Ireland, to receive the debt, and eſtabliſh a further correſpondence. The young men, who were much of an age, ſailed together with that ſeeming ſatisfaction which congenial ſituations generally create among mankind. Open and generous, the Spaniard anticipated the pleaſures which he ſhould enjoy with ſuch a friend, in a place then remarkable for qualities which we are now no longer to look for but in the narrative of other times. The ſhip proceeded on her voyage, and as every day muſt bring them nearer the place of deſtination, and diſcover the fraud intended by Lynch, he conceived the diabolical reſolution of throwing his friend overboard. After ſounding the ſentiments of the hands on board, he brought the major part of them over to his purpoſe, by promiſe of reward, and the reſt by fear. On the night of the fifth day, the unfortunate Spaniard was violently ſeized in his bed, and thrown overboard. A few days more brought them to port; his father and friends received him with joy, and in a ſhort time beſtowed a ſufficient capital to ſet him up in buſineſs. Security had lulled every ſenſe of danger; and he propoſed for a beautiful girl, the daughter of a neighbour, in marriage. His terms were accepted, and the day appointed which was to crown his yet ſucceſsful villany, when one of the ſailors who had been with him on the voyage to Spain, was taken ill, and finding himſelf at the point of death, ſent for the father, and communicated a full relation of the horrid deed his ſon had committed on the high ſeas. The father, though ſtruck ſpeechleſs with aſtoniſhment and grief, at length ſhook off all the feelings which incline the parent to natural partiality. "Juſtice ſhall take its courſe," ſaid the indignant magiſtrate; and he, within a few minutes, had his ſon ſeized, with the reſt of the crew, and threw them into priſon. They all confeſſed the crime; a criminal proceſs was made out againſt them, and in a few days, a ſmall town in the weſt of Ireland beheld a ſight paralleled by very few inſtances in the hiſtory of mankind; a father ſitting in judg-

ment,

ment, like another Lucius Junius Brutus, on his ſon! and, like him too, condemning him to die as a ſacrifice to public juſtice! If the Almighty looks down with pleaſure on the virtues of mankind, here was an action worthy of approbation, a father conſigning his ſon to an ignominious death, and tearing away all the bonds of paternal affection, where the laws of nature were violated and juſtice demanded the blow! "Were any other but your wretched father your judge (ſaid the inflexible magiſtrate) I might have dropped a tear over my child's misfortunes, and ſolicited for his life, though ſtained with murder; but you muſt die!—Theſe are the laſt drops which ſhall quench the ſparks of nature; and if you dare hope, implore that Heaven may not ſhut the gates of mercy on the deſtroyer of his fellow creature."

He was led back to priſon, and a ſhort time appointed for his execution. Amazement ſat on the face of every one within this little community, which at moſt did not conſiſt of more than three thouſand people. The relations of the unhappy culprit ſurrounded the father; they conjured him by all the ſolicitude of nature and compaſſion, to ſpare his ſon. His wretched mother, whoſe name was Blake, flew in diſtraction to the heads of her own family, and at length prevailed on them, for the honour of their houſe, to reſcue her from the ignominy his death muſt bring on their name. They armed, to deliver him from priſon; when his father, being informed of their intention, had him conveyed to his own houſe, which he ſurrounded with the officers of juſtice.—He made the executioner faſten the rope to his neck: "You have little time to live, my ſon, ſaid he; let the care of your ſoul employ the few moments; take the laſt embrace of your unhappy father!"

He ordered the rope to be well ſecured to a window, and compelled the conſtables to throw the body out; a few minutes put an end to his exiſtence. Under the window, in Lombard-ſtreet, to this day, a ſkull and bones, carved in black marble, is to be ſeen, which the father put as a *memento mori*. Succeeding times looked upon an act with aſtoniſhment, which the production of the arts in this country ſhould perpetuate with ſtatues.

### *The Death of Socrates.*

WHAT orders, (ſays Crito,) do you leave to theſe who are preſent, or to myſelf, or reſpecting your children, or any thing elſe in the execution of which we can particularly oblige you? None ſuch as are new (ſays he,) Crito, but that which I have always ſaid to you; that if you take care of yourſelves, you will always perform in whatever you do that which is acceptable to myſelf, to my family, and to your own ſelves, though you ſhould not promiſe me any thing at preſent. But if you neglect yourſelves, and are unwilling to live according to what has been now and formerly ſaid, as veſtiges of direction in your courſe, you will accompliſh nothing, though you ſhould now promiſe many things, and in a very vehement manner. We ſhall take care therefore (ſays Crito,) to act as you deſire. But how would you be buried? Juſt as you pleaſe (ſays he,) if you can but catch me, and I don't elude your purſuit. And at the ſame time gently laughing, and addreſſing himſelf to us, I cannot perſuade Crito (ſays he,) my friends, that I am that Socrates who now diſputes with you, and methodiſes every part of the diſcourſe; but he thinks that I am he whom he will ſhortly behold dead, and aſks how I ought to be buried. But all that long diſcourſe which ſome time ſince I addreſſed to you, in which I aſſerted that after I had drank the poiſon, I ſhould no longer remain with you, but ſhould depart to certain felicities of the bleſſed, this I ſeem to have declared to him in vain, though it was undertaken to conſole both you and myſelf. Promiſe, therefore, (ſays he,) for me to Crito, juſt the contrary of what he promiſed to my judges. For he promiſed that I ſhould not run away; but do you engage that when I die I ſhall not ſtay with you, but ſhall depart and entirely leave you; that Crito may more eaſily bear this ſepa-

ration,

ration, and may not be afflicted when he ſees my body either burnt or buried, as if I ſuffered ſome dreadful misfortune; and that he may not ſay at my interment, that Socrates is laid out, or is carried out, or is buried. For be well aſſured of this (ſays he,) excellent Crito, that when we do not ſpeak in a becoming manner, we are not only culpable with reſpect to our ſpeech, but likewiſe affect our ſouls with a certain evil. But it is proper to be confident, and to ſay that my body will be buried, and in ſuch a manner as is pleaſing to you, and which you think is moſt agreeable to our laws.

When he had thus ſpoken, he roſe, and went into a certain room, that he might waſh himſelf, and Crito followed him: but he ordered us to wait for him. We waited therefore accordingly, diſcourſing over and reviewing among ourſelves what had been ſaid; and ſometimes ſpeaking about his death, how great a calamity it would be to us; and ſincerely thinking that we, like thoſe who are deprived of their father, ſhould paſs the reſt of our life in the condition of orphans. But when he had waſhed himſelf, his ſons were brought to him (for he had two little ones, and one conſiderably advanced in age,) and the women belonging to his family likewiſe came in to him: but when he had ſpoken to them before Crito, and had left them ſuch injunctions as he thought proper, he ordered the boys and women to depart; and he himſelf returned to us. And it was now near the ſetting of the ſun: for he had been abſent for a long time in the bathing-room. But when he came in from waſhing, he ſat down; and did not ſpeak much afterwards. For then the ſervant of the eleven magiſtrates came in, and ſtanding near him, I do not perceive that in you, Socrates, ſays he, which I have taken notice of in others; I mean that they are angry with me, and curſe me, when, being compelled by the magiſtrates, I announce to them that they muſt drink the poiſon. But, on the contrary, I have found you at the preſent time to be the moſt generous, mild, and beſt of all the men who ever came into this place: and therefore I am now convinced that you are not angry with me, but with the authors of your preſent condition. You know thoſe whom I allude to. Now therefore (for you know what I came to tell you) farewell and endeavour to bear this neceſſity as eaſy as poſſible. And at the ſame time burſting into tears, and turning himſelf away, he departed. But Socrates looking after him, and thou too (ſays he,) farewell; and we ſhall take care to act as you adviſe. And at the ſame time turning to us, how courteous (ſays he) is the behaviour of that man! During the whole time of my abode here, he has viſited and often converſed with me, and proved himſelf to be the beſt of men; and now how generouſly he weeps on my account! But let us obey him, Crito, and let ſome one bring the poiſon, if it is bruiſed; but if not, let the man whoſe buſineſs it is bruiſe it himſelf. But Socrates (ſays Crito,) I think that the ſun hangs ſtill over the mountains, and is not yet ſet. And at the ſame time I have known others who have drank the poiſon very late, after it was announced to them who have ſupped and drank abundantly; and who have enjoyed the objects of their love. Therefore do'nt be in ſuch haſte; for there is yet time enough. But upon this Socrates replied, ſuch men, Crito, act with great propriety in the manner you have deſcribed (for they think to derive ſome advantage by ſo doing,) and I alſo with great propriety ſhall not act in this manner. For I do not think I ſhall gain any thing by drinking it later, except becoming ridiculous to myſelf through deſiring to live, and being ſparing of life when nothing of it any longer remains. Go then (ſays he,) be perſuaded, and comply with my requeſt.

Then Crito hearing this gave the ſign to the boy that ſtood near him. And the boy departing, and having ſtaid for ſome time, came, bringing with him the perſon that was to adminiſter the poiſon, and who brought it properly prepared in a cup. But Socrates beholding the man—It's well, my friend (ſays he;) but what is proper to do with it? for you are knowing in

theſe affairs. You have nothing elſe to do (ſays he,) but when you have drank it to walk about, till a heavineſs takes place in your legs; and afterwards lie down: this is the manner in which you ſhould act. And at the ſame time he extended the cup to Socrates. But Socrates received it from him—and indeed, Echecrates, with great cheerfulneſs; neither trembling nor ſuffering any alteration for the worſe in his colour or countenance, but as he was accuſtomed to do, beholding the man with a bull-like aſpect, what ſay you (ſays he) reſpecting this potion? Is it lawful to make a libation of it or not? We only bruiſe (ſays he,) Socrates, as much as we think ſufficient for the purpoſe. I underſtand you (ſays he:) but it is certainly both lawful and proper to pray to the gods, that my departure from hence thither may be attended with proſperous fortune; which I entreat them to grant may be the caſe. And at the ſame time ending his diſcourſe, he drank the poiſon with exceeding facility and alacrity. And thus far, indeed, the greater part of us were tolerably well able to refrain from weeping: but when we ſaw him drinking, and that he had drank it, we could no longer reſtrain our tears. But from me, indeed, notwithſtanding the violence which I employed in checking them, they flowed abundantly; ſo that, covering myſelf with my mantle, I deplored my misfortune. I did not indeed weep for him, but for my own fortune; conſidering what an aſſociate I ſhould be deprived of. But Crito, who was not able to reſtrain his tears, was compelled to riſe before me. And Appollodorus, who during the whole time prior to this had not ceaſed from weeping, then wept aloud and with great bitterneſs; ſo that he infected all who were preſent, except Socrates. But Socrates, upon ſeeing this, exclaimed—What are you doing, excellent men? For indeed I principally ſent away the women, leſt they ſhould produce a diſturbance of this kind. For I have heard that it is proper to die attended with propitious omens. Be quiet, therefore, and ſummon fortitude to your aſſiſtance. But when we heard this we bluſhed, and reſtrained our tears. But he, when he found during his walking that his legs felt heavy, and had told us ſo, laid himſelf down in a ſupine poſition. For the man had ordered him to do ſo. And at the ſame he who gave him the poiſon touching him at intervals, conſidered his feet and legs. And after he had vehemently preſſed his foot, he aſked him if he felt it. But Socrates anſwered he did not. And after this he again preſſed his thighs: and thus aſcending with his hand, he ſhewed us that he was cold and ſtiff. And Socrates alſo touched himſelf, and ſaid that when the poiſon reached his heart he ſhould then leave us. But now his lower belly was almoſt cold; when uncovering himſelf (for he was covered) he ſaid (which were his laſt words,) Crito, we owe a cock to Æſculapius. Diſcharge this debt therefore for me, and don't neglect it. It ſhall be done (ſays Crito:) but conſider whether you have any other commands. To this enquiry of Crito he made no reply; but ſhortly after moved himſelf, and the man covered him. And Socrates fixed his eyes. Which when Crito perceived, he cloſed his mouth and eyes. This, Echecrates, was the end of our aſſociate; a man, as it appears to me, the beſt of thoſe whom we were acquainted with at that time, and beſides this the moſt prudent and juſt.

## *Anecdotes of Guſtavus Adolphus, King of Sweden.*

THIS great general was certainly one of the heroes of the laſt century—a century abounding in heroes; his courage, his general force of mind, his integrity, and his piety, well entitling him to that dignified appellation. In one of his letters to Louis XII. of France, who had written to him to expreſs his ſorrow at being told that he was dejected on account of Wallenſtein's ſucceſſes in the field againſt him, he ſays, "I am not ſo ill at my eaſe as my enemies wiſh to give out. I have troops enough to oppoſe to them, and troops which will never loſe their courage but with their life. We ſkirmiſh together every day, and I think that Wallenſtein begins

gins now to experience what troops well diſciplined and courageous can do, eſpecially when they fight for ſo noble a cauſe as that of general liberty, and defend kings and nations who are groaning under the yoke of tyranny and perſecution." When the town of Landſhut in Bavaria ſurrendered to him at diſcretion, the principal inhabitants of it fell down upon their knees before him when they preſented him with the keys of their town. "Riſe, riſe," ſaid he; it is your duty to fall upon your knees to God, and not to ſo frail and ſo feeble a mortal as I am." Guſtavus, differently from our modern generals, never engaged in any battle without firſt praying at the head of the troops he was about to lead towards the enemy, ſometimes with, and ſometimes without book. This done, he uſed to thunder out in a ſtrong and energetic manner ſome German hymn or pſalm, in which he was followed by his whole army (The effect of the voices of thirty or forty thouſand perſons ſinging in uniſon was wonderful and terrible, appalling the enemy, yet encouraging and animating themſelves). Immediately before the battle of Lutzen, ſo fatal to himſelf, but ſo honourable to his army, he thundered out the tranſlation of the forty-ſixth pſalm, made by Luther when he was a priſoner in the fortreſs of Cobourg, that begins "God is our ſtrong caſtle." The trumpets and drums immediately ſtruck up, and were accompanied by the miniſters and all the ſoldiers in the army. To this ſucceeded a hymn made by Guſtavus himſelf, which begun, "my dear little army fear nothing, though thy numerous enemies have ſworn thy ruin." The word given by the king for that day was, "God be with us." The miniſters of Louis the XIIth, king of France, were deſirous to inſert in a treaty between their ſovereign and Guſtavus, that the king of France had the king of Sweden under his protection. Guſtavus ſpiritedly replied, "I have no occaſion for any protection but that of God, and I deſire no other.——After God I acknowledge no ſuperior, and I wiſh to owe the ſucceſs of my arms to my ſword and my good conduct alone." In a conference he had with the miniſter from our court, ſir Henry V[illegible] whom he ſuppoſed to have been bri[illegible] by the court of Spain, as ſir Harry [illegible] preſſing him in a manner which he d[illegible] not like, he ſaid to him in Latin, "[illegible] I do not underſtand you, you talk Spaniſh." Guſtavus always preferred foreign ſoldiers, who ſerved voluntarily for pay, to thoſe which were inliſted by the authority of government in his own country. "A hound," ſaid he, "that is dragged by force to the field never hunts well." In one of his journies he was accoſted by a ſtudent in Latin, who deſired him to permit him to ſerve in his cavalry. "Be it ſo, ſir," replied the king; "an indifferent ſcholar may make a very good ſoldier. But why, ſir," replied the king, "do you wiſh to diſcontinue your ſtudies?" "why ſire," ſaid the ſtudent, "I prefer arms to books." "Alas, young man," replied the king, who ſpoke Latin very fluently, and who was a good Latin ſcholar, "I ſee what it is——it is as Horace ſays,

Optat ephippia bos piger: optat arare caballus.
The ſlow dull ox gay trappings wants;
To plough the fiery courſer pants.

## HUGUES DE SALET.

Tranſlated Homer into French verſe, at the command of his ſovereign Francis the firſt, king of France. Mr. Pope, in the opinion of a celebrated modern critic, made great uſe of this tranſlation and even adopted ſome of the miſtakes of the tranſlator. M. de Salet was valet de chambre to Francis the firſt, who gave him an abbey near Chartres, as a recompence for the pains he had taken to give his countrymen ſome idea of the prince of epic poets. Salet's tranſlation of Homer reaches no further than the twelve firſt books. The beſt edition of this work is that of Paris 1574, 8vo. It is not, however, the tranſlation of one poet by another poet—the verſification of it is very inharmonious, and the ſtyle low and embarraſſed.

The

*The Political History of Europe, for the Year* 1790.

## CHAP. V.

*(Continued from our last.)*

ON the 10th day of June, the king put an end to the ſeſſion by a ſpeech from the throne, in which he acquainted the two houſes that he had yet received no ſatisfactory anſwer from Madrid; and was therefore under the neceſſity of continuing to proceed with expedition and vigour in preparations for war, in the proſecution of which he had received the ſtrongeſt aſſurances from his allies, of their determination to fulfil the engagements of the exiſting treaties. He then informed them of his intention of immediately diſſolving the preſent, and calling a new parliament; thanked them for the proofs they had given of loyalty to his perſon, of attachment to the principles of the conſtitution, and of attention to the happineſs and proſperity of the people; and concluded by declaring, that as the loyalty and public ſpirit, the induſtry and enterprize of his ſubjects, had ſeconded their exertions, ſo he could rely on their ſenſe of the advantages which they at preſent experience, as well as on their uniform and affectionate attachment to his perſon and government, for a continuance of that harmony and confidence which muſt at all times afford the ſureſt means of meeting the exigencies of war, or of cultivating, with increaſing benefit, the bleſſings of peace.

On the day following, this parliament, which was the ſixteenth parliament of Great Britain, and had now ſat ſeven ſeſſions, was diſſolved by proclamation.

Previous to meeting of the parliament of Ireland, the marquis of Buckingham, after a reſidence of two years, was recalled from that kingdom, and the earl of Weſtmorland appointed the lord lieutenant in his ſtead; a meaſure which was probably adopted on account of the miſunderſtanding which had happened in the laſt ſeſſion between the houſe of commons and the former, upon the ſubject of the regency; and in order to prevent any obſtruction to the affairs of government, that might ariſe from a retroſpect to the tranſactions of that period.

The ſeſſion was opened on the twenty-firſt day of January by a ſpeech from the throne, which went upon the uſual topics; but upon the report of the addreſs an addition to it was moved, in the houſe of lords, by lord Portarlington, and by Mr. Grattan, in the commons, expreſſing "the apprehenſions which they entertained from the great increaſe of miniſterial influence and corruption, and requeſting his majeſty to apply a remedy to the growing evil, by aboliſhing unneceſſary and burthenſome places and eſtabliſhments." This amendment was rejected in both houſes, after long and warm debates, by large majorities; in the houſe of lords a ſtrong and ſpirited proteſt was entered into and ſigned by the eight diſſenting peers.

On the firſt of February, Mr. Grattan, after reprobating, in a long ſpeech, the corrupt ſyſtem of government which prevailed in that country, and pointing out the neceſſity for that houſe to interfere for the purpoſe of protecting the people from the burthens it occaſioned, made the following motion:

"That the reſolutions of this houſe againſt increaſing the number of the commiſſioners of the revenue, and dividing the boards, be laid before his majeſty, with an humble addreſs, that his majeſty will be graciouſly pleaſed to order to be laid before this houſe the particulars of the repreſentations, in conſequence of which two new commiſſioners of cuſtoms have been added, notwithſtanding the reſolutions of this houſe; and alſo that his majeſty will be graciouſly pleaſed to communicate to his faithful commons the names of the perſons concerned in recommending that meaſure."

Mr. Conolly ſeconded the motion, which, after much debate, was rejected on a diviſion by a majority of 135 to 80.

Soon after Mr. Forbes called the attention of the houſe to the increaſe of the penſion liſt, and moved an addreſs to his majeſty, to communicate to the houſe the names of thoſe miniſters who adviſed the ſame. This motion was alſo rejected by a majority of 136 to 92.

The members in oppoſition were not diſcouraged by theſe repeated defeats. On the 15th of February, Mr. G. Ponſonby moved to repreſent to his majeſty, "That his faithful commons, having taken into conſideration the growth of public expence in the laſt year, could not but obſerve many new and increaſed ſalaries annexed to offices granted to members of that houſe, no fewer in number than 14; that ſo rapid an increaſe of places, together with the number of additional penſions, could not but alarm the houſe; and though they never could entertain a doubt of his majeſty's affection and regard for his loyal kingdom of Ireland, yet they feared that his majeſty's ſervants may, by miſinformation, ſo far have abuſed his majeſty's confidence as to have adviſed ſuch meaſures for the purpoſe of increaſing influence." Mr. Grattan ſeconded the motion: and at one o'clock, after a long debate, the queſtion was put, and the houſe divided, when there appeared,

| | |
|---|---|
| Ayes | 87 |
| Noes | 146 |

About the ſame time the following reſolution was moved in the houſe of peers by the duke of Leinſter:

"Whereas the lord viſcount Strangford has been deprived of a penſion, which, at the requeſt of this houſe, his majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to grant him, until an adequate proviſion ſhould be made for him in his own line of profeſſion: and whereas no cauſe has been ſuggeſted or communicated to the noble lord for ſuch mark of his majeſty's diſpleaſure: the houſe, therefore, has every ground to believe, that the ſame had reference to his conduct in parliament in the laſt ſeſſions; and declare and reſolve, that the adviſer of the meaſure acted diſreſpectfully to this houſe,

houſe, unconſtitutionally, and undutifully to his majeſty."

The motion being put and negatived by a majority of 20, a ſtrong proteſt was afterwards entered in the journals *.

NOTE.

* The proteſt was as follows:

DISSENTIENT.

*Becauſe we conceive that the power of granting penſions was originally veſted in the crown, to enable the ſovereign, whom the conſtitution regards as the fountain of gratification and of mercy, to promote public virtue, by rewarding eminent ſervices and tranſcendent merit, and to relieve the diſtreſs into which men of antient and illuſtrious family may have fallen, without any fault of their own; and we are firmly perſuaded, that if penſions were to be thus only applied, inſtead of a diſgrace and grievance, they would become an honour and advantage to the country; and that the national expence, which would by this reſtriction be reduced to a comparative triſle, would be borne and provided for with the utmoſt alacrity; the wanton application and profuſe exorbitancy of ſuch gratuities, and not the power of granting them, having ever been the object of complaint and animadverſion—the penſion liſt, and not the penſion eſtabliſhment.*

*Becauſe we conceive, that from his rank and circumſtances no man had ever yet a ſtronger and more rightful claim to the royal bounty than the lord viſcount Strangford, in conſequence of which, and of the unanimous addreſs of this houſe, a penſion of 400l. per ann. was, by his majeſty's humane goodneſs and gracious condeſcenſion to the wiſhes of his faithful ſubjects the peers of this realm, granted to him; of which penſion, however, he has been lately deprived without any cauſe whatſoever having been aſſigned for ſuch deprivation.*

*Becauſe that when a penſion has been granted to a member of this houſe, in conſequence of an addreſs from the lords, we humbly conceive that to adviſe his majeſty to revoke the ſaid penſion, without previouſly acquainting their lordſhips with ſuch intention, and with reaſons of ſuch revocation, is highly diſreſpectful to parliament, and derogatory from the dignity of this houſe.*

*Becauſe we have every ground to believe that, in the preſent inſtance, the lord viſcount Strangford has been deprived of his penſion on account of his conduct in parliament, as well from the ſilence of miniſters reſpecting the cauſe of this public mark of his majeſty's diſpleaſure, as becauſe at the period of the ſaid deprivation, and of many others evidently on the ſame account, we have ſeen penſions and places, ſome of them created for the occaſion, and even the higheſt favours of the crown laviſhed with a more than uſual indecency of profuſion and corrupt extravagance, manifeſtly with the view of obtaining undue influence in parliament—miniſtry having thus evinced the tendency of their puniſhments by that of their rewards. Neither can we, on this occaſion, avoid lamenting the additional conviction, which every day brings along with it, of the juſtneſs of our apprehenſions, that the aforeſaid meaſures, together with many others, which have for ſome time paſt unceaſingly alarmed us, are to be conſidered only as parts of a general ſyſtem to undermine the liberties of this country by corruption,*

The parliament was ſoon afterwards prorogued, and on the eighth of April was diſſolved by proclamation.

## CHAP. VI.

*Proceedings of the national aſſembly after the new law had eſtabliſhed ſome order and ſecurity in Paris. Apply ſolely to the vaſt maſs of public buſineſs upon their hands. Political annihilation of the two firſt orders of the ſtate. New laws for regulating elections. Appellation of active citizens, to whom applied. Much trouble ſtill with the provinces, to bring them to a ſurrender of their peculiar rights and privileges. France at length divided into eighty-three departments, and the term Province expunged from the language. Creation and organization of municipalities. Letters* de cachet *aboliſhed. Gabelle, and others of the moſt obnexious taxes, aboliſhed. Aſſembly enter into the intricate buſineſs of finance; augment the pay of the army; and eſtabliſh a new bank. Grand ſcheme for ſeizing the eſtates of the clergy, and offering them as a preſent to the nation, to ſerve as a fund and ſecurity for the diſcharge of the public debts, and to anſwer other important purpoſes. Some difficulties and obſtructions, which appear in the way of carrying this ſcheme into execution, are far outbalanced by the vaſt advantages which it is capable of producing. Decree paſſed, which declares all the eccleſiaſtical eſtates to be at the diſpoſal of the nation. Stipends allotted for the maintenance of pariſh prieſts, &c. Diſcontents riſe to the higheſt pitch amongſt the clergy, many of the biſhops, and nearly all the chapters in the kingdom, proteſt againſt the decree. Combination of the canons, and endeavours uſed at Rome to draw the maledictions of the church upon the*

NOTE.

*and to overthrow, by ſapping them from within, thoſe bulwarks of our conſtitution, which are too ſtrong to be openly attacked with any probability of ſucceſs.*

*Becauſe we conceive, that to puniſh any member of parliament on account of his parliamentary conduct, by depriving him of that which he poſſeſſed from his majeſty's favour, is in the higheſt degree unconſtitutional, being a direct interference of the executive power with the peculiar province and privilege of parliament, and an open attack upon that freedom of the legiſlative body which is ſo eſſential to public liberty; and we are therefore decidedly and firmly of opinion, that the man who adviſed our moſt gracious ſovereign, whoſe truly royal mind is, we are confident, utterly incapable of any ſuch meaſure, unleſs groſſly abuſed and miſled, to revoke the penſion ſo rightfully and humanely granted to the lord viſcount Strangford, has acted not only diſreſpectfully to this houſe, but in manifeſt violation of the fundamental principles of the conſtitution.*

LEINSTER,
CORK & ORRERY,
MOIRA,
ARRAN
FARNHAM,
CHARLEMONT,
PORTARLINGTON,
RD. CLONFERT.

*the national assembly. Great prudence and address displayed by the assembly in its transactions with the court of Rome. Sovereign pontiff seems to be satisfied with their protestations. France swarms with publications of every sort, in prose and in verse, against the national assembly, its proceedings and designs. Several of the parliaments attempt to be troublesome, and protest against the decrees of the assembly; but having lost all influence with the people, are obliged to submit reluctantly to their fate. Parliament of Bourdeaux continues longer in a state of turbulence than any of the others, and endeavours to excite an insurrection in the south. Stories of plots and conspiracies necessary to keep the minds of the people in constant agitation. Various accusations against the king's ministers, and a greater number against the aristocrates in general. Animosities so violent between the remaining nobles in the assembly, and the democratical leaders, that frequent duels are the consequence. Nation, in general, said to be unanimous in supporting the assembly, and offers to raise three millions of soldiers in defence of the new constitution. Situation of the captive king and of the royal family in the palace, now state-prison, of the Thuilleries. Ill effect produced at home and abroad, and worse consequences likely to ensue, from the king's captivity, when his free sanction is necessary to give validity to their laws, causes great uneasiness in the national assembly. Scheme formed to obviate these difficulties, by inducing the king to appear to come voluntarily to the national assembly, to declare himself fully satisfied with all their proceedings, and that he considers himself as being at the head of the revolution. Liberal conduct of the assembly with respect to the civil list. King notwithstanding firmly rejects all the persuasions used to induce him to pay the desired visit. Great distresses of the country. 20,000 people fed by charity at Lyons. 6,000 estates advertized to be sold. Decretot's noble manufactories at Louviers nearly ruined. Riots at Versailles. Some observations on the extraordinary conduct of that people through the course of the king's troubles. Parisians become again tumultuous, and, without regard to the general famine, want to have the price of bread fixed at a lower rate than it could have been afforded in the most plentiful seasons. Their rage increased to the highest pitch upon the acquittal of Bezenval by the chatelet. Form a plot for forcing the prison, and murdering him, on their own principles of summary justice. All their schemes overthrown, and Paris reduced to order, through the activity and vigour of La Fayette, well supported by the Bourgeoise militia. Surrounds a body of 1,100 of the mutineers at night, and makes 200 of them prisoners. Chatelet proceed to the trials of Lambesc, Broglio, and others of the principal refugees, for the real or supposed plot of the preceding month of July. Are all acquitted through the failure of any evidence to support the charge. Various conspiracies apprehended or spoken of for the rescue of the king's person. The subject of the king's instant death, as the assigned penalty for any attempt to his rescue, a matter of public conversation in all companies and among all ranks, without the smallest expression of horror, at the idea of so deplorable a catastrophe. King's firmness at length gives way, and he submits to pay the proposed visit to the national assembly, and to make a speech nearly similar to that prescribed. Affairs of the clergy finally settled, their property seized, and assignats created.*

AS soon as the new law for restraining the judicial violences of the mob, had produced some degree of order and security in Paris, the national assembly applied itself closely and without interruption for several months to the adjustment of public business; of which they had still such an abundant quantity on their hands, that viewed as a whole, it seemed to present such an inextricable wilderness of jarring elements, fortuitously jumbled together, as no time or care could be sufficient to reduce to order: for what they had hitherto done was rather to be considered as an outline, containing hasty sketches of what was further intended, than as any completion of the separate parts of the design. But, independent of the old, which they had already in any degree gone through, they had an infinite quantity of new matter to consider, arrange, and decide upon.

Among the most remarkable of the measures immediately adopted, was the political annihilation, at one blow, of the two first orders in point of dignity, and the two most ancient and only original orders of the state; while things were now arrived at such a pass, that this degradation of the nobles and clergy, and this total change of the constitution, was effected without a single struggle, by a simple decree, which only announced, in so many words, "That there was no longer any distinction of orders in France." The assembly then entered upon the business of elections, which required an entirely new code of laws or regulations, to render it conformable to the present system. No reference to the ancient form of electing representatives for the different orders could of course be admitted or thought of. The regulations went in the first instance to the election of deputies in the primary assemblies, who were again (as we have already seen) to proceed to the election of those deputies who were to represent the nation in the assembly. Though the right of election in the primary assemblies was laid open to the citizens at large, yet some small qualification with respect to property was required to entitle them to vote; and this qualification, slender though it was, afforded no small satisfaction to the friends of property and a government by law, who fancied that both would from thence derive some degree of security. It was farther decreed, that the men thus entitled to vote in the primary assemblies, should have their names registered in books kept for the purpose, and should be characterized under the distinctive appellation of *active citizens*. The qualification of those who were chosen electors was required to

be somewhat higher than that of the former; but the paying any attention at all to property, however small that might be, was deemed, on one side, a considerable point gained. On the other hand, the most violent of the republican and levelling party were much out of humour and greatly dissatisfied at this decree: for they wanted to throw the elections into the hands of the whole people without distinction, and no other disqualifications to operate upon votes, than those arising from infancy, idiotism, or absolute infamy of character.

Notwithstanding all that had been said of the alacrity with which the provinces surrendered their peculiar rights and privileges, it now appeared that these accounts required to be received with all that caution and doubt, which was so generally necessary with respect to every thing that was given out or published at this period. The case undoubtedly was, that as the deputies of the privileged provinces were generally among the most forward in framing or adopting all the political novelties of the present time, so they made but little scruple of sacrificing the rights or privileges of their constituents to their own peculiar doctrines or designs; and that this conduct, not being at all relished by great numbers of people in the country, their dissatisfaction occasioned those difficulties which the assembly now experienced; and which were indeed so considerable, that it seemed as if that body had been only commencing the business. That the matter was deemed really serious, appears from the democratical writers, who inform us, that the dissatisfaction upon this subject in the provinces, afforded the only strong ground of hope which the aristocrates now possessed; "for, finding themselves unable to destroy the kingdom, they had, however, the consolation left, that by this means they might be able to distract her."

The division of power was too unequal to admit of any great contest; nor do we hear of any particular act, done by, or imputed to the aristocrates. The assembly, to render every thing novel, and to destroy all vestiges of whatever passed before their own reign, succeeded in expunging the term 'Province' from the French vocabulary. They divided the kingdom into eighty-three parts, which were distinguished by the appellation of Departments, and these were subdivided into other portions under the name of Districts and Cantons. Thus, by cutting off a few heads under the name of provinces, a new multiplied generation sprung up, like those of the hydra, which became in due time sufficiently troublesome in their management; and thus the geography of France being totally changed, and rendered as obsolete in an instant, as that of Gaul under Julius Cæsar; new maps became necessary, to trace out or distinguish places with which we were the most intimately acquainted. It must, however, be acknowledged, that whatever faults or inconveniencies other parts of this system were chargeable with, the reduction of the exclusive privileges of peculiar provinces, and the laying them on one common level of law and government with the rest of the kingdom, was certainly a measure of no small public utility. Upon this division, above two thousand deputies of the provinces, cities, and boroughs which were affected, hurried straightway to Paris from every quarter of the kingdom, in order to maintain and establish their respective pretensions; and so many difficulties still remained to be surmounted, that it cost three months of the most laborious and painful application, before the final arrangement and division were completed. "Then," says Rabaut, "the kingdom was consolidated, and the apprehension of a confederacy of republics was done away."

The assembly during this time went through another task, which they considered of great import: this was the organization of the municipalities, or interior governments, throughout the kingdom. Though these, in their composition and construction, bore a close resemblance to our parish vestries in England, yet, from the extraordinary powers with which they were endued, or at least which they assumed, and which produced the same effect as if they legally possessed them, together with the infinity of their number, the ignorance, and unfitness of character in other respects, which too generally prevailed among their members, they became the immediate instruments of a most deplorable tyranny, which, being every where spread, nothing could escape or evade, and which the aggrieved could find no power any where to resist. It seemed as if the new government, being founded upon untried principles in some instances, and in others run up hastily without any, as occasion and circumstance concurred in favouring the erection; so, among the numerous buttresses necessary to supply such glaring and dangerous deficiencies, this was not the least conspicuous, that one half of the people should be officially constituted spies upon, and consequently masters of, the other half.

The assembly abolished letters *de cachet*, a measure, which if not entirely needless, was certainly an act of patriotism on their side, as there was no power in the nation, except their own, by which they could be issued. They likewise issued a number of regulations with respect to the taxes, most of which, as they were never paid, seemed no longer to exist. As if it had been to give countenance to that observation so often repeated, that their genius and disposition led more to destroy than to build up or repair, notwithstanding the failure of almost all the other taxes, excepting the partial new one upon estates, they totally suppressed the odious Gabelle, or tax upon salt; a measure which the king, (as we have formerly shewn) in the days of hope, if not of happiness, so devoutly wished to have accomplished; but which the continued opposition to his measures by the parliament of Paris, and the consequent impossibility of his finding a substitute to carry on the business of government, rendered him incapable of carrying into effect. They likewise in some time abolished the heavy tax on tobacco, which was nearly considered as much a necessary of life as salt itself; and which, in consequence of this regulation, was thrown into the common mass of articles

ticles of general commerce. Nor was their conduct less meritorious in suppressing others of the most obnoxious taxes.

The assembly did not stop here; they entered boldly into the untried and intricate walks of finance, where they were to encounter a subject of which they were most deplorably ignorant. They seemed sensible of the disadvantage they were under, and did not venture much. They, however, saw the prudence and expedience of augmenting the pay of the army; and likewise established a new governmental bank, under the name of *Caisse de l'Extraordinaire*.

These were only objects of secondary, and comparatively small consideration, when opposed to, or estimated by that grand one which had occupied the mind of the assembly, ever since the establishment of sole and unlimited power in the hands of the third estate; and which had probably been much earlier a subject of frequent contemplation. This grand scheme, and so it well might be called, from the extraordinary consequences which it was to produce, was to find a fund of so vast a magnitude, that it should not only reach to the discharge of the whole national debt, enormous as that was, but that it should leave such a surplus behind, as would be capable of providing for those new, and as yet unknown contingencies, which the new change of affairs was liable to produce. One of the newly promulgated doctrines was, that all things were to give way to the good of the public, or perhaps, more correctly, that the lives and property of individuals were no matters of consideration, in any question where they interfered with the benefit of the whole. In a word, that every thing belonged to the nation, indefinite as that term was, while the individuals who composed this great aggregate, had no security in any thing; and the good of the whole, if the practice founded on it could be carried to the utmost extent of the doctrine, might lead to the dilapidation and ruin of all the parts separately.

There was no merit in discovering the fund which was to answer these vast purposes, for that was at hand, and in full view; it was no other than the great landed estates of the clergy: indeed it was barely the soil; for they had already given up the royalties and exclusive privileges, which had, from the foundation of the monarchy, been attached to, and considered as a part of their estates. Though the immense benefits to be derived from this scheme were obvious to every body, yet it seemed as if some difficulties were likely to arise on the question of justice, with respect to the intended application of the fund. Some of these seemed more peculiarly to affect France than they could have done any other country. For, being the only people upon earth who had ever at once been transformed into a nation of philosophers, it seemed incumbent upon them, at least for a time, to adhere closely to the rules and principles of that sublime science. Now as it happens that Cicero, who, without formally assuming the name, was deemed in his day no inconsiderable philosopher, who was certainly extremely well versed in their history and doctrines, and who could not possibly have laboured under any of the prejudices imputed by modern philosophers to Christianity, does not, in his admirable treatise of the moral and relative duties of men in a state of society, (which may be considered as such a compendium of the casuistry of the antient heathen world, as could not otherwise at this time have existed) admit expedience or profit to afford any right whatever for seizing the goods of others; and even carried this doctrine so far, as not to allow any thing to be profitable which was not honourable, nor any thing honourable which was not honest and just; these old-fashioned doctrines, which it might have been supposed would have vanished under the illumination of the present day, were, notwithstanding, troublesome impediments in the way of the grand design. But the superiority of the new philosophy, and of the genius possessed by its professors, soon appeared triumphant. The principle couched in the short apothegmatical sentence, that every thing belonged to the nation, happily removed every difficulty, and assured to it this great property.

No revolution was perhaps ever signalized by so bold and so grand a stroke as this. It was bold in the extreme, because the people, having just thrown off every degree of subordination, were grown so frantic by their easy success, that they could neither think, nor it might be said dream, of any thing but farther innovations, and of new revolutions, which they concluded might be purchased at as cheap a rate, and accomplished with as much ease, as the former. But along with this, the number of clergy in the kingdom was estimated at about 130,000; and though this numerous body should be stripped of all the weight derived from rank and property, yet they could not but still retain some considerable influence over those people among whom they had passed their lives in habits of the greatest intimacy and friendship, besides being their teachers and directors in those Christian duties, which at that time had been considered of the last importance to mankind. Now, though the professed and real philosophers had long since shaken off with disdain all the manacles of religion, yet it was apprehended, and indeed, however it might be lamented, well known, that the bulk of the people had not yet been sufficiently illuminated, to enable them to get rid of their antient prejudices, or, according to the new vocabulary, superstitions; for though with respect to other matters they seemed sufficiently irreligious, yet as that was not a philosophical irreligion, which is ever invincible, but was derived from idleness, wantonness, and those passions which are apt to predominate over mankind, so it was liable to receive a bias, and take a direction, very different from what might be wished. It was farther to be considered, that the court of Rome, however degraded or fallen, had not yet lost all its influence; and that even the thunders of the Vatican, long as they had remained dormant, might, in certain cases, and under certain circumstances, still produce some untoward effect, especially with respect to those weak minds, who continued to be incumbered with any religious scruples. Nor was it to be supposed that the Roman catho-

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lic powers in general, would behold with indifference ſo numerous, ſo ancient, and ſo eminent a body, as the members of the Gallican church had for a long ſucceſſion of ages been, at once ſtripped of their dignities and property, without any legal forfeiture incurred, or even the charge or pretence of a crime laid to cover the violence and outrage. It was a great misfortune to the cauſe of philoſophy, and indeed a great detriment to it, that the proteſtant ſtates ſtill adhered firmly to the doctrines and principles of Chriſtianity; it had happened likewiſe, from ſome peculiar diſpoſition of mind which may not be eaſily accounted for, as it formed no excluſive or peculiar part of their ſyſtem of morality, that many individuals among them had ever been much in the habit, even where they had no direct intereſt, of inquiring ſtrictly into, and deciding promptly and ſturdily upon, ſo far as a publication of reaſon and opinion could be called a deciſion, all queſtions of right and wrong among men, without their being generally much ſwayed by the quality or power of any of the parties. This diſpoſition in individuals, ſeemed to operate no leſs upon the ſtates of that perſuaſion, where they had power ſufficient to carry the theory into practice; and they have accordingly been noted in ſeveral inſtances, for repelling injury and injuſtice with reſpect to others, as well as to themſelves. It was a farther misfortune with reſpect to the proteſtant ſtates, that being all, even the ſmalleſt of them, more or leſs commercial, they paid a ſtrict regard to the rights and ſecurity of property in all caſes whatever, and, it was too much to be apprehended, would be ſtruck, even with horror, at the eſtabliſhment of a precedent which went to ſhake and looſen the foundations of all the landed property in Europe. Beſides, that although the proteſtants differed in many points of doctrine as well as diſcipline from the Romaniſts, yet that conſidering them ſtill as men, and conſequently as brethren poſſeſſing the ſame common nature with themſelves, that ſympathy ſo natural to mankind, and ſo common to the greateſt part of the ſpecies, could not fail to operate with great force, at ſeeing ſo numerous a body of men, many of them eminent for their parts, learning, and virtues, become, ſo ſuddenly and unexpectedly, the victims of injury and violence.

But, on the other hand, beſides the magnitude, and the intrinſic value of the capital object in view, it was accompanied with ſo many alluring collateral circumſtances, that it would ſeem, upon any ſcheme of calculation, to be an act of abſolute cowardice not to encounter all theſe difficulties and dangers for its attainment. In the firſt place, however neceſſary the phrenzy of liberty which intoxicated the people was to the accompliſhment of the revolution, it was ſeen to be to ally incompatible with thoſe ſober, ſerious, and ſteady maxims of policy, which muſt of neceſſity be adopted, for the government and ſecurity of ſo great and extenſive a kingdom; large armies and fleets muſt be provided for, and whoever the adminiſtrators might be, the civil expences muſt run very high; to ſay nothing of the intereſt of the national debt, and the ſupport of ſuch a number of fortreſſes, as was without example in any other country. How then were theſe prodigious expences to be provided for, by a people ſo drunk with their new liberty, that the bare name of a tax was in the higheſt degree odious to them; and who, ſo far from being pleaſed or ſatisfied by the lightening of their burthens, which the abolition of the moſt heavy and obnoxious of the old ones produced, ſeemed on the contrary to grow more violent in their abhorrence of thoſe which remained? Force, which has been ſo often uſed with effect in ſuch caſes, would here have been inevitably deſtructive; the blowing up of the new ſyſtem, and of every thing appertaining to it, would be at once the conſequence; and another revolution, the accidental birth of a moment, without form, order, object or deſign, would take place, the final conſequences of which no man living could foreſee. Whereas, by the attainment of the deſired object, all theſe evils would be averted; the golden age would ſeem to be renewed; taxes, for a time, would no more be heard of; government would ſeem to ſupport itſelf; and nothing but peace and felicity could be expected during the reign of the preſent rulers. Nor was it perhaps forgotten, among ſo great a number of more important objects, that the attainment of this meaſure would free the aſſembly from the neceſſity of entering deeply into that moſt difficult taſk of financiering.

The buſineſs was brought forward about the laſt of October, 1789; and Rabaut ſeems to mention, with ſome ſurprize, that a moſt violent oppoſition aroſe to it in the very heart of the aſſembly. This oppoſition, however, produced ſo little effect, that a decree was paſſed on the 2d of November, by which, the eccleſiaſtical eſtates were all declared to be at the diſpoſal of the nation; ſubjected, however, to the following charges: to the providing in a proper manner for the expence of celebrating public worſhip, for the maintenance of the miniſters, and for the relief of the poor. To provide for the ſecond of theſe purpoſes, it was decreed, that no pariſh miniſter ſhould have a leſs ſalary than twelve hundred livres a year, excluſive of the houſe and gardens hitherto annexed to the parſonage. This decree, which was paſſed on the ſecond, was publiſhed on the third of November, and received the ſanction of the captive king on the fourth; a circumſtance which clearly demonſtrated the facility with which buſineſs of the greateſt importance was conducted and concluded under the preſent order of things.

Whatever degree of piety, chriſtian forbearance, and temper, might be attributed to individuals among the clergy, we cannot be ſurpriſed, while we conſider them as men, and as compoſing a great and numerous political body of the ſtate, that they did not ſubmit with entire patience and reſignation to this violent and fatal blow. Indeed the democratical writers aſſert, (and we are well diſpoſed to give them credit upon this occaſion) that they endeavoured to move heaven and earth againſt the aſſembly, and conſequently againſt the new government. They publicly accuſed the national aſſembly of a fixed

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design totally to destroy religion. Rabaut says, they put in practice all those measures so familiar to the church; and which, he says, might perhaps have succeeded, but for the suppression of tithes. In fact, that previous measure afforded the best guarantee that could be given for the success and security of the present; it operating as a most powerful bribe in securing the voice and disposition of the multitude. The prelate of Treguier set the example, which was soon followed by very many other bishops, who, in the words of Rabaut, "overspread their respective dioceses with incendiary mandates, and negociated a bull with Rome for the intimidation of the weak-minded, and for devoting the national assembly to the maledictions of the church." He likewise informs us, that all the canons of the kingdom entered into a combination, and that almost every chapter protested against the decree.

However strongly fortified and assured the national assembly was by its present vast acquisition, which placed a fund of wealth in its hands beyond all example in the history of modern Europe, yet it shewed as much prudence, management, and address, in its transactions with the court of Rome, as if it had been in a situation and circumstances the direct reverse of what it really was. The holy father was either cajolled, or pretended to be satisfied, by reiterated protestations, of the strict union of the national assembly with the pope, as head of the christian church, in all spiritual matters; as well as of their fidelity to the religion of their forefathers. The weakness of the court of Rome, the age of the pontiff, with a grievous sense of the humiliations which that see had of late years experienced, all concurred in giving an appearance of currency to these assurances; for it is not to be supposed, that the refinement of Italian policy was so totally exhausted, as that their purport was not thoroughly comprehended, and their real value duly estimated.

The democrates say, that the press now took an entirely new direction, and that a prodigious manufacture was carried on of pamphlets and periodical publications against government. That as it was well known, that books had considerably assisted the revolution, it was, therefore, imagined, that books might effect a counter-revolution. That the ecclesiastics expected to dazzle the people of France, by disseminating ten times as many volumes against the national assembly as there had been published in its favour; that a multitude of printing-presses, both within and without the kingdom, were devoted to this pious merchandize; that all the different kinds of style were summoned to aid the holy cause; poems, songs, epigrams, satires, tragedies, were written against the national assembly, against its committees, against its most celebrated members, against the city of Paris, and against the national guards, whom they mentioned with extraordinary contempt. Pamphlets succeeded pamphlets, with a rapidity proportioned to the fury which engendered them. By this account, which is given by Rabaut, it would seem, that the royalists, who were ever too late in all their attempts, enterprizes and designs, were now, when it was of no use, seized with a spirit of writing and publication, which, if it had operated in due time, might have been productive to them, and the cause, of the most useful and happy effects. The Judas-like kiss of fraternity, as it was termed, by which the clergy said they had been circumvented and betrayed, was seldom forgotten in these publications.

The parliaments, who had so great a share, though indirectly, in bringing on the present order of things, which it must, however, be acknowledged, they by no means foresaw, began now to shudder at the thoughts of their approaching dissolution, and wanted nothing but power, to make a vigorous effort for averting their impending fate. Those of Rouen, of Bretagne, and of Metz, determined, however hopeless the issue, not to perish without a struggle. They had accordingly the hardihood to protest against the decrees of the national assembly. But they soon experienced to their grief, how different the power was which they had now to contend with, from that which they were wont to insult under the name of the royal authority. They were forsaken and deserted by those towns and those people on whom they most confided, and over whom they so lately held the most supreme ascendancy. Their fall, to which they submitted with a bad grace, was accelerated by this fruitless effort; and was embittered by those last and most galling curses of fallen ambition, by contempt and derision. The parliament of Bourdeaux, which stood singly, held out much longer, and was much more troublesome, than the other three: it was indeed accused of using every possible exertion to excite an insurrection in the south.

The newly-created municipalities began early to detract from the sanguine hopes which had been formed on their institution. This failure of design, or misfortune, was, as usual, attributed entirely to the evil machinations of the aristocrates; who, it was said, seeing that this new authority was the first degree in the future administration, and the only popular power at that time existing; and always endeavouring by diminution or division to attain the power of destroying; they used all their influence to get their own creatures elected into these authorities. We are told afterwards, with a face of the utmost gravity, that whenever the electors had been thus led to make an improper choice, they became victims to the arts of their enemies; and that the massacres which have taken place in certain cities of the kingdom, were occasioned by evil-minded municipalities. Thus was a party ever at hand, on which to throw the odium of every misfortune, domestic or foreign, which could possibly befal the nation.

As it was necessary not only to keep the people constantly awake, but in a state of absolute agitation, and as the king and queen were too closely guarded, to admit of their being held out to excite suspicion or apprehension, it was easily seen that other proper objects should be sought for on whom to father new plots and conspiracies. For, though the general term of aristocrate could

could and did bear a great deal, yet, to prevent the effect from growing languid, and the public mind from sinking into a state of quiet and inactivity, it became occasionally necessary to quicken and enliven the scene by new matter, and by some appearance of specific charge, against such objects as seemed best calculated for answering the purpose.

There was no difficulty in finding these objects; for the king's ministers, who were still suffered to retain their offices, and who still transacted all business in his name, whether qualified or not for discharging the functions of the high places to which they were appointed, were, from their situation, eminently calculated for this purpose. A violent outcry was accordingly raised, and a number of charges laid against them; though no attempt was made to bring them to the point of trial or impeachment. If some of these charges were so loose and indefinite, that they would as exactly suit any other body of men as those against whom they were particularly directed, it is to be observed, that this was the current political language, both in writing and speaking, and the established fashion of the time; if others of them seemed incomprehensible or impossible, let it be recollected, that the people on whom they were intended to operate, were much more likely to be fascinated by those things which were unintelligible or incomprehensible, than by those simple facts, narrated in plain language, which came home to every man's understanding.

The ministers were charged with serving the cause of the disaffected by their inaction; and that, by retarding the transmission and the execution of the new laws, they thereby designedly prolonged the existence of anarchy; indulging themselves in the fond hope, that the people, disgusted with continual scenes of endless confusion, would call loudly for the old government, under which they had enjoyed a stupid tranquillity. That, at the same time, these foes to liberty, had insidiously created a scarcity of grain; that they likewise had insidiously created a scarcity of specie; and that they had insidiously refused to give employment to the artisans, in the hope, that every class of men becoming dissatisfied, the people would, at length, grow weary of their own courage. These were among the principal charges laid against the ministers: our readers are to bear in mind, though it seems to have been totally forgotten by the framers of these accusations, that long since, and at the very commencement of the revolution, all present and future administrations were rendered directly answerable, and personally responsible to the national assembly, for every part of their conduct; so that neither the king's name would afford sanction, nor his direct orders a justification, for their adopting any measure contrary to the sentiments of that body; even supposing the king to be now a free agent, and capable of transacting any business.

The charges against the aristocrates in general, or more particularly against the most considerable and active members of the two ruined orders, were more abundant than those against the ministers. These malecontents were said to be dispersed through every court in Europe, and were said to be seconded in almost all, by the French ambassadors at those respective courts; their joint endeavours being to disseminate every where their own invincible hatred against their native country. That in those courts they laid the foundations of a general confederacy of all the powers of Christendom against France. That their object was, to persuade the several crowned heads, that this cause was the cause of all kings, and, that it behoved them all equally to unite their common strength, in order to restore the arbitrary authority of Lewis XVI. Imprudent men! (Rabaut exclaims) who never perceived, that they were, at the same time, teaching Europe that this was also the cause of nations. That, two princes, who had taken refuge at Turin, assembled there some of the gentry, and threatened France with an invasion by the way of Nice, and by the way of Savoy: and had sent emissaries into Provence, to Nismes, and to Lyons, while the king of Sardinia put his army in motion on the frontiers. It cannot escape the memory of most of our readers, how totally unprovided for war, or even for any degree of defence, that king was long after, when his dominions were so violently invaded and over-run by the French; and when his most antient dukedom of Savoy was, so far as a decree could give permanence to the wrong, for ever annexed to the majesty of the people in the new republic. The last charge was extremely well designed, and could not but produce its intended effect. It was to this purpose, that, it was then publicly declared, that Paris was no longer worthy of the presence of her king; and that Lyons deserved the honour of being the capital of the empire.

In the mean time, the animosities between the democratical leaders, and the remainder of the nobles who still continued in the assembly, were grown so violent and inveterate, that duels became frequent between the enraged parties; and as the last appeal is made to the sword in the great political debates of nations, so here, the smaller political differences between parties and individuals, were referred to the same arbitrary decision. And as it has been long and often observed, that a change of condition frequently produces a great change in the manners, and even, apparently, in the nature of men, so it seemed now, that as the democrates had already stripped the nobility of all power, so that, intending to be their successors in every thing, they would now deprive them of the only exclusive claim of distinction which was still left untouched, and which they had possessed unrivalled for so many ages, that of a decided superiority in all the hardy deeds of arms and chivalry.

To counterbalance all those dangers, real or supposed, with which France was said to be environed, we are informed that the nation at large was unanimous in supporting the assembly: that its table was covered with addresses from every town and city, expressive of their affection, of their admiration, and of their gratitude; promising it three millions of soldiers for the defence of the constitution, and encouraging it to persevere in its patriotism. It might well be imagined

imagined that with so prodigious a mass of strength, which has in no degree been equalled since the days of Xerxes, they had little cause to be apprehensive, of either foreign invasion or domestic conspiracy: and yet they seem to have been tremblingly alive to both.

The admirers of a flowery and eloquent style may not be displeased at seeing the manner in which our author, Rabaut, describes the conduct and proceedings of the new sole power of the empire under these circumstances. "The national assembly, occupied in parrying these attacks, was still advancing with great strides, trampling upon the ruins of despotism, combating every prejudice, discomfitting every error, making war on every abuse, destroying usurped rights, and re-establishing that precious equality, which gives anew to nations the robust benefits of youth, and regenerates them, by restoring them to their primitive state of purity." We know some cavillers might ask, How that equality could be re-established which never before subsisted? and might likewise perversely enquire, in what period of the golden age that primitive purity existed, to which the people were now so happily restored? But it might well be answered, that such men, who would wish to manacle eloquence, and to shackle flowery description, must be by nature adverse to all the beauties of style, and graces of composition; and must likewise labour under some fatal prejudices, which would lead them to question the legitimacy of the new philosophy.

*(To be continued.)*

*Gazette Intelligence.*

THE Gazette of July 4, details the promotions of sundry admirals, and nine captains made rear-admirals.

July 11, mentions earl Fitzwilliam and earl Spencer being sworn of the privy council, that the duke of Portland was made a secretary of state, and the hon. William Wyndham secretary at war.

Also the following account:

*Naples, June* 17, 1794. On the 13th ult. at ten o'clock at night, all Naples was sensible of the shock of an earthquake, with an horizontal motion, which lasted about 30 seconds. On Sunday last, the 15th, about the same hour, the earthquake was repeated, which was followed by a violent eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The mountain opened in two places, towards the centre of its line, when columns of black smoke, mixed with liquid inflamed matter, issued from each mouth; soon after other mouths were opened, and in a line towards the sea. The explosions from all the mouths, louder than thunder, mixed with sharp reports, as from the heaviest pieces of artillery, accompanied by a hollow subterraneous rumour, like that of the sea in a storm, caused all the houses to shake to their very foundations. The lavas gushed from these mouths, after having run four miles in a few hours, destroyed the greatest part of the town of Torre del Greco, about a mile from Portici, and made a considerable progress into the sea, where it formed a promontory about ten feet above its surface, and near a quarter of a mile broad, having heated the water to such a degree, that a hand could not be borne in it at the distance of one hundred yards from the lava.

It cannot yet be ascertained how many lives have been lost in that city. Many families are missing, but whether they have escaped, or are buried under the ruins of their houses, is not known. Naples is covered with ashes, and every object is obscured as in a thick fog; but Vesuvius, though not visible, continues very turbulent, and more mischief may be expected, although the lavas are all stopped at this moment. The head of St. Januarius was carried in procession yesterday, and opposed to the mountain by the cardinal archbishop of Naples, attended by many thousands of the inhabitants of this city.

July 15. This Gazette has the following letter:

*Head-Quarters, Cortyke, July* 10, 1794.

SIR,

SINCE writing my last letter, I received a report from lord Moira, that on the morning of the 6th, the enemy made an attack upon the outposts at Alost: the picquets being driven in, they penetrated into the town, but, upon his lordship advancing with a reinforcement, the enemy retreated in confusion. Enclosed I send the return of the killed and wounded.

Lord Moira speaks highly of the conduct and spirit of the officers and men who were engaged upon this occasion, and particularly of lieutenant-colonels Doyle and Vandeleur, who were both wounded.

The troops under my command quitted their camp at Sempst on the 8th at night, and arrived the next morning at this position.

(Signed) FREDERICK.

*Return of Killed, Wounded, and Missing, of the Corps under the Command of Lieutenant-Gen. the Earl of Moira, at Alost, July* 6, 1794.

Total. 1 officer, 3 rank and file, killed; 2 officers, 2 serjeants, 2 quarter-masters, 19 rank and file, wounded; 1 officer, 8 rank and file, missing.

Horses. 1 killed, 2 wounded, 7 missing.

*Officers killed, wounded and missing.*

Adjutant Graham, 8th light drag. killed.
Lieut. col. Vandeleur, wounded.
Lieut. col. Doyle, wounded.
Lieut. Kytson, wounded and missing.

*Whitehall, July* 16.] This morning, lieut. colonel Whitelocke arrived from Port-au-Prince, in the island of St. Domingo, with a dispatch from brigadier general Whyte, of which the following is a copy:

*Port-au-Prince, June* 8, 1794.

SIR,

IN the letter which I had the honour of writing to you from the Mole, by the last packet, I acquainted you of the very critical situation in which I had found this country, and of the numberless detachments that were obliged to march for the defence of the different posts. That the

neighbouring parishes of Bombarde, &c. to the Mole, had deserted our cause; and that, with the small body of troops within, the garrison, though strong to a degree in the sea front, was totally defenceless to the land. Having obviated this defect by a chain of redoubts and fleches, which defended each other, and seeing that two frigates, with a garrison sufficient for the security of the Mole, was all that was wanted there, I determined on bold and decided measures to save the country; and, with the concurrence of commodore Ford and lieutenant-colonel Whitelocke, who had commanded here with so much credit, I resolved to attack Port-au-Prince, the residence of the commissioners, and the capital of this side of the island, and proceeding with the three regiments, viz. the 22d, 23d, and 41st, (except their flank companies, which had been left at Martinique) in their transports, with a detachment from the flank companies of the regiments here, in all, 1,465 rank and file fit for duty, escorted by one 74, two 64, one 50, three frigates, and three sloops, I left the Mole for that purpose. The commodore was unfortunately seized with a fever soon after our sailing. We picked up what small craft we could along shore, and arrived in the bay of Port-au-Prince on the 31st of May, where, seeing the situation favourable to our plan of attack, (which was on both flanks and centre at the same time, as near as circumstances would admit) the militia cavalry of Leogane was ordered to move from their quarters, and to advance on the Bizotton Road, where the right attack was to be made; the L'Arcahaye cavalry by the left, to the Salines, where the enemy was posted, and entrenched with cannon. This disposition having been made, I ordered major Spencer, with 300 British and some of the colonial troops, to land within one mile of Fort Bizotton, covered by two sloops of war. As soon as the two line of battle ships and a frigate, ordered against this, had silenced the fire, which they effected in four hours, the troops landed, and advanced, through a different road, towards the Fort, with little opposition. On their arrival within a small distance of the spot, a violent thunder storm took place, and, taking advantage of the lucky minute afforded to them by so favourable a circumstance, the advanced troops rushed forward with their bayonets, and carried the place by assault.—Unfortunately, we lost a gallant young man, captain Wallace, of the 22d, and captain Daniel, of the 41st, was wounded.

This great point being carried, I repaired (with lieutenant-colonel Whitelocke, whom I ordered to take the command of the centre) to the opposite side of the bay; and having landed major Handfield with 200 British troops, to support the attack on the post of Salines, (the frigates securing the beach, and enfilading the entrenchments) he attacked and carried the post without loss, and continuing his march, the next day he turned the batteries which defended the landings near to and on the left of Port-au-Prince. The enemy being thus hemmed in on all sides, excepting in the rear, and perceiving numbers moving out, by a road called the Charbonier, we determined on a general assault, and the fleet and army advanced; when the enemy, perceiving our motions, struck their flags, and abandoned the place, having previously spiked their cannon on the land defences; and the two commissioners from France, Polverele and Santhonax, with the black general Monbrune, (who was wounded with a bayonet at Bizotton) escaped, and I have not since been able to learn any certain accounts of them; but being informed that a body of the enemy had assembled near to this place, with nine pieces of cannon, I gave orders to attack them, which was accordingly done; they were soon dispersed, with the loss of their guns.—Another party, at the Croix de Bouquet, on the further side of the plain, and bordering on the Spanish territories, was also dispersed. The inhabitants of this part of the island insisting on the British colours being erected, it was accordingly done.

The importance of this conquest to Great Britain, you, sir, must know: there is more sugar now nearly ready to cut than in all Jamaica.

I was sent here with discretional orders by sir Charles Grey, and desired to communicate with major-general Williamson. The orders of the fleet were to assemble at Tiburoone Bay, and if no orders had arrived from Jamaica, they were to proceed there; but comparing the different reports received from the Mole, as well as what I saw of their danger at Tiburoone, I called upon the commanding officer of the fleet, and requested he would immediately sail for the Mole. From the reasons I stated to him, he most readily acquiesced, and we were welcomed on our arrival there by all as their deliverers. I hope, sir, my conduct may meet with my sovereign's approbation.

Allow me, sir, to express how sensible I am of the zeal and activity which the navy and army have shewn on this interesting occasion, and how uniform their unanimity has been on every occasion.

Lieutenant-colonel Whitelocke will have the honour to deliver this dispatch, and there is none can give more real information of this country:—he has commanded here with infinite merit, and acquitted himself on many arduous and trying occasions, in a manner which has contributed to the good of the king's service, and to his own honour. He has done the duty of quarter-master-general during the expedition, and for colonial reasons I gave him the rank of colonel. I have also given to major Spencer the rank of lieutenant colonel, meaning to appoint him deputy-quarter-master-general. He is an officer of great merit, and has distinguished himself on many occasions; but as it belongs not to me to give rank, I hope their merits may be considered by his majesty.

Inclosed are statements of the killed and wounded, and of the stores taken belonging to the several departments, &c.

Having taken this place on his majesty's birth-day, I honoured the fort with the name of George; the port remains as before.

Lieutenant-colonel Lenox is just arrived with eight flank companies from Martinique.

I have the honour to be, &c.

*Total*

*Total Return of the Killed and Wounded of the British and Colonial Troops at the Attack of Fort Bizotton, June 4, 1794.*

1 captain, 8 rank and file, killed; 1 captain, 2 rank and file, wounded.

*Names of Officers killed and wounded.*

Captain Wallace, 22d reg. killed.

Captain Daniel, 41ſt reg. wounded.

The total of braſs and iron ordnance captured amounts to 131 pieces; ſhells, 901; round ſhot, 32,926; 12,686 double-headed ſhot and langridge bags; caſe ſhot fixed, 5,331; corned powder in barrels and cannon cartridges, 105,800lb.; muſquet and carbine cartridges, 140,000; muſquet flints, 40,000; travelling carriages, 33; garriſon carriages, 111; covered waggons for ammunition, and carts for carrying ſtores, 17; together with a great quantity of fuſes for ſhells, &c. and entrenching tools found in the arſenal.

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*Proclamation of his Excellency Brigadier-General Whyte, commanding his Britannic Majeſty's Forces in St. Domingo.*

THE commiſſioners and their agents, in order to carry into execution thoſe perfidious deſigns which have proved ſo fatal to the lives, the laws, the liberty and the happineſs of this once flouriſhing colony, have every where calumniated the Britiſh government.

General Whyte, who has the honour to repreſent his Britannic majeſty, aſſures the inhabitants of Port-au-Prince and its vicinity, that the object of his majeſty and of his government is to reſtore peace among every claſs of inhabitants.

Thoſe parts of the colony, which have already placed themſelves under his majeſty's protection, can bear a faithful teſtimony that there is nothing oppreſſive in the behaviour and laws of the Engliſh.

A conſiderable part of the people of St. Domingo has been ſeduced from its duty; theſe perſons are hereby invited to return to their occupations, to lay down their arms, and to forget every cauſe of reſentment.

The Engliſh government demands, and will obtain, by force if neceſſary, that peaceful obedience which is due to its mild and juſt laws.

The mulattoes will find in the general and the government every diſpoſition to favour their intereſts; they are conſidered by the Engliſh, who are, and will continue to be their friends.

The negroes, who have been ſo long the dupes of the vile artifices of the commiſſioners, will ſoon be convinced that the Engliſh diſdain falſehood and deceit.

Let them, relying with confidence on the generoſity of the Britiſh people, return to their maſters, lay down their arms, and enjoy the advantages of a life devoted to induſtry; their preſent ſufferings will ſoon be relieved, and the laws will protect them againſt cruelty and oppreſſion.

The forces which are now in this colony to ſupport the happineſs of the inhabitants, and the glory of the Engliſh nation, are but a part, even a ſmall part, of the army deſtined for its ſervice; it being his majeſty's reſolution to puniſh in a manner as certain as ſevere, thoſe who will not accept the offers of this and of the preceding proclamations.

All perſons who ſhall repair to Port-au-Prince, and to the Engliſh general, within the delay of eight days from the date of this proclamation, except thoſe who had been guilty of murder, or of taking a part in inſurrections, will be received and pardoned; but all thoſe who are taken in arms after the above-mentioned period, will be put to death as traitors.

*Done at Port-au-Prince, the 8th day of June, 1794.*

(Signed)

JOHN WHYTE,

Brigad. Gen. Commandant.

This Gazette contains a long and circumſtantial account from rear-admiral Ford, of the proceedings of the fleet, in co-operation with the army, in the above-mentioned ſucceſs; and gives the following return of the loſs ſuſtained by his majeſty's ſhips:

*Belliqueux*, 10 ſeamen and marines wounded.

*Hermione*, 5 ſeamen killed, 6 ditto wounded.

The return of veſſels found in the harbour of Port-au-Prince amounts to 22, laden with cotton, indigo, ſugar and coffee; the loweſt burden 150 tons, and ſeveral of three, four, and five hundred tons.—Sixteen were taken in ballaſt, two of ſix, and one ſeven hundred tons burden.—Seven old veſſels in the careening harbour, three of them 550 tons burden each.

The Gazette of July 19, gives a letter from the duke of York, that the French had on the 12th, attacked all his out-poſts on the canal from Bruſſels to Antwerp, and driven them into Malines, upon which they fired, but were repulſed by the earl of Moira; but that they returned the next day, and obliged the earl to abandon the canal, and retreat to Wellham.

The Gazette of July 22, contained the following important advices:

*Corte, 21ſt June, 1794.*

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to acquaint you, that the union of Corſica to the crown of Great Britain is finally and formally concluded; and it is with the moſt ſincere ſatisfaction that I find myſelf enabled to aſſure you, that no national act was ever ſanctioned by a more unanimous proceeding on the part of thoſe who were authorized to do it, or by a more univerſal approbation, amounting, I may ſay, to enthuſiaſm on the part of the people.

Letters of convocation were iſſued for the aſſembly of the general conſult to be held at Corte on Sunday the 8th of June, and were ſo framed as to procure the moſt general repreſentation known in this iſland, every community, which is the ſmalleſt territorial diviſion, having ſent its repreſentative, and the ſtate of property being ſuch, that although none but landholders were electors, every man, almoſt without exception, has voted.

The letters of convocation ſet forth the occaſion of their being called together: and the minutes of election in every community expreſſed the general nature of the meaſure to which the deputies were authorized to conſent, ſpecifying diſtinctly

the union of Corſica with Great Britain, and the tender of the crown to his majeſty.

The deputies met at Corte in ſufficient numbers to conſtitute the aſſembly, on Tueſday the 10th of June. Some days were employed in verifying their powers, and determining controverted elections: after which they choſe general Paoli as their preſident, and Mr. Pozzo de Bargo and Mr. Muſelli their ſecretaries.

On Saturday the 14th inſtant, general Paoli opened the aſſembly by an excellent and eloquent ſpeech, ſtating conciſely the principal events which had occurred, and the principal meaſures adopted by himſelf ſince the ſeparation of the laſt general conſult in May 1793, the occaſion of their preſent convocation, and the leading points on which their deliberations ſhould turn.

The aſſembly voted unanimouſly their thanks to general Paoli, and a full and entire approbation of all he had done, by virtue of the powers formerly veſted in him by the general conſult of 1793.

They then, 1ſt, declared unanimouſly the ſeparation of Corſica from France:

And, 2dly, with the ſame unanimity, and with the ſtrongeſt demonſtrations of univerſal ſatisfaction and joy, voted the union of Corſica to the crown of Great Britain.

A committee was then appointed to prepare the articles of union, and to conſider the proper mode of tendering the crown to his majeſty.

It was declared that all who came ſhould have voices: and, in fact, ſeveral perſons of character and talents, who were not even members of the aſſembly, were admitted to the deliberations, and took a ſhare in the diſcuſſions of the committee.

The articles underwent in the committee a very full, free, and intelligent diſcuſſion; ſuch as would have done honour to any aſſembly of public men in any country, and ſuch as ſtamped their reſult with the ſanction of a deliberate and informed, as well as a free and independent aſſent.

The report was voted with unanimity in the committee.

It was preſented to the aſſembly on Thurſday the 17th, and on that and the following day was opened, and moſt ably as well as fully expounded to them by Mr. Pozzo de Bargo. It was adopted with unanimity, and with univerſal applauſe; and two copies of the act of union were ſigned by every member of the conſult.

On Thurſday the 19th of June, I received a deputation from the aſſembly, preſenting to me a copy of the act of union, and inviting me to return with them, and that the crown might be tendered to his majeſty by the aſſembly itſelf, in the moſt ſolemn and authentic form.

I accompanied the deputation; and, in preſence of the aſſembly, received from the preſident, his excellency general Paoli, in the name of the people, the tender of the crown and ſovereignty of Corſica to his majeſty.

After addreſſing the aſſembly in a manner which appeared to me ſuitable to the occaſion, I pronounced in his majeſty's name, the acceptation of the crown, according to the articles contained in the act of union.

I then took, in his majeſty's name, the oath preſcribed, "To maintain the liberties of Corſica according to the conſtitution and the laws."

The preſident then took and adminiſtered to the aſſembly the oath of allegiance and ſtability; after which I ſigned and ſealed the acceptation.

The day following (yeſterday) Te Deum was ſung in the cathedral, accompanied by the diſcharge of artillery; and prayers were offered up for his majeſty, by the name of George the Third, king of Great Britain and Corſica. In the evening the town was illuminated, and the people demonſtrated their loyalty and joy by every means in their power.

The aſſembly has voted, this day, an addreſs to his majeſty, expreſſive of their gratitude, loyalty, and attachment; and have deputed four reſpectable gentlemen to preſent it to his majeſty in London.

I cannot conclude this diſpatch without offering my very humble congratulations on the fortunate termination of this important and intereſting affair, at once advantageous, as I truſt, to the contracting parties, honourable to his majeſty, and gratifying, in every view, to his royal feelings, as well as to thoſe of his Britiſh ſubjects.

The true foundation and baſis of this tranſaction has reſted on the confidence inſpired by his majeſty's princely virtues, and the exalted reputation enjoyed throughout the world by the Britiſh nation for every honourable and generous quality. The people of Corſica have, on one hand, done homage to thoſe virtues by confiding and tendering, even ſolicitouſly, the ſovereignty of their country to his majeſty: they have, on the other hand, heightened the value of that confidence, by evidencing that it comes from men who have rejected, with horror, the poiſonous and counterfeit liberty of France, without being ignorant or careleſs of a well-ordered and conſtitutional freedom.

His majeſty has acquired a crown; thoſe who beſtow it have acquired liberty. The Britiſh nation has extended its political and commercial ſphere by the acceſſion of Corſica; Corſica has added new ſecurities to her antient poſſeſſions, and has opened freſh fields of proſperity and wealth, by her liberal incorporation with a vaſt and powerful empire.

This diſpatch will be delivered to you by Mr. Petriconi, a young gentleman of this country, who has ſerved with diſtinction throughout the war, under the orders of general Paoli, and particularly in the ſieges of Baſtia and St. Florenzo.

I beg leave to refer to him for any particulars which I may have omitted, and to recommend him to the honour of your attention during his reſidence in England.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed)

GILBERT ELLIOT.

Next follow,

1. The addreſs of general Paoli to his countrymen.

2. The

2. The form or writ of election, for the repreſentatives of the nation.

3. The new conſtitution of Corſica as eſtabliſhed by their parliament, with the acceptation thereof in the king's name by ſir Gilbert Elliot and lord Hood. This conſtitution is divided into *twelve* chapters or ſections, which comprize *ſeventy-five* articles; the ſubſtance of which is, that it reſembles that of theſe countries in its leading features. Like Ireland, it is to be governed by a viceroy, who will poſſeſs powers ſimilar to thoſe with which the chief governor of this kingdom is inveſted. Their parliaments are to be biennial, and in all reſpects under the ſame regulations as in this kingdom. Their mode of election for repreſentatives is thus eſtabliſhed—The territory to be divided into diſtricts, each to ſend two members. The towns on the coaſt having a population of 3,000 or upwards are to ſend two members each to parliament. The biſhops who diſcharge their paſtoral functions in Corſica ſhall be members of parliament. Members of parliament ſhall be elected by all Corſican citizens of twenty-five years of age, who muſt reſide at leaſt a year in the diſtrict or town, and who are poſſeſſors of land. The qualifications for a member of parliament are, the poſſeſſion at leaſt of 6,000 livres in land in the diſtrict he is to repreſent; he muſt be born of a Corſican father, *bona fide* an inhabitant, having kept houſe for five years in the diſtrict, and be twenty-five years of age. Lodgers, except inmates for life, perſons employed in collecting the revenue, the receivers and collectors of taxes, thoſe who have penſions, or who are in the ſervice of a foreign power, and prieſts, cannot be members of parliament. The Roman Catholic religion is eſtabliſhed as the national faith, but all other modes of worſhip are tolerated. The liberty of the preſs is decreed, its abuſes to be puniſhable by law.—Corte is fixed as the ſtation of the ſupreme tribunal, which is to be compoſed of five judges and the king's advocate. The ſtandard of Corſica is hereafter to bear a Moor's head quartered with the king's arms. The crown of Corſica is to deſcend according to the order of ſucceſſion to the throne of England, and the trade and navigation of Corſica will receive the ſame protection as enjoyed in the other parts of the king's dominions.

4. The adminiſtration of the oath of allegiance to the Corſicans; and an oath (by way of coronation oath) taken by ſir Gilbert Elliot in the name of the king.

5. A letter from ſir Gilbert Elliot and lord Hood to general Paoli.

6. The ſpeech of ſir Gilbert Elliot, made in the general aſſembly of Corſica on the acceptation of the crown.

## *Affairs of France.*

*(Continued from our Mag. for May.)*

ON the 13th of April, a letter was read to the convention from the repreſentatives of the people at Commune Affranchie (late Lyons) in which is the following paſſage: 'The revolutionary juſtice is about to terminate its career at Commune Affranchie; 1682 infamous rebels have ſuffered death; 1684 priſoners have been ſet at liberty, and 162 ſuſpected perſons are condemned to remain in priſon until there be a peace.'

On Monday April 14, the republican ſociety of St. Denis ſent a deputation, demanding that the honours of the Pantheon ſhould be granted to Jean Jacques Rouſſeau, that celebrated defender of equality, who had refuſed to take upon him the education of a prince. The preſident invited the convention to riſe and do homage to the genius of the celebrated defender of the rights of nations. Several deputies ſupported the petition, and the convention decreed that the aſhes of J. J. Rouſſeau ſhould be removed to the Pantheon. The committee of public inſtruction was enjoined to preſent within three days, a declaration, expreſſive of the conſiderations of public intereſt and national gratitude, which have ſwayed the deciſion reſpecting the grant of the honours of the Pantheon to J. J. Rouſſeau.

On Thurſday the 17th, Lakanal, in the name of the committee of public inſtruction, propoſed that the nation ſhould acquit itſelf of its debt of gratitude toward the citizens who had periſhed on the memorable 10th of Auguſt. It was accordingly decreed, that, in the Pantheon, a column of black marble ſhould be erected. On this ſhould be inſcribed, in letters of gold, the names of the citizens who periſhed in the defence of equality on the 10th of Auguſt 1792. This decree to be fixed *in perpetuo* in the places in which are held the ſittings both of the convention, and of the conſtituted authorities of the republic.

Among the numerous executions for ſome time paſt, we have met with the following names: Gobet, late conſtitutional archbiſhop of Paris; general Arthur Dillon, the famous D'Epremeſnil, formerly counſellor of the parliament of Paris; De Maleſherbes, aged 72, one of the official defenders of Louis XVI. and his daughter, aged 38; the famous admiral count d'Eſtaign; and madame Elizabeth, the amiable and virtuous ſiſter of the late unfortunate monarch.

This ill-fated princeſs fell a victim to the ſanguinary ſyſtem of republicaniſm on the 10th of May. She was followed to the ſcaffold by twenty-five perſons, condemned at the ſame time, but was not ſuffered to fall under the edge of the axe till the heads of all her fellow-ſufferers had been ſtruck off; and ſhe died the laſt of them all. Having aſcended the ſcaffold, ſhe immediately caſt up her eyes to heaven, and, proſtrate on her knees, and wringing her hands, implored of the King of Kings that fortitude which the horrors of her ſituation had rendered ſo neceſſary. Having continued in prayer till the moment when ſhe was to ſubmit her head to the enſanguined inſtrument, ſhe advanced with perfect reſignation, with a kind of heroiſm inſpired by religion, and perfectly reſigned to the decree of Providence. ——Though ſhe bled the laſt among her twenty-five fellow-ſufferers, ſhe diſplayed a courage, a fortitude, ſuperior to them all. The people, accuſtomed to ſuch ſpectacles, ſaw this

ſcene

ſcene of horror with great tranquillity, and at the concluſion ſhouted—Long live the republic!

On Wedneſday, May 7, Robeſpierre made the long promiſed report upon the decadory feſtivals. After having obſerved that the victories of the republic were noiſed throughout every quarter of the univerſe; that there was an entire revolution in the phyſical order, which could not fail to effect a ſimilar revolution in the orders moral and political; that one half of the globe had already felt this change, which the other half would ſoon feel; and that the French nation had anticipated the reſt of the world by two thouſand years, inſomuch that it might be conſidered as conſiſting of a new ſpecies of men; he proceeded to launch forth in the praiſe of republican morality and a democratical government, repreſenting all other governments, and every other deſcription of morality, as deteſtable. He juſtified all the terrible meaſures that had brought about the preſent regimen, and all thoſe by which it was accompanied.

The plan of the decree was now read, and is as follows:

I. The French nation acknowledges the exiſtence of a Supreme Being, and the immortality of the ſoul.

II. It acknowledges, that the worſhip worthy of the Supreme Being, conſiſts in the practice of the duties of man.

III. It ranks among theſe duties the deteſtation of treachery and tyranny, the puniſhment of traitors and tyrants, the ſuccouring of the wretched, reſpect for the weak, the defence of the oppreſſed, the doing to others all poſſible good, and the ſhunning of injuſtice toward any one.

IV. Feſtivals ſhall be inſtituted to recal man to a recollection of the divinity, and to the dignity of his exiſtence.

V. Theſe feſtivals ſhall be named either after the glorious events of the French revolution, thoſe of the virtues the deareſt and moſt uſeful to man, or the moſt conſpicuous benefits of nature.

VI. The French republic will annually celebrate the feſtivals of the 14th of July 1789, the 10th of Auguſt 1792, the 21ſt of January 1793, and the 31ſt of May 1793.

VII. On the days of the decades, the following feſtivals ſhall be celebrated:—To the Supreme Being; to Nature; to the Human Race; to the French Nation; to the Benefactors of Humanity; to the Martyrs of Liberty; to Liberty and Equality; to the Republic; to the Liberty of the World; to the Love of the Country; to the Puniſhment of Tyrants and Traitors; to Truth; to Juſtice; to Glory and Immortality; to Friendſhip; to Frugality; to Courage; to Sincerity; to Heroiſm; to Diſintereſtedneſs; to Stoiciſm; to Love; to Conjugal Love; to Paternal Love; to Maternal Tenderneſs; to Filial Piety; to Infancy; to Youth; to Virility; to Old Age; to Misfortune; to Agriculture; to Induſtry; to Our Anceſtors; to Poſterity; and to Happineſs.

VIII. The freedom of religious worſhip is maintained.

IX. Every ariſtocratical and other aſſembly, ſubverſive of public order, is ſuppreſſed.

X. In caſe of diſturbances, the motive or occaſion of which may conſiſt in any particular mode of worſhip, thoſe who ſhall excite theſe troubles by fanatical diſcourſes, or counter-revolutionary inſinuations, and thoſe who ſhall cauſe them by outrages as unprovoked as unjuſt, ſhall be equally puniſhed, by all the rigour of the law.

XI. On the 8th of June, a feſtival ſhall be celebrated, in honour of the Supreme Being.

Couthon now made the following obſervations:—'Providence and the convention have been outraged by the infamous miſcreants, who, to drive every good citizen to deſpair, have proclaimed materialiſm, and denied the exiſtence of the Supreme Being. On theſe men, corruptors and corrupted, juſtice has been done: but the convention ſhall do more, it ought to ſtrike at the root of their abominable principles; and this will be effected by the decree now enacted. But the convention, having been outraged and calumniated, and that every where, the report of this decree ought not only to be printed in the uſual ſtyle, and ſent to the armies, but ſhould be tranſmitted to all the conſtituted bodies and popular ſocieties. It ought, beſides, to be poſted up in the ſtreets, and diſplayed in every conſpicuous ſpot, to the end that the true profeſſion of faith to the French nation may be fully known. I demand, laſtly, that, inſomuch as the morality of the national repreſentation has been calumniated in foreign countries, the report of Robeſpierre, and the plan of the decree preſented to you, ſhall be tranſlated into all languages, and diſperſed throughout the univerſe.'

*(To be continued.)*

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## POETRY.

*Prologue, written by Joſeph Richardſon, Eſq. and ſpoken by Mr. Kemble, for the Benefit of the Widows and Children of the brave Men who fell in defence of their Country on the firſt of June, 1794.*

OF all the virtues which enamour'd Fame
Connects for ever with a Briton's name,
None ſounds more ſweetly from her trump than thee,
Thou firſt, beſt excellence, Humanity —
Say, ſhall a light, which, from its beaming ſphere,
Diſpels the miſt of ſad Misfortune's tear,
Pierces the worſt abodes where miſeries haunt,
And cheers the languid eye of drooping want;

Shall

Shall it to-night with feebler luſtre ſhine,
When Juſtice joins her rites at Pity's ſhrine?
No:—every eye, in generous drops bedew'd,
Shall own that bounty here is gratitude.
Ye hapleſs orphans, doom'd no more to ſhare
The fond protection of a father's care!
Ye widow'd mourners, doomed no more to know
The ſhelt'ring kindneſs which the brave beſtow!
Your ſacred griefs you do not bear alone,
For in each Britiſh heart your ſorrows are their own.
Ye gallant ſpirits, who to heaven are fled,
Now rank'd, now honour'd with the glorious dead,
If of your former being aught ſurvive,
And Memory holds her dear prerogative,
How will your heighten'd natures joy to ſee
Old England ſafe—Old England ſafe and free!
Sav'd by that valour, which, diſmiſs'd from earth,
Claims from above the meed of patriot worth:
Theſe the grac'd ornaments that deck your bier,
The brave man's ſigh, and gentle beauty's tear.
Glory itſelf at ſuch a ſhrine may bow,
And what is Glory but a name for HOWE?
Touch'd by her hand, the victor's wreaths aſſume
A freſher verdure, and a richer bloom.
As when the ſun impetuous pours his ray,
And dazzles nature with redundant day,
If on ſome lonely ſpot his beams he throws,
Where, dreſs'd in ſweets, retires the baſhful roſe,
We feel his ſoften'd beauty in the flower,
And love his mildneſs, while we own his power.
Divided eulogy this night imparts
To Britiſh ſpirit and to Britiſh hearts,
Thoſe who aſſert their ſovereign country's cauſe,
Thoſe who crown Valour with its beſt applauſe,
Alike in cheriſh'd memory ſhall live;
They who have won the laurel—you who give!

*No Good without an Exception.*

THE world's a good thing; ah! how ſweet and delicious
The bliſs and delight it contains!
Dev'l a pleaſure but fortune crams into our diſhes,
Except a few torments and pains,
Then wine's a good thing, the dear drink's ſo inviting,
Where each toper his care ſweetly drowns;
Where our friends we ſo cheriſh, ſo love, and delight in,
Except when we're cracking their crowns.
Sing didderoo whack! take the good with the bad,
And put round the claret and ſherry;
If the cares of this world did not make us ſo ſad,
'Twould be eaſy enough to be merry.

Fait a wife's good ting; ſure to charm and content ye,
To cheriſh and love you, ſhe's born;
Show'ring joys on your brow like the goddeſs of plenty,
So ſweet—juſt excepting the horn.

Arrah fait the dear law a nice good ting to truſt is;
Juſt your all to its mercy devote;
You'll be ſure to get bed, board, and clothing, from juſtice,
Except when ſhe ſtrips off your coat.
Sing didderoo whack! &c.

En't a place a good ting, where the loaves and the fiſhes
So neatly are handed about;
Where you turn, when you're in, till you get all your wiſhes,
Except when they're turning you out?
Is not fame a good ting? ah! her trump founds ſo glorious,
And ſo ſings forth the deeds of the brave!
Nothing hinders their living long, great, and notorious,
Except that they're ſunk in the grave.
Sing didderoo whack! &c.

Then a friend's a good ting:—ah! he ſoothes all your ſorrows,
He ſoftens each care of your life;
And nothing, kind ſoul! in return ever borrows,
Except juſt your purſe or your wife.
By compariſon then ſince each good ting's a treaſure,
As the foil ſhews the diamond's true glare,
Let us in this life cheriſh only the pleaſure,
Except when we're taſting the care.
Sing didderoo whack! &c.

*Ode to War.*

I.

DREAD offſpring of Tartarian birth,
Whoſe nodding creſt is ſtained with gore,
Whom to ſome giant-ſon of earth,
Strife, in ſtrong pangs of childbed bore;
O War! fierce monſter, homicide,
Who marcheſt on with hideous ſtride,
Shaking thy ſpear diſtilling blood:
Bellona thee, in angry mood,
Taught proud Ambition's ſpoils to win,
Amidſt the loud, conflicting din
Of arms, where Diſcord's gorgon-featured form
High ſhakes her flaming torch amidſt the martial ſtorm.

II.

Stern God! wolf-hearted, and accurſed,
Foſtered by Power, by Rapine nurſed,
Oppreſſion ever in thy train,
For hapleſs man prepares her chain:
A thouſand vulture-forms beſide
Stalk on before thee; bloated Pride,
Thick-eyed Revenge, his ſoul on fire,
And Slaughter breathing threatenings dire,
Tumult, and Rage, and Fury fell,
And Cruelty, the imp of hell,
Her heart of adamant! and armed her hand
With iron hooks, and cords, and Deſolation's brand.

There,

III.

There, where the battle loudeſt roars,
Where wide the impurpled deluge pours,
And ghaſtly Death, his thouſands ſlain,
Whirls his ſwift chariot o'er the plain,
Rapt in wild Horror's franttc fit,
'Midſt the dire ſcene thou lov'ſt to ſit,
To catch ſome wretch's parting ſigh,
To mark the dimly-glazing eye,
The face into contortions thrown,
Convulſed: the deep, deep-lengthening groan,
The frequent ſob, the agonizing ſmart,
And nature's dread releaſe, the pang that rends the heart.

IV.

Avaunt, from Albion's iſle! nor there
Thy arms, and maddening car prepare,
Nor bid thy crimſon banners fly
Terrific, through the troubled ſky;
But ſtay thee in thy wild career;
Lay by thy glittering ſhield and ſpear,
Thy poliſhed caſque, and nodding creſt,
And let thy ſable ſteeds have reſt:
At length the work of ſlaughter cloſe,
And give to Europe's ſons repoſe,
Bid the hoarſe clangors of the trumpet ceaſe,
And ſmooth thy wrinkled front to meet the ſmiles of Peace.

*Stanzas written after ſucceſſive Nights of Melancholy Dreams. By Mrs. Robinſon.*

YE airy phantoms, by whoſe pow'r
Night's curtains ſpread a deeper ſhade;
Who, prowling in the murky hour,
The weary ſenſe with ſpells invade;
Why round the fibres of my brain,
Such deſolating miſeries fling,
And, with new ſcenes of mental pain,
Chaſe from my languid eye, ſleep's balm-diſpenſing wing?

Ah! why when o'er the darken'd globe
All Nature's children ſink to reſt—
Why, wrapp'd in horror's ghaſtly robe,
With ſhad'wy hand aſſail my breaſt?
Why conjure up a tribe forlorn,
To menace, where I bend my way?
Why round my pillow plant the thorn,
Or fix the demon's dire, in terrible array?

Why, when the buſy day is o'er—
A day, perhaps, of *tender thought*—
Why bid my eager gaze explore
New proſpects, with new anguiſh fraught?
Why bid my madd'ning ſenſe deſcry
The form, in ſilence I adore!
His magic ſmile! his murd'rous eye!
Then bid me wake to prove the fond illuſion o'er!

When, fev'riſh with the throbs of pain,
And bath'd with many a trickling tear,
I cloſe my cheated eyes again,
Deſpair's wild bands are hov'ring near;
Now borne upon the yelling blaſt,
O'er craggy peaks I bend my flight;
Now, on the yawning ocean caſt,
I plunge unfathom'd depths, amid the ſhades of night!

Or, borne upon the billow's ire,
O'er the vaſt waſte of waters drear,
Where ſhipwreck'd mariners expire,
No friend their dying plaints to hear,
I view far off the craggy cliff,
Whoſe white top mingles with the ſkies;
While, at its baſe the ſhatter'd ſkiff,
Waſh'd by the foaming wave, in many a fragment lies.

Oft, when the morning's gaudy beams
My lattice gild with ſparkling light,
O'erwhelm'd with agonizing dreams,
And bound in ſpells of fancied night,
I ſtart, convulſive, wild, diſtraught!
By ſome pale murd'rer's poignard preſs'd,
Or by the grinning phantom caught,
Wake from the madd'ning graſp with horror-freezing breaſt!

Then, down my cold and pallid cheek,
The mingling tears of joy and grief,
The ſoul's tumultuous feelings ſpeak,
And yield the ſtruggling heart relief;
I ſmile to know the danger paſt!
But ſoon the radiant moment flies;
Soon is the tranſient day o'ercaſt,
And hope ſteals trembling from my languid eyes!

If thus, for moments of repoſe,
Whole hours of miſ'ry I muſt know;
If, when each ſunny day ſhall cloſe,
I muſt each gleam of peace forego!
If, for one little morn of mirth,
This breaſt muſt feel long nights of pain;
Oh! life, thy joys are nothing worth;
Then let me ſink to reſt—and never wake again!

*On Pity. Addreſſed to Miſs Maria S——, of Drogheda.*

WHEN miſery calls upon thy tender heart,
Pity ſoon leads you to the bed of woe;
Sweet conſolation heals affliction's ſmart,
Tho' diſeaſe threatens, you undaunted go.

Compaſſion weeps, your helping hand extends,
Relieves diſtreſs, and ſoftens ſad deſpair;
Bleſt gratitude will make you full amends,
The poor man's bleſſing pays the generous fair.

No oſtentatious motives are your view,
The pure effects of charitable nature;
Sorrow wou'd ſmile, were others but like you,
Happy to ſerve a wretched fellow-creature.

Humanity, that dear celeſtial maid,
To you and Pity, cloſely is allied;
Virtues like thine will bloom, and never fade,
Nor by the world ſhall ever be denied.

Let emulation inſpire every fair,
Let pity in each breaſt for ever wait;
Let opulence with indigence now ſhare,
And good MARIA ſtrive to imitate.

BRITISH

## BRITISH INTELLIGENCE.

*Ratcliffe, July 23, 1794.*

A DREADFUL fire broke out at three o'clock in the afternoon of this day, which has conſumed more houſes than any one conflagration has done ſince the memorable fire of London. It began at Mr. Clove's, barge-builder, at Cock-hill, near Ratcliffe; and was occaſioned by the boiling over of a pitch kettle that ſtood under his warehouſe, which was conſumed in a very ſhort time. It then communicated to a barge, it being low water, lying adjoining the premiſes, laden with ſaltpetre and other ſtores. This occaſioned the conflagration to ſpread widely in a very ſhort time. Several other veſſels and ſmall crafts, lying near to the barge, ſoon after took fire, without any poſſibility of getting them off. The blowing up of the ſaltpetre from the barge, occaſioned large flakes of fire to fall on the warehouſes belonging to the East India Company, whence the ſaltpetre was removing to the Tower (twenty tons of which had been fortunately taken the preceding day). The flames ſoon caught the warehouſes, and here the ſcene became dreadful; the whole of theſe buildings were conſumed, with all their contents to a great amount. The wind blowing ſtrong from the South, and the High-ſtreet of Ratcliffe being narrow, both ſides caught fire, which prevented the engines from being of any eſſential ſervice; and, in the courſe of the evening, it extended itſelf to the premiſes of Mr. Joſeph Hanks, timber-merchant, in London-ſtreet, where it again raged moſt furiouſly, and communicated to Butcher-row, the whole of the weſt and part of the eaſt ſide of which was conſumed. The fire the took its courſe up Brook-ſtreet, Stepney-Cauſeway, caught the premiſes of Mr. Shakeſpeare, rope-maker, and burnt through to the fields on the one ſide, and the whole of the dwellings on the other; forming altogether a ſquare of great extent. What is very remarkable, the dwelling-houſe of Mr. Bear, an extenſive building, although ſurrounded by the flames, was fortunately preſerved, without the leaſt injury.

Mr. Devaynes carried an account of this dreadful fire to the cabinet miniſters, who were aſſembled at lord Grenville's; and meaſures were immediately taken for giving every aſſiſtance in the power of government, for extinguiſhing the flames, and preſerving order and tranquillity in the midſt of ſuch a dreadful calamity.

A ſurvey has been taken by the warden and other officers of the hamlet, whoſe report was, that out of 1200 houſes, of which the hamlet conſiſted, not more than 570 were preſerved from general conflagration; and, what is more to be regretted, the greater number were the principal contributors towards the ſupport of the poor. It having been reported that the fire was maliciouſly occaſioned; upon the moſt minute inquiry, it is clearly aſcertained it was entirely accidental, from the cauſe above mentioned. It raged with ſo much violence, that it was with the greateſt difficulty Mr. Cloves and his ſervants eſcaped, one of whom was terribly burnt, and is now in the London Hoſpital; and Mr. Cloves himſelf had unfortunately his arm broke, and is otherwiſe much hurt. That ſome idea may be formed of the very great loſs ſuſtained by this unfortunate event, the warehouſes of Mr. Whiting contained ſugars to the amount of upwards of 40,000l. which were entirely deſtroyed. The diſtreſs of the miſerable inhabitants exceeded all deſcription. In the ſurrounding fields were depoſited the few goods, conſiſting chiefly of bedding, they were able to ſave. Stepney church was opened for their reception, and above a thouſand people were obliged to remain all night in the fields watching the remnant of their property. Children crying for their loſt parents, and parents lamenting the fate of their children, added to the horrors of a ſcene not equalled during the preſent century. At leaſt 1,400 people are thrown on the public benevolence. By the humanity of government, there were on the 25th about 150 tents pitched in an incloſed piece of ground adjoining to Stepney church-yard, for the reception of the poor ſufferers, and bread was diſtributed from the veſtry for their relief. The tents being found inſufficient to contain all thoſe who have been thus ſo ſuddenly deprived of their habitations, a number of covered waggons have been ſent from the Tower, to accommodate the remainder of theſe diſtreſſed objects.—The number of ſpectators to view the ruins of the late fire at Ratcliffe croſs, and the encampment of the poor inhabitants, whom this unuſual conflagration has driven to live in tents, is wonderful.—A meeting of the affluent inhabitants of the city was held at the Court-houſe, Wellcloſe-ſquare, on the 26th, to take into conſideration the moſt effectual means of alleviating the diſtreſs, when a ſum very little ſhort of 1000l. was immediately ſubſcribed; the East India Company gave 210l. On the ſame day, the ſubject was taken into conſideration at Lloyd's, and about 700l. collected. Several humane gentlemen, who were at the Wellcloſe ſquare meeting, have ſince attended at the different avenues leading to the deſolated ſcene, for the purpoſe of ſoliciting the benevolence of thoſe perſons whoſe curioſity led them to witneſs the diſtreſſes of their fellow creatures.

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## DEATHS.

AT ſea, on his return from the Weſt Indies, Richard Henry Buckeridge, eſq. lieutenant-colonel of the 64th reg. He commanded, during the campaign, the third grenadier battalion, with diſtinguiſhed gallantry and conduct. A fever (moſt probably the conſequence of exceſſive fatigue) ſeized him ſoon after embarking for England, and proved fatal in a few days.—At Naples, Mr. Billington, huſband of the celebrated ſinger. He had dined, apparently in perfect health and ſpirits; and, in going up ſtairs for his hat, in order to accompany his wife to the theatre, fell motionleſs, and never after uttered a word. This event happened the day following the firſt appearance of Mrs. B. in the grand theatre of St. Carlo at Naples.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

*Belfaſt, Auguſt 7, 1794.*

ON Wedneſday laſt, as a recruiting ſerjeant was conducting two men whom he had enliſted, from Liſburn to this town, one of them refuſed to go any farther; on which, after ſome altercation, the ſerjeant ſtabbed him in the ſide. The ſerjeant was committed to Carrickfergus gaol by Mr. Legg, oppoſite whoſe houſe it happened.

*Leitrim, Aug.* 10.] The defenders have lately committed many robberies in this country; on Monday night they entered, after ſome reſiſtance, the houſe of Mr. Halfpenny, and killed a private of the Loyal Greys, who was in it at the time, after which they plundered it of 100l. in money, and ſome fire-arms; on the night preceding they broke into the houſe of a Mr. Lloyd, where they were diſappointed of their expected booty by the family being abroad. The inhabitants of Mohill, in the neighbourhood of which theſe outrages have been commi ted, keep a nightly guard for their common protection.

DUBLIN, *July* 23, 1794.

*Commiſſion Intelligence.*

MICHAEL O'BERNE was indicted for feloniouſly aſſaulting Francis Bennet on the 13th of April laſt, on the king's high-way in Fleet-ſtreet, in the city of Dublin, putting him in dread of his life, and feloniouſly taking from his perſon one gold watch, a gold chain, two gold ſeals, a caroline hat, and one pound two ſhillings and ten pence, the goods and money of ſaid Francis Bennet.

And Joſeph Sallary was indicted for feloniouſly receiving from the ſaid Michael O'Berne the ſaid gold watch, chain and ſeals, knowing the ſame to be ſtolen.

Francis Bennet, examined by Mr. Recorder, depoſed, that he is a merchant, and lives at No. 84, Fleet-ſtreet; that, on the morning of Sunday the 13th day of April, a little after the hour of two o'clock, he was returning towards his own houſe; within about ſeven yards of his door, he ſaw two perſons coming towards him, and he ſuppoſed wanted to paſs him—that one of them, O'Berne, the priſoner at the bar, came up to him, and hit him a terrible thump on the left ſide of his jaw with a clenched fiſt, and as he was wholly unprepared for attack, he was knocked down; the priſoner inſtantly proceeded to rummage him, and ſeized the chain of his watch, which he dragged from his fob. The witneſs ſeized the watch as the priſoner dragged it away, and held it faſt till the priſoner bit his finger to the bone, and obliged him to let it go. The witneſs roared out, police! murder!—No one came to his aſſiſtance, but the man in company with the priſoner, and whoſe name was Lambert, came up, and put his hand on the witneſs's mouth; and O'Berne at the ſame time gave him two or three deſperate thumps in the face, and then clapt his foot on the witneſs's throat, and preſſed it very hard, ſo as to prevent his imploring mercy, which he was inclined to have done, had he been able to ſpeak; but he was not able to utter a word. The priſoner ſtill kept his foot on the witneſs's throat, and then tore the pocket down off his waiſtcoat, in which pocket he poſitively ſwore there was a guinea and a penny, and he thought there might have been 6d. beſide; they alſo ook his hat. It was a clear moon-light night; witneſs had full light to diſtinguiſh clearly the features of both perſons, and he identified them; he has known O'Berne perſonally theſe fifteen years; and he ſwore poſitively that if he had a ſhadow of doubt as to his identity, no power or conſideration on earth ſhould force him to give the teſtimony he had here given this day, becauſe he knew it was a teſtimony that muſt go to affect the priſoner's life.

Witneſs gave examinations the very ſame morning to alderman Fleming, and identified O'Berne.—He firſt ſent for inſpector Shee, who was not to be found, and then for alderman Fleming, as he was ſo ill from the treatment he received, that he was not able to attend at the office. He acknowledged he was unwilling to ſwear againſt Lambert, as he conſidered he had been the means of preſerving his life. Witneſs ſaid he got his watch and ſeals, in conſequence of an anonymous letter he had received, directing him where it was; which letter he had given to inſpector Shee, who went and brought him his watch and ſeals.

Croſs-examined by Counſellor Curran.

Witneſs ſaid, that this affair happened at one-fourth paſt two on Sunday morning: he had dined with ſome friends at a tavern the preceding day; there had been but a bottle of white wine drank at dinner; and after it he might have drank about three pints of claret to his own ſhare. He then came home to his houſe and wrote letters for about an hour and an half; and afterwards went to the Horſe-Shoe and Magpye porter-houſe, Temple-Bar, where he ſupped on nine poached eggs, a pint of porter, and drank afterwards two tumbler glaſſes of geneva and water; he might have drank a third tumbler, but does not clearly recollect.—He came away about a quarter paſt two. He admits his ſpirits were a little lively, or he ſhould not have gone perhaps to that houſe, for he did not uſually frequent it, nor had he been there for four months before; but he ſwore poſitively he was not drunk, nor what is called fuddled, but in perfect poſſeſſion of all his ſenſes and faculties at the time, though he admits his judgment might be a little under the yoke, as Mr. Curran phraſed it.

Mr. Curran's inveſtigation was a good deal in the ludicrous: he obſerved the number of eggs that compoſed the witneſs's ſupper, were more than that of the Graces, and equal to that of the Muſes;

Muſes; he aſked him if he did not uſually drink a little coarſe wine at his dinner, by way of foundation, to keep the claret out of the wet—If he did not ſwallow a ſquib after his dinner, by way of Latin for his gooſe? and, if, after his foundation of white-wine, with a ſuperſtructure of three pints of claret, a ſtratum of nine eggs a pint of por er, and a ſupra cargo of three pints of geneva punch, his judgment was not a little under the yoke?

Mr. Bennet perſevered poſitively through the whole of his teſtimony, both as to the facts, the priſoner's identity, and his own perfect ſobriety and clearneſs of recollection at the moment of the robbery.

He was unwilling, he ſaid, to proſecute Lambert, for he believed he had preſerved his life; as, when the priſoner O'Berne held his foot on his throat, and called to Lambert in a low but audible tone of voice, "ſhall I kill him outright? by the H—ly G—ſt it is the ſureſt way;" Lambert anſwered, "no; blaſt his eyes, you have given him enough."

On the Monday night, ſurgeon O'Berne, brother to the priſoner, and another man came to witneſs's houſe, and told the maid who opened the door they wanted to ſee witneſs; the maid anſwered, witneſs was ill and could not be ſeen: ſurgeon O'Berne replied, he came on particular and urgent buſineſs about the robbery, and would not leave the houſe till he ſhould ſee the witneſs—Witneſs, who was in a parlour, looked into the hall, and went towards the door, when he ſaw ſurgeon O'Berne, and a man with him, who he ſaid was a friend of Mr. O'Berne's, and had juſt come thirty miles from the country. This man wore boots, and was muffled up in a great coat, apparently diſguiſed——witneſs gueſſing Mr. O'Berne's buſineſs, would not hold any converſation with him; but darting his eyes for the moment earneſtly into the man, it ſtruck him inſtantly he was one of thoſe who had robbed him, and declared ſo to his ſervant maid, who was now attending in court. He ſays Lambert at the time of the robbery was dreſſed remarkably genteel, but his appearance in the hall was quite otherwiſe.

Mr. Lambert came to witneſs's houſe in his uſual appearance on the Friday following, accompanied by a lady, Mr. Matt. Dowling, and witneſs's oppoſite neighbour Mr. Andrews, and while they were in the parlour in the preſence of his clerk, witneſs aſked Mr. Lambert his name, which he did not know well before, though he was familiar with his perſon; and witneſs then ſaid to Lambert, if I was ſtepping this moment out of time into eternity, I would ſolemnly take the ſacrament, you are one of the identical men who robbed me, ſo go about your buſineſs; I do not want to proſecute you, for you preſerved my life, and I ſhall not be inſtrumental in taking yours; but I expect to have my watch, for it is a valuable one; and Mr. Matt. Dowling then promiſed I ſhould have that watch, or as good a one made in place of it.

Witneſs ſays he did hear the watch had been given to Sallary, the other priſoner, by a perſon named Horiſh, but did not believe it. He does not know or to his knowledge ever ſaw Horiſh; he has heard that Horiſh, ſo far from having abſconded, was met by a gentleman in Maſs-lane, a fortnight ago.

William Shee, inſpector of police, ſworn.—Says he was ſent for by the laſt witneſs to his houſe on Monday the 14th of April, and called in the afternoon of that day upon the witneſs, who ſhewed him an anonymous letter which ſaid the watch of which he was robbed was in the houſe of one Sallary in Chancery-lane, (the other priſoner at the bar,) where, if he would ſearch, it would be found.

The witneſs then told Mr. Bennet, if he could with a ſafe conſcience ſwear to his belief of the intimation in this letter, he, the witneſs, would thereby obtain a ſearch-warrant, which was accordingly done, and witneſs went to the houſe of Sallary, told him he had got a warrant to ſearch for Mr. Bennet's watch, and that if he had it, he had better give it up, than put the witneſs to the trouble of ſearching, as that would have a bad appearance.

Sallary accordingly gave the witneſs a gold watch, chain and ſeals, which he carried to Mr. Bennet, who declared that the watch was the ſame he had been robbed of, but the chain and ſeals were not.

He then returned to Sallary with the chain and ſeals, and deſcribed to him thoſe which Mr. Bennet had loſt, and which Sallary immediately produced—but they were fixed to another watch.

Shee on the firſt time inquired of Sallary where he had got the watch, and he told him he had got it from his houſe-keeper, or ſervant, who had it from another woman. On Shee's returning the ſecond time, he brought with him a party of the police to take Sallary into cuſtody—and Sallary then told him he had the watch from one Horiſh, upon which witneſs brought him away to Newgate.

Croſs-examined by Counſellor M'Nally.

He ſaid nothing at all contradictory to his firſt evidence; but ſaid that on his mentioning Mr. Bennet's watch to the priſoner Sallary, he immediately ſaid he had it, before witneſs produced the warrant. He ſwears poſitively Sallary did not tell him at that time where Horiſh was to be found, from whom he ſaid he got the watch; and his belief is, if Sallary had told him any ſuch thing, he would have gone directly and apprehended Horiſh. He believes, from what he had heard, that Horiſh is a perſon about the ſize of the priſoner O'Berne, and is of a dark complexion—but ſhould not know him. He believes that Sallary had lodged examinations againſt Horiſh yeſterday, becauſe Sallary told him ſo; he has no other knowledge of, or reaſon to believe it.

Croſs-examined by Counſellor Fletcher.

He ſays he has heard and believes that Mr. Lambert's friends had offered a reward, and were very active in their endeavours to trace this robbery home.

The evidence for the proſecution ſtood here—and for the defence,

Mr. George Butler, one of the attornies, was examined, and ſays he was at the porter-houſe

called the Horſe-Shoe and Magpye, on the night of the 12th of April, and left it on the Sunday morning; the houſe ſometimes goes by the name of the Dirt Hole; he was there about an hour and a half, and ſaw there the firſt witneſs, Mr. Bennet, who appeared to him to be rather in liquor; he does not know how much he had drank, but he ſaw him pay the waiter two different reckonings. A gentleman had come in who was uſing ſome droll expreſſions, and Mr. Bennet expreſſed a wiſh to ſit in the ſame ſeat; he had put his watch in the ſleeve of his coat, and on raiſing his arm it dropped on the floor, and Mr. Bennet took it up and put it into his fob; the witneſs obſerved to him that if the cryſtal was broke, the watch would be apt to be ſpoiled—but he ſaid there was no fear. [It ſhould have been ſtated in Mr. Bennet's evidence that he declared this laſt mentioned circumſtance.] Mr. Bennet then called to the waiter, and aſked him what he had to pay—and on the waiter's anſwering, he flew in a paſſion, and aſked was he to be robbed of his ſhilling, or his ſhilling's worth?—the witneſs does not recollect which.

Croſs-examined by Mr. Recorder, whether he believes Mr. Bennet to have been in ſuch a ſtate of intoxication, as not to be able to recollect the features of thoſe he had known before, in an attempt to rob him; ſays he certainly might recollect.

Mrs. Mary Lambert, wife of the perſon implicated with the priſoner O'Berne, ſworn and examined; ſhe gave a long, moſt minute, and circumſtantial detail of circumſtances, to prove an alibi, on behalf of the priſoner O'Berne. She ſaid he was at dinner at her houſe in Clontarf, on Friday and Saturday; drank tea and ſupped there on Saturday night; went to bed about half paſt one, which ſhe knew from having ſeen Mr. Lambert's watch, which he pulled out, to ſhew it was not ſo late as ſhe imagined; ſhe heard her huſband converſe with Mr. O'Berne after he was in bed; ſhe herſelf went to bed before two; heard Mr. O'Berne ſnore very loud, and remarked it to her huſband; ſhe was awaked at an early hour on Sunday morning, by her huſband calling out Berne! Berne! why don't you get up and look what the dogs are barking at?—She heard O'Berne get up, open the window, and anſwer, he had looked out, and ſeen nothing but the dogs themſelves; ſhe was awakened again at ſix o'clock, by O'Berne calling to her huſband to know if he had any commands to town.

A Miſs Harriſon had drank tea at her houſe the evening before; Mr. O'Berne, at her requeſt, had made tea for them, and Miſs Harriſon went away at half paſt nine. Mr. O'Berne had afterwards gone, at her requeſt, to deliver a meſſage to a gentleman in Clontarf, and returned again after delivering it.

Witneſs ſays ſhe is the daughter of William Bernard, Eſq. of the county Carlow; that ſhe brought her huſband a fortune of one thouſand pounds.

Croſs-examined by Mr. Recorder; ſhe ſwears to the beſt of her recollection, ſhe was always uniform in her declarations on this head, except at Mr. Bennet's, when ſhe declared ſhe knew nothing about Mr. O'Berne; and ſhe, becauſe ſhe knew Mr. O'Berne's innocence, ſaid this, that Mr. Bennet ſhould not know what proof ſhe had to bring forward on behalf of Mr. O'Berne; at this inſtant ſhe can't recollect all the converſation with Mr. Bennet; but ſhe poſitively ſwears ſhe never declared to any perſon that Mr. O'Berne had not lain at her houſe on the night the robbery was charged.

Here Mr. Bennet was again examined on oath, and depoſed, that on the morning Mrs. Lambert called to his houſe, with her huſband, Mr. Dowling, and Mr. Andrews, and ſeemed extremely anxious, he told her not to be alarmed; that he had no intention of proſecuting her huſband; but he called upon her to declare candidly whether O'Berne was at her houſe on the day or night of the robbery—and ſhe declared poſitively that he was not.

Thomas Jones, a boy of eighteen, ſays he lives at Clontarf, and that he was coming to town about a quarter paſt ſix o'clock one Sunday morning ſome months ago, but he cannot ſay what Sunday, or what month, or what day of the month; he overtook Mr. O'Berne, who had a noſegay in his hand; Mr. O'Berne was at one ſide of the way, and witneſs at the other; but witneſs had no converſation with him; witneſs heard nothing of the robbery.

Alice Ward ſays ſhe knows this laſt witneſs and the priſoner for upwards of four years, and that ſhe lives at Clontarf; that ſhe was coming to town about a quarter paſt ſix o'clock on Palm Sunday morning, and ſhe ſaw them come towards town, and in converſation with each other.

Here evidence cloſed on both ſides.

Judge Chamberlaine, with the utmoſt accuracy and preciſion, ſummed up the evidence on both ſides, on which he commented as he proceeded with great perſpicuity, charging the jury if they had the ſlighteſt doubt on their minds, to lean to the ſide of mercy, and acquit the priſoners.

The jury, after retiring an hour and ten minutes, returned their verdict GUILTY againſt both priſoners; but the foreman, for himſelf and fellow jurors, recommended O'Berne as an object of mercy.

The court aſked the jurors upon what circumſtance they grounded their recommendation.

The foreman anſwered, upon ſome ſcruples of doubt which had ariſen in ſome of their minds.

The judge replied, that he had clearly expreſſed in his charge, that if they had any doubt on their minds, they were bound in duty to acquit the priſoners. He requeſted they would, therefore, in the name of God, take back their verdict, retire, re-conſider it, and acquit the priſoner if they had any doubts of his guilt from the evidence on the caſe; but if they had no ſuch doubts, they alſo knew their duty.

The jury, without retiring from the box, confirmed their firſt verdict.

Sallary is a man upwards of ſeventy years old, and was a publican in Chancery-lane.

O'Berne, on his way from the dock to the carriage, in order to be re-conducted to priſon, had juſt reached the lower ſteps of the court, when he ſlipped ſuddenly from the hold of the goaler,

and

and ran with aſtoniſhing violence and rapidity up Chriſt-church-lane, ruſhing through the crowd, and leaving the ſheriffs, gaoler and guard in aſtoniſhment. He was inſtantly purſued by ſheriff Jenkin, inſpector Shee, and one of the ſoldiers, knocked down and ſecured at the corner of Nicholas-ſtreet, and brought back to the carriage, in which he was re-conducted to priſon, ſurrounded by the guards with loaded arms and bayonets fixed.

Mr. O'Berne had voluntarily ſurrendered himſelf to take his trial on the charge againſt him, with the ſtrongeſt profeſſions of innocence, and fulleſt confidence of acquittal; a circumſtance urged ſtrongly by his counſel, admitted by his proſecutors, and ſtrongly remarked on by the learned judge in his charge to the jury.

25.] Alexander and William M'Dowell, under keepers of the ſheriffs ſide of the gaol of Newgate, were indicted for aiding and aſſiſting Archibald Hamilton Rowan, in effecting his eſcape, on the night of the firſt of May laſt.

Mr. Treſham Gregg depoſed, that he viſited the priſon as was his uſual cuſtom, at eight o'clock in the morning, and twelve o'clock at noon on that day, and ſaw Mr. Rowan both times; he again viſited it about half paſt nine that night, and went up ſtairs paſt Mr. Rowan's door, but did not ſee him; ſaw his ſervants attending outſide the door, and knew that Mrs. Rowan and children were there; he paſſed alſo Mr. Jackſon's door, and ſaw the centinel poſted at it; at that time every thing in the priſon was quiet, the doors locked, and the centinels on duty. At one o'clock in the morning he returned again to the priſon, walked round it, ſaw all the lamps lit, the centinels at their poſts, and all well. About eight o'clock on the following morning, a meſſage was brought to his houſe that Mr. Rowan had made his eſcape. He immediately ran to the priſon, and there met Alex. M'Dowell, the father, and aſked him if what he heard was true, that Mr. Rowan had eſcaped, and how it could happen? the priſoner anſwered, it was true enough; that when Mrs. Rowan was going to her carriage the night before, at ten o'clock, Mr. Rowan went out at the door with her, and made a race down the ſteps and got away.

Witneſs then aſked him how ſuch a thing could poſſibly happen? had he alarmed the guard? he anſwered—*No*—Witneſs aſked him why not, but the priſoner gave ſome evaſive anſwer; a little afterwards witneſs met the younger priſoner, and remarked to him, this was a damnable buſineſs, and the priſoner ſaid it was. That he had been purſuing him all night; witneſs aſked him did he alarm the guard? and he anſwered—no, no; that he had gone to his own houſe to ſearch for him, but did not find him, and that he had been round the Circular-road all night in ſearch of him.

Witneſs then went to Mr. Sheriff Jenkin, to whom he communicated the circumſtance. Sheriff Jenkin immediately went with him to the Caſtle, ſtopt there a few minutes to tell the circumſtance, and then came over to the gaol, when witneſs gave him the key of Mr. Rowan's room, of which he took poſſeſſion, with every thing therein.

Mr. Sheriff Jenkin ſworn.

Said that about ten o'clock on the morning of the ſecond of May, the laſt witneſs came to his houſe and told him the circumſtance of Mr. Rowan's eſcape; that he went immediately up to the ſecretary's office at the Caſtle, and communicated the circumſtance, and then went over with Mr. Gregg to the gaol; that he aſked the elder M'Dowell to give him an account how or in what manner the thing could have happened; and was anſwered, firſt, that his wife had unlocked the door on the preceding night for Mr. Rowan, and that Mr. Rowan had one of the children in his arms, and went to put it into the coach, and then ran away: that he and his wife and daughters were all crying, and he ſaid clapping his hands, that he and his family would be ruined.—The witneſs then cautioned him about accuſing his unfortunate wife, or involving her in the puniſhment. Mr. Sheriff Jenkin then went away for a ſhort time, and returned again, and told the priſoner he muſt give a ſtricter account of the matter, and adviſed him to be extremely careful in what he ſaid, and to tell truth: the priſoner then fell on his knees, put up his hands, and deſired to give his bible oath, and that he would now tell the whole truth: he then ſaid, that as he himſelf unlocked the door to let Mrs. Rowan and her children out, Mr. Rowan ruſhed forward, paſſed him, and made his eſcape in the manner before deſcribed.—On being aſked why he did not immediately alarm the guard, he ſaid he was loth to ſpread any alarm, thinking Mr. Rowan had only gone to his own houſe, and would return again, and finding he did not return, he ſent his ſon to ſearch for him to his houſe, but not finding him there, the ſon had gone round the circular-road, in hopes of meeting his carriage—but was able to obtain no tidings of him.

The ſerjeant of the guard mounted at Newgate that night ſworn:

Says the inſtructions he received on mounting guard was, to be ready to attend any call of the gaoler or turnkeys, and to let no perſon paſs in or out contrary to their inſtructions; that theſe were always the orders repeated to the centinels on duty; and that on the night of the firſt of May, he was cloſe to his guard-houſe from four in the afternoon, until four the next morning, and never once cloſed his eyes, nor heard the ſmalleſt alarm, nor a word about Mr. Rowan's eſcape; if there had been any alarm, it was impoſſible but he muſt have heard it; he had been called on about nine o'clock that night by the younger M'Dowell, to diſperſe ſome boys who were about a bonfire oppoſite the priſon, and were throwing ſquibs and frightening the horſes of Mr. Rowan's carriage, then waiting in the ſtreet, and he ſent ſome men to diſperſe the mob: this was the only time he was called on for any ſervice in the courſe of the night, and he was conſtantly on his poſt ready for duty.

On the part of the priſoners, a perſon named Leedam, who is a priſoner for debt in the Sheriffs Gaol, was ſworn, and he depoſed,

That he was preſent in the hall of the gaol when Mr. Rowan was brought there by the ſheriff,

ſheriff, and that he heard Mr. Gregg give directions to both the priſoners, to treat Mr. Rowan with every poſſible degree of reſpect and indulgence—and that he has often ſeen Mr. Rowan, after his committal, out upon the ſteps of the priſon in the ſtreet.

A woman named Jane Norton, who keeps a ſhop the corner of Little Britain-ſtreet, was ſworn, and depoſed,

That ſhe had often ſeen Mr. Rowan in the day time, ſtanding out on the landing-place of the priſon ſteps, and this a few days before his eſcape, which ſhe ſuppoſed had been done without the knowledge of Mr. Gregg.—She heard of his eſcape the morning after at eight o'clock, from a woman, who is an attendant in the priſon.

The evidence for the priſoners having cloſed here,

The Attorney General addreſſed the jury in a ſpeech of conſiderable length, force and perſpicuity, he connected in one ſtriking train the different points of evidence in the teſtimony of Mr. Gregg, Mr. Sheriff Jenkin, and the Serjeant of the guard, from which he clearly demonſtrated, that from the declaration of the priſoners themſelves, admitting their own declaration to be ever ſo true, that out of their own mouths proceeded their condemnation; the circumſtances of ſuffering the priſoner to ruſh violently out at the priſon door, at ten o'clock at night, run down the priſon ſteps, and effect a clear eſcape, without ſo much as giving the leaſt alarm to the centinel who ſtood within a yard of the door, or to the guard immediately behind him; never to have attempted the leaſt purſuit, or raiſe the leaſt cry after him, but to have aſſumed the pretence of a confidence that he would return, and to have locked the door and gone to bed, without giving the leaſt alarm or intelligence of the buſineſs to Mr. Gregg, the head gaoler, who was at his own houſe within a few yards of the priſon, and who afterwards, at the hour of one o'clock, viſited the priſon, and walked round it, without perceiving the ſlighteſt alarm, never to have apprized the ſheriff of the circumſtance till the next day, notwithſtanding the ſtrict charge given by him to the priſoners a few days before for the exerciſe of a rigorous vigilance over Mr. Rowan, who was then ſtrongly ſuſpected of an intention to eſcape; never to have given any alarm to government, though conſcious of their ſolicitude for the ſecurity of a man convicted of a crime ſhort only of open rebellion; never even to have intimated a tittle of the buſineſs to the turnkey of the door within half a yard of that from which Mr. Rowan was ſuffered to eſcape.

Theſe circumſtances, added to the pretence of ſearching for Mr. Rowan at his town houſe, or ſeeking him on the Circular-road, muſt be conſidered altogether as ſuch palpable circumſtances of guilt in the intentions of the priſoners, even according to their own verſion of the ſtory, and ſo entirely deſtitute of any proof, or even pretence on their own parts, that they never attempted to to give the ſlighteſt alarm to the guards, or to throw the ſlighteſt impediment in the way of Mr. Rowan's eſcape, as muſt in his mind leave not the ſmalleſt doubt on the mind of the jury as to the guilt of the priſoners.

The learned judge then ſummed up the evidence with the cleareſt preciſion and impartiality, and the jury, after retiring about eight minutes, returned a verdict, guilty in both.———

To be impriſoned one year and nine months, and pay a fine of 250l. each.

28.] Michael O'Berne was put to the bar.

Some affidavits were tendered on behalf of the priſoner. Theſe affidavits contained the depoſitions of three ſeveral witneſſes, who were in the houſe of Mr. Lambert, the perſon implicated in the ſame crime with the priſoner, all going to ſupport the teſtimony of Lambert's wife, to the proof of the alibi ſworn by her on the trial of O'Berne; the court however ſaid, the time to offer ſuch teſtimony was upon the trial; it now came too late to impede judgment, and therefore the affidavits were not received.

The priſoner addreſſed the court in a ſhort ſpeech to the following purport:

"My Lord,—As to any miſmanagement on the part of thoſe who conducted my defence on my trial, in not bringing forward the witneſſes whoſe affidavits your lordſhip has juſt now thought proper to refuſe, I cannot account for it, and it is now too late to be helped.

But as to guilt in the crime for which I am convicted, I now as a dying man, do moſt ſolemnly declare in the preſence of this honourable court and of the Almighty God, that I am as innocent of the robbery of Mr. Bennet as the unborn infant—and that I never robbed him or any other perſon, nor did any ſuch intention ever enter my mind.

My Lord, Mr. Bennet has known me fifteen years, and I have known him perhaps longer; upon this knowledge he has undertaken to ſwear to me the more poſitively.

But, my lord, is it a probable thing, that if I were inclined to commit ſuch a crime, I ſhould have attempted it upon a man I knew ſo well, who ſaw me every day, and by whom I muſt inevitably be known and detected.

Or is it probable, that were I not conſcious of my own innocence, I ſhould have come forward voluntarily, ſurrendered myſelf to the hands of the law, gone into a dungeon, and put my own life in riſque, againſt the teſtimony of a man, who I knew muſt know me, when I had ſo many opportunities of eſcaping, and no ſort of impediment to prevent me?

All my friends, my lord, alarmed by the poſitive threats of Mr. Bennet to proſecute me with rigour, adviſed me to quit the kingdom, and go off to the duke of York—but my anſwer was, what! ſhall I fly my country with ſuch a load of ignominy on by back, when it is in my power to ſubſtantiate my innocence!

My Lord, the unfortunate man by my ſide, in whoſe poſſeſſion Mr. Bennet's watch was found, has declared that he had not the watch from me, but from another perſon, againſt whom he has lodged examinations, and who has fled.

Mr. Bennet, in his teſtimony, admitted there was a ſtrong reſemblance between that perſon and

and mine, according to the deſcription given of him by Mr. Shee on my trial; my lord, the examinations of this poor old man againſt that perſon, were tendered to this court on my defence but they were not permitted to be read.

My Lord, I have no more to ſay, but again moſt ſolemnly, and in the preſence of God, proteſt my innocence.

If your lordſhip ſhould be ſo humane as to think me not unworthy the royal mercy, I ſhould be ready to ſerve my king and country in any part of the world. If on the contrary, I am fated to death, I would meet it with fortitude in any ſhape, but the ignominious one which I apprehend is about to be pronounced againſt me; if I am to reſt hopeleſs of your lordſhip's benevolence, and of the royal clemency, let me implore your lordſhip, if you have the power, to let me be ſhot, and I will meet my fate with reſignation."

The learned and humane judge, obviouſly preſſed by the tendereſt feelings of ſympathy, declared he never before in his life felt himſelf in ſuch a ſituation as at the preſent, in performing that melancholy duty which his ſtation impoſed on him, in pronouncing the ſentence of an ignominious death againſt a man, the reſpectability of whoſe connections and family, and whoſe perſon, appearance, and underſtanding, ſeemed to deprecate a lot ſo melancholy—but adverting to the charges that had been laid againſt him, the poſitiveneſs, clearneſs, and ſtrength of the proſecutor's teſtimony, the misfortune of attempting the defence of an alibi, on ſuch teſtimony as that of the wife of the very perſon implicated with him in the ſame crime, and unſupported by the teſtimony of the ſervants or other perſons in Lambert's houſe, (whoſe affidavits were tendered this day) and the verdict of the jury, were all, his lordſhip ſaid, circumſtances inſurmountable.

If the unfortunate priſoner choſe to riſk his life on ſuch a defence, the misfortune was his own, and it was now too late to amend it; nothing, therefore, remained for his lordſhip but the melancholy taſk of pronouncing the awful ſentence of the law, which was, that the priſoner be executed on Saturday the 9th of Auguſt

The other criminals convicted at this commiſſion were,

Thomas Ward, for ſeverely beating, cutting, and wounding Andrew Carty, his apprentice, about 12 years old—6d. fine, and ſix months impriſonment.

Thomas Reilly, for ſeverely beating and bruiſing his wife Agnes Reilly.

Frederick Fleming, for wilful and corrupt perjury—twice pillory, and ſix months impriſonment.

Lieutenant Francis Morris, of the 83d regiment, for wounding Mr. Samuel Dixon, of Ormond-quay, in his own ſhop—three months impriſonment.

Henry Bingham, for an aſſault on Mr. James Templeton—fined 5 marks, and ſecurity for the peace for three years.

Nicholas Blake for ſtealing a cow at Hampſtead—ſeven years impriſonment.

Charles White, John Shortall, John Mullally, and Adam Murphy, ſhoemakers, for an unlawful combination—a year's impriſonment, and ſecurity for three years.

Laurence White, for an aſſault on Francis Godfrey.

*Aug.* 5.] A countryman coming into the Market-houſe, Thomas-ſtreet, was accoſted by a man of genteel appearance (but who had been afterwards recognized as a crimp ſerjeant) who handed him a ſhilling—enquiring if he thought it a good one, or if he would take it, to which the poor countryman moſt readily replied, he thought it very good, and would take it in an inſtant; but on returning it, was not a little ſurprized on being deſired to keep the money,—that he was the king's man, and ſhould immediately come before the magiſtrate, then acting officially in the neighbourhood. The magiſtrate *humanely* informed the poor man, that he really conſidered his caſe rather hard, but there were certain military rules, which could not at this time, on ſuch trifling occaſions, be violated, that the king was much in want of men at preſent, and no other reſource was to be had but ſerve or pay the ſmart-money. On departing from the hall of *juſtice*, the countryman meeting a livery ſervant of his worſhip, handed him the ſhilling, and acted in every particular ſimilar to the example ſo ſucceſsfully practiſed on himſelf; in vain did the ſervant expoſtulate, in vain did he alledge he was his worſhip's own man; the countryman held him faſt by the collar till he brought him direct to his maſter, who certainly would not contradict the verdict he had recently given; the man, he allowed, was fairly enliſted, but he conſented to pay the ſmart, for which he laid down on the table 20s. The countryman ſeized all the money, alledging that it was his right, that it was he enliſted the man, and would not part with it on any account; he then departed with the crimp, who ſet him at liberty on reſigning the money.

## BIRTHS.

AT Monkſtown, county Dublin, the ſeat of her father, lord viſcount Ranelagh, the lady of the hon. Robert Molieworth, eldeſt ſon of the right hon. lord viſcount Moleſworth, a daughter.—In Mountjoy-ſquare, the lady of the hon. Abraham Creighton, a daughter.—The lady of Andrew Savage, of Sybil-hill, county Dublin, eſq. a ſon.—In Temple-ſtreet, the lady of John Campbell eſq a daughter.—In London, the lady of the moſt noble the marquis of Downſhire, a daughter.—At Reginald's-place, Waterford, the lady of ſir Simon Newport, a daughter.—In Eccles-ſtreet, the lady of Alexander Worthington, eſq. a ſon.—The lady of Richard Reynell, of Reynella, county Weſtmeath, eſq. a daughter.—In Mountjoy-ſquare, the lady of the right hon. lord viſcount Jocelyn, a daughter.—In North Great-George's-ſtreet, the lady of Henry Bruen, eſq. one of the knights of the ſhire for the county Carlow, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

RICH. KEARNEY, of Birr, eſq. to Miſs Buchanan, of Riverſtown, co. Tipperary.—Gerald Fitzgerald, of Merrion-ſquare, eſq. to Miſs Iſabella Staples, daughter of ſir Robert Staples,

Staples, bart. and niece to the lords viſcounts De Veſci, Pery, and Northland.—At Longfield, county Tipperary, William Battersby, of Bobſville, county Meath, eſq. to Miſs Long.—Tho. Penn Gaſkel, of Shannagarry, county Cork, eſq. to Miſs Ward, daughter of the late dowager counteſs of Glandore, and ſiſter to the rev. Ag. Veſey Ward, one of the Fellows of Trin. Col.—Montgomery Nixon, eſq. M. D. to Miſs Alcock, daughter of the late alderman Geo. Alcock.—Alexander Marſden, eſq. to Miſs Cooper.—In London, the right hon. lord viſc. Conyngham, to Miſs Deniſon, daughter of Joſeph Deniſon, of Denbies, county of Surry, eſq.—In Moleſworth-ſtreet, Charles Montagu Ormſby, eſq. barriſter at law, and member of parliament for the bor. of Dulcek, to Miſs Kingſbury, daughter of Thomas Kingſbury, eſq.—Major Brownrigg, of col. Rochfort's reg. to Miſs Shearman, daughter of Robert Shearman, of Kilereen, eſq.—At Clonmell, Charles Langley, of Liſnamrock, eſq. to Miſs Bagwell, daughter of John Bagwell, of Kilmore, eſq. one of the knights of the ſhire for the county Tipperary.—Iſaac D'Olier, eſq. to Miſs Brooke, daughter of Henry Brooke, of Abbey-ſtreet, eſq.—At Cork, John Terry, eſq. to Miſs Saunders, daughter of the late Henry Saunders, of Charleville, eſq.—Sylveſter Coghlan, of Rathruſke, county Carlow, eſq. to Miſs Eliza Harding, daughter of John Harding, of Ballyroan, Queen's county, eſq.—In Kilkenny, Nathaniel Alcock, eſq. M. D. to Miſs Hartford, daughter of the late Bibby Hartford, of Mountbrilliant, eſq.—Conyngham M'Alpine, eſq. to Miſs Martin.—Benjamin Gault, of Mary's-abbey, eſq to Miſs Harriſon.—John Skeys, eſq. to Miſs Edwards, daughter of John Edwards, of Richmond, eſq.—At Limerick, Edward Waller, eſq. to Miſs Carr, daughter of the late alderman Carr.—Thomas Prior Ayres, eſq. to Miſs Gaylard, of Hendrick-ſtreet, daughter of the late major Gaylard, of the 34th regiment of foot.—At Duncannon, captain Harriſon, of the Tyrone militia, to Miſs Smyth, daughter of the late Wm. Smyth, of Waterford, eſq.

## DEATHS.

AT Naas, the rev. John Hill, vicar of Ballymore-Euſtace, and one of his majeſty's juſtices of the peace for the county Kildare.—In the county Wicklow, Mrs. Oſborne, ſiſter of the late alderman Durragh.—At Portarlington, Nic. Power, of Ballynakill, county Waterford, eſq.—At Lawnſdown, near Portarlington, Mrs. Henrietta Maria Chetwood, relict of the late Valentine Knightly Chetwood, of Woodbrook, in the Queen's county, eſq.—Suddenly, Tho. Lee, eſq.—At Waterford, lieutenant William St. Clair, of the 45th reg. foot.—In London, the right hon. Lepel lady viſcounteſs Dillon, lady of the preſent lord. Her ladyſhip was daughter of Conſtantine late lord Mulgrave, and ſiſter to the preſent lord. She was married 19th Aug. 1776, and has left iſſue a ſon and heir, Henry Auguſtus Dillon, born at Bruſſells 28th October 1777.—At Martinique, captain Arthur Tyrrel, of the Royal Iriſh Artillery.—Of a moſt rapid conſumption, Iſrael Reed, eſq. a very eminent ſurgeon, and well known for his great abilities in the profeſſional line.—At his palace at Newtown-Pery, Limerick, the right hon. and right rev. Dr. William Cecil Pery, lord biſhop of Limerick, Ardfert, and Aghadoe; he was conſecrated biſhop of Killala, &c. in 1781, and tranſlated to the ſees of Limerick, &c. in 1784; and was created a peer of Ireland, by the title of lord baron Glentworth, in 1790, in which title and eſtates he is ſucceeded by his ſon the hon. Edm. Henry Pery, now lord Glentworth, M. P. for the city of Limerick. His lordſhip was only brother to the preſent lord viſcount Pery.—At Fartimore, county Galway, Mark Blake, eſq.—Aged 63, Mrs. Elizabeth Tucker, relict of the late Thomas Tucker, of Laſagh, co. Meath, eſq.—At Sligo, Mrs. Everard, deſervedly lamented.—Sir Veſey Colclough, bart. many years one of the knights of the ſhire for the county Wexford, and at his death one of the burghſſes in parliament for the bor. of Enniſcorthy.—John Blenerhaſſett, eſq. one of the knights of the ſhire for the county Kerry.—At Ballinaſloe, Nicholas French, eſq. ſon of Cæſar French, of the county Galway, eſq.—At Limerick, Maſter George Maſſey, only ſon and heir of the hon. George Maſſey.——At Iſland-ſtrand, George Davis, eſq. one of the ſheriffs of Limerick.—In Naſſau-ſtreet, Marmaduke Grace, eſq. an eminent attorney.—At Leaſowes, near Hales-Owen, (England) of an apoplexy, in conſequence of imprudently bathing, captain James Stanley, brother to Arthur Stanley, eſq. of the city of Dublin.——At Drumcondra, county Dublin, Mr. John Abbot Huſband, a very eminent printer, late of Abbey-ſtreet, moſt deſervedly lamented.—In Dorſet-ſtreet, Robert Taaffe, eſq.—Near Cork, William Dorman, eſq.—At Ballylegget, near Tramore, county Waterford, Robert Sullivan, eſq.—Aged 82, Robert Martin, of Dangin, county Galway, eſq.—His grace the moſt rev. doctor Joſeph Deane Bourke, lord archbiſhop of Tuam, primate of Connaught, biſhop of Ardagh, earl of Mayo, and one of the lords of his majeſty's moſt honourable privy council. His grace is ſucceeded in his titles and eſtate by his eldeſt ſon John, lord viſcount Naas, now earl of Mayo.—His grace was conſecrated biſhop of Leighlin and Ferns in 1772, on the death of doctor Young, and was tranſlated to the archipiſcopal ſee of Tuam in 1782, on the death of doctor Jemmatt Browne.—At Milltown, county Dublin, Mrs. Hunt, relict of the late alderman Perceval Hunt.—In Crow-ſtr. Mrs. Guinneſs, lady of Sam. Guinneſs, eſq.

## PROMOTIONS.

SIR BARRY DENNY, bart. elected a knt. of the ſhire for the county Kerry, (ſir B. Denny, bart. his father, deceaſed).—Hugh Swayne, and William Moore, eſqrs. to be captains, John Bagott, and James Couſon, eſqrs. to be captain-lieutenants, in the R. I. Artillery.—George Hallam, eſq. to be ſecond lieutenant-colonel, George Philip Hooke, eſq. to be firſt major, Andrew Hertzogg, eſq. to be ſecond major, William Needham, eſq. to be captain, and George King, eſq. to be captain-lieutenant, in the 17th reg. foot.

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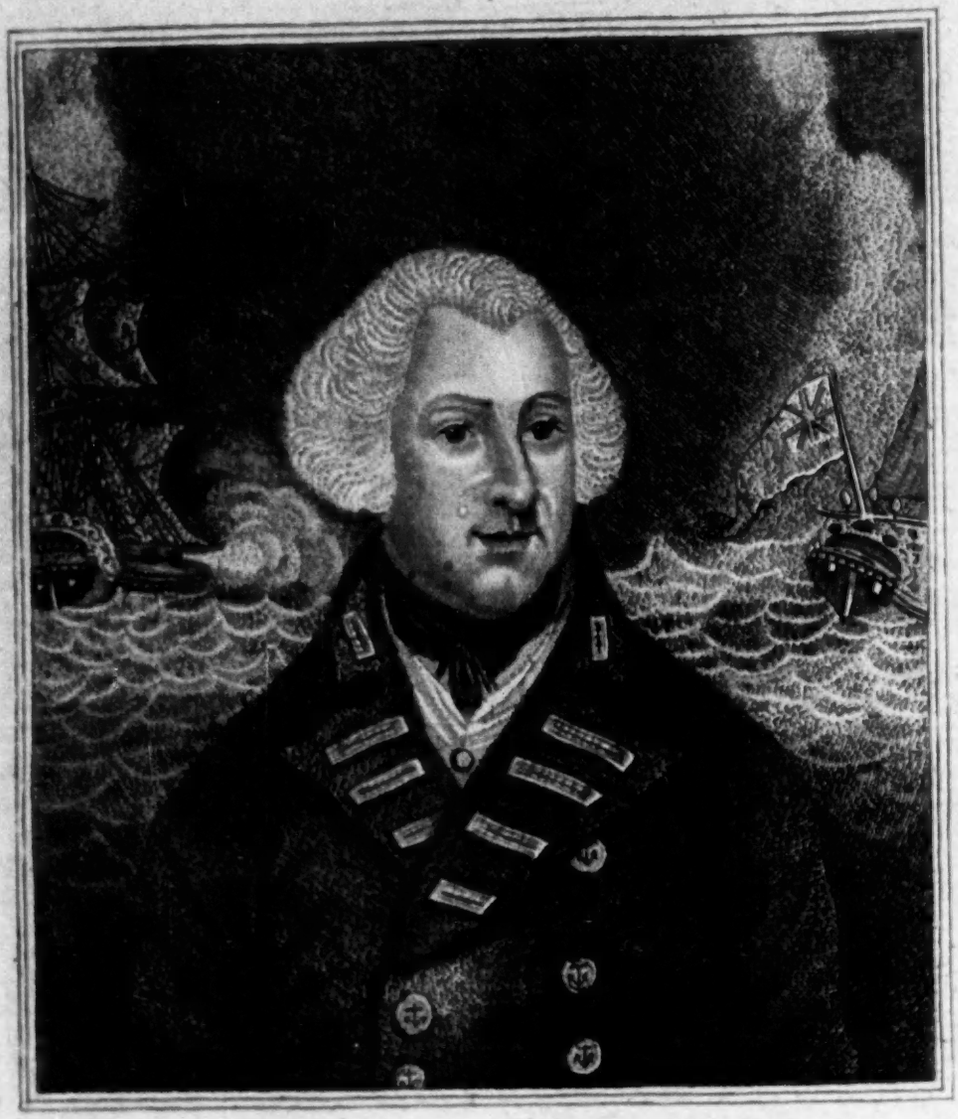

Sr. JOHN BORLASE WARREN, BARt.

*Knight of the Bath*